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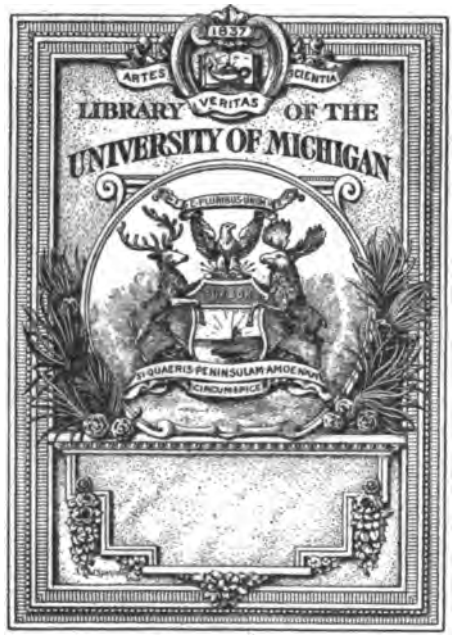

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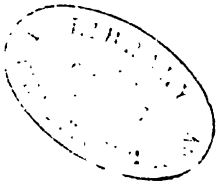

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THE

UNITED STATES

REVIEW.

"DEMOCRACY."

35

VOLUME II.

D. W. HOLLY, EDITOR.

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THE

UNITED STATES REVIEW.

JULY, 1853.

DEMOCRACY—WHAT IS IT?

Having taken "Democracy" as our motto, we ought, perhaps, ere this, to have explained what we understand by that term, which seems to have been lately lost sight of as a party distinction, and frittered away into a multiplicity of decimal fractions, or factions rallying under different banners, and distinguished by a variety of nicknames, sometimes conveying no meaning, and very often ridiculous. It will therefore, perhaps, be proper to begin by informing our readers, not what we are, but what we are not. We are neither Free Soilers, nor Abolitionists, nor Barnburners, nor Old Hunkers, nor Hard Shells, nor Soft Shells. Neither, though we acquiesce in the "finality" of the compromise, do we consider that as synonymous with Democracy. The Constitution, not the compromise, is our guide; and it is with no little regret we perceive that the latter seems to have in a great measure superseded those great doctrines which, in our view, constitute the basis of Democracy, and that an adherence to its principles has become the only test of political orthodoxy.

We profess to be—and hope to remain true to our professions—of the strictest sect of Democracy. We mean the Democracy of "old George Mason," Patrick Henry—not *old* Patrick Henry, but Patrick Henry in the prime and vigor of his intellect—Roger Sherman, Thomas Jefferson, Melancthon Smith, Nathaniel Macon, and, though last, not least, John Caldwell Calhoun, whose Disquisition on Government, and Discourses on the Constitution of the United States, is, in our opinion, the ablest, the most logical in its reasonings

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and conclusions, and in all respects the most important political work that has appeared since the days of Sidney and Locke. Being especially applicable to the government and institutions of a country whose political and social organization is different from any that existed previous to the time of those great writers, it is of inestimable value to every American citizen, as a sagacious pilot pointing out the rocks and shoals in the way of our voyage; and however we may differ as to the means of avoiding them, all must agree that it is of the highest importance they should be laid down on the chart. It should be deeply studied by every American statesman; since, though he may not become a convert to all its doctrines, he cannot fail to find in this volume a fund of new and original ideas, expressed with a clearness and precision of language which renders them comprehensible to the most ordinary mind, the production of a profound intellect and an honest heart. This work should never be lost sight of in discussing the principles of the Government of the United States, which, like those of all other governments, are liable to great abuses, and may be perverted to the most mischievous purposes. But to return to our subject.

Inasmuch as Democracy has lately branched out into many strange eccentricities, in our humble opinion totally irreconcileable with its old cherished principles, we shall take this occasion to define what we mean by Democracy, by stating what we believe to be its great fundamental principles, without which it is the name without the thing, the shadow without the substance. Let us begin with a definition.

Democracy, then, is a government of the People, emanating from the People, and over which they exercise the sovereignty. In its most ancient and simple form, this sovereignty was directly exercised by the people, who decided on every law by their individual votes. They had, so far as known, no constitutions and no organic laws, except those connected with their religious institutions. There was, therefore, no barrier to the exercise of the popular will in the passage of laws, and the people were emphatically their own law makers. The representative system was never adopted in the ancient Republics as applicable to the people at large, the senate of Rome being chosen by, and only representing the patrician order, which was recognized in some shape or other, in Athens, in Rome, and in Florence, the three most illustrious of ancient and modern states and republics.

The Democracy of the United States is, however, different from that of these celebrated republics. It is not only a

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representative Democracy, but a democratic confederation of States, equally independent, in a vast many cases, not only of each other, but of the central Government which they originally established in their separate capacities. It differs also in not being a Government of a mere majority of the people, since its organic law is beyond the reach of a bare majority. In one branch of the legislature, representation is not regulated by numbers, and the smallest State is on an equality with the greatest. Neither can a majority of the whole people of the United States, collectively, alter, amend, much less abrogate, any portion of the Constitution. That was framed and adopted by delegates from the separate States, each State having an equal voice; and that the States might retain the exclusive power over that instrument, it provides, by an article equal in authority with the others, that the assent of three-fourths of them, individually and separately, should be necessary to make any change whatever.

The sovereignty of a majority of the people of the United States, collectively, does not therefore extend to that organic law embodied in the Constitution. It was the work of the States, and with the States alone rests the power of addition, alteration, or abrogation. Even they are restrained in doing this; nor can a bare majority of them, though comprising three-fourths, or more, of the people of the United States accomplish either of these objects, except by a violation of a provision of the instrument itself.

The sovereignty of a majority of the people of the United States is likewise restricted in exercising the great prerogative of legislation,—first, by the Constitution; secondly, by delegating it to their agents or representatives. In giving their votes to these, they exercise an absolute sovereignty; but after having done this, they cease to exercise any control over legislation beyond what may be derived from the accountability of the representative to his constituents, which extends no further than that they may withdraw their support should they disapprove his conduct. When the people place their votes in the ballot-box, they are sovereigns; but when they have done so, they cease to be sovereigns until the period arrives for a new election.

Neither should the people of the United States consider themselves *absolute* sovereigns, since they have voluntarily submitted to be governed by laws of their own making, to which they have given their assent, and by which they are bound while they continue in operation. The only absolute sovereignty in this Republic is the Constitution of the United

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States, and that only within its own prescribed limits. So long as it remains intact, it is despotic, and the only despotism that ought ever to be recognized by a free people. The obligation to obey the laws passed in conformity with that Constitution, until they are repealed, is not only a political but a moral obligation, and is much greater on a people from whom the laws may be said to emanate, than on one governed by the despotic will of a sovereign, in the choice of whom they have no agency whatever, not only for the reason just stated, but because it should be a point of honor to hold sacred a pledge thus voluntarily given. The sovereignty of the people, thus limited, is therefore the noblest of all sovereignty, because it involves not only the Government of others, but ourselves, and cannot subsist but on the solid basis of reason and justice. A people too ignorant to know what are their duties as well as their rights, and too profligate and corrupt to respect the rights of others, are unworthy of sovereignty, and can never long preserve their freedom, because they are incapable of enjoying its blessings. True Democracy is therefore the offspring and parent of Reason, Justice, and Humanity. Without these, it cannot stand, and deserves to fall.

But the character of a Government does not entirely depend on abstract principles, neither does Democracy, in its purity, consist merely in the sovereignty of the people. Unless the exercise of that sovereignty is wisely directed and properly restrained, Democracy may and will become the worst species of Government in the world. It may tyrannize over itself by being led astray from the great principles on which it is based, by motives of interest, prejudice or passion, or by losing sight of the substance in pursuit of the shadow. The people of the United States should never forget, that besides the recognition of their sovereignty, Democracy embodies other great principles, among which the most important is that of Equality, without which Liberty is only another name for Aristocracy. The essence of every free Government consists in an equality of political rights and duties among every class and degree of recognized citizens, and every departure from this is an approach to monopoly of some kind or other, which is the Alpha and Omega of all bad government. To a monopoly of rank, privilege, money or power, may be traced all and every species of despotism, and all those examples of the degradation of a great majority of the human race so thickly strewed over the pages of history. It is not of the slightest consequence what name or form a Government may assume, or whether the people or a

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single man wield the sovereign power, if it adopts a policy which either directly or indirectly tends to a concentration of wealth in the hands of a few, which directly leads to a concentration of power. After recognizing the sovereignty of the people, the equality of the people, as respects the operation of the laws, is equally indispensable to Democracy; and any artificial expedient of legislation, which has a direct or indirect tendency to increase that inequality, which must necessarily arise from a difference in talent, industry, or good fortune, and will always subsist in a proper and salutary degree if left to itself, is a direct attack on the vitality of Democracy, and should be resisted as an insidious, and therefore the most dangerous, of all enemies.

That such a system of Legislation is now, and has been almost ever since the adoption of that Constitution whose great principle is Equality, in operation, and every day making more rapid advances in the United States through the medium of federal and state legislation, we think we can show, beyond all doubt or contradiction. What is past cannot, perhaps, be remedied; and when evils arrive at a certain degree of magnitude, they either cure themselves, become incurable, or the remedy is so harsh and severe, that it is often worse than the disease. Possibly, however, the views we are about to present, though we have no hope of their having any operation on the past, may serve to call the attention of some, at least, of our rulers and legislators to what we believe to be a departure from the true principles of Democracy, not by one, but by both parties, which, in turn, have succeeded each other in the administration of the General and State Governments.

Though the principles by which the Democratic and Federal, or Whig, parties are distinguished have, from the first institution of civil society, uniformly existed and created two great interests, in many respects opposed to each other, they were here first brought into conflict on a great scale on occasion of the adoption of the Constitution of the United States. The old Confederation was believed deficient in the central power, and the object of calling a convention of the States was to supply that deficiency, not by adopting a new Constitution, but by amending the old articles of Confederation.

The question at once arose as to what additional powers were necessary to enable the Central Government to exercise its functions in such a way and to such an extent as would consummate all the great purposes for which the union of the States was originally formed. The States, at least

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majority of them, were naturally and properly jealous of their individual rights. They had just achieved their independence, and, if they pleased, could each one have established itself as a separate power, and were unwilling to concede to the Central Government more than they deemed absolutely necessary. On the other hand, there were those who were in favor of what is termed a strong Government, and whose ideas of the concessions necessary to be made by the States to the Central Power extended far beyond the others. Those who wish to see in what particulars they differed, and gain a thorough insight into the subject, will do well to consult the invaluable report of the proceedings of the Convention, drawn up by Mr. Madison, without which no one can properly appreciate the precise meaning of the Constitution, or understand what the States really intended to concede to the General Government.

By concession and compromise, and by the exercise of a degree of wisdom, moderation, and patriotism, seldom, perhaps, never before or since, exhibited on a similar occasion, these conflicting opinions were so far harmonized, as to agree in the adoption of a Constitution, in the provisions of which, though all were not satisfied, all were willing to acquiesce. This Constitution, it should never be forgotten, was laid before the people, not of the whole thirteen States collectively, but of each State separately, for its acceptance or rejection. The phrase "WE, THE PEOPLE," affixed to the preamble of the Constitution, signifies nothing. The first draft of that instrument ran, "We, the People of New Hampshire," &c. &c., naming all the States in succession. But it being objected, by a member of the Convention, that it was doubtful whether all the States would unite in adopting the Constitution, it was altered to "We, the People of the United States." Hence, no argument can be drawn from it to the prejudice of the sovereignty of the respective States individually. The States framed the Constitution, and the States adopted it, as equal, and distinct sovereignties. What they did not concede they retained, because it was already theirs, or no concession would have been required of them. When that Constitution came before the people of the respective States, the parties—one of which was in favor of a strong Central Government, the other of the reservation of greater rights to the States—marshalled themselves in opposition to each other, and have ever since been distinguished as separate conflicting political interests. They were first known as Federalists and Anti-Federalists; but, after various mutations

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and various changes of names, which did not affect their principles, are now designated as Democrats and Whigs. But through all these changes of names, the same great marked distinction has subsisted between them. One is, or ought to be, invariably the champion of the rights of the States, the other of the prerogatives of the General Government. One believes that the latter is too weak, the other that it is too strong; and one adopts a latitudinarian construction of the Constitution, while the other maintains that it should be strictly construed, and always, in cases of doubt, favorably to the reserved rights of the States.

It will thus be seen that the doctrine of State Rights, as it is termed, is the great fundamental basis of Democracy, in its application to this confederation. We therefore advance, as the first article of our creed, that no man can justly call himself a Democrat, who is not a staunch supporter of those rights. And we insist the more strongly on this point, because we have met with not a few,—we number them by thousands,—who call themselves Democrats, but who seem to know no more, or care no more, for the rights of the States, than they do for the Mussulman creed or the Mormon theology. Not a few of these sturdy Democrats are among the staunchest advocates of "a strong government," and many others are Democrats only because they vote for a democratic candidate. In fact, it is only among the Democracy of the South that the vital importance of the rights of the States to the individual freedom of the citizen is properly understood or appreciated. Hence, we lately heard, in the Senate of the United States, the doctrine of passive obedience and non-resistance applied to the States, not only by federal orators, but by a distinguished Senator, the then "Father of the Senate," who for almost half a century has appeared in the character of a leader of the Democracy. Thus one of the most important principles of the old democratic party, in fact that which is the basis of its entire creed, has been lost sight of, in practice at least; and nothing is now more common than to see declarations of conventions and great public meetings asserting the doctrine of Equality and State Rights, at the same time that they give their adhesion to measures by which they are grossly infringed.

This is not what we mean by Democracy; nor do we think true Democracy is compatible with a great system of banking, a great system of incorporations, and a great system of internal improvements, either by the General Government, the State Governments, or by powerful money-

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ed corporate bodies. As these opinions will be considered heterodox by many most orthodox Democrats, we shall proceed, as briefly as possible, to give our reasons for them, not with any sanguine hope of making converts, or arresting the progress of what we deem false principles, but simply because we believe it the duty, as it certainly is the right, of every citizen to speak what he believes to be the truth in regard to all those public measures which he may deem injurious to the equal personal rights of his countrymen, and the welfare of his country.

Whoever traces the abuses of governments, and the progress of despotic power, will always find their sources in monopoly of some kind or other. In some cases it is a monopoly of force; in others, of rank and privilege; in others, of wealth; and in others, a monopoly created by an abuse of legislative power. In whatever shape it comes, or wherever it begins, it invariably ends in one result, namely, the unequal distribution of wealth among the few, accompanied by its natural and inseparable companion, squalid poverty and degradation among a far greater number. We know very well, that one of the penalties we pay for what are deemed the benefits and enjoyments of a high degree of civilization, is this vast inequality in the distribution of wealth. The two seem to be inseparable; and we have quite enough of this inequality, which is the natural consequence of the existing state of society and the different capacities or opportunities of men, without resorting to artificial expedients of legislation whose invariable tendency is to a still greater inequality.

The Democracy of the United States—at least *our* Democracy—recognizes the principle of equality in its fullest extent, as applicable to all free citizens. By this equality we do not mean equality of wealth, or talent, or personal estimation. This is an equality, which never did, never can, and never ought to exist in any society, or even in a state of nature. We mean equality in civil, religious, and political rights; we mean that the laws should establish a general rule by which in every situation of life, and under all circumstances, those recognised as equal by the organic law, shall equally partake in those rights, and be equally subjected to those restraints and duties which that law either guarantees or imposes. But scarcely had the Democracy sat down quietly under the protection of this great principle of equality, when its old antagonist monopoly raised its head, and appeared in a new disguise, under the protecting wing of special legislation, grant-

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equal (?)

ing exclusive privileges to a new race of hybrid beings, who have been aptly defined as "bodies without souls," but who, by virtue of their double capacity of one and many, become entitled to certain privileges either withheld from the inferior classes of human beings, not gifted with this hermaphroditic capacity, or in which by far the greater proportion could not, from the very nature of things, partake. The Democracy, in other words, the people, having just abjured a monopoly of kings, lords, and privileged orders, and declared all men equal, believed they might go to sleep and enjoy themselves in perfect safety. They, however, waked up from time to time, for a moment, made a few feeble efforts, grumbled a little, went to sleep again, and the next time they opened their eyes found themselves not only surrounded, but overwhelmed by a fraternity of these bodies without souls, without whose material agency they could not procure a single necessary of life, or gratify a single appetite.

The first great assault made on the principle of Equality was the creation of banking corporations, having the exclusive right of manufacturing and issuing that substitute for silver and gold which never fails, from the nature of things, to supersede the circulation of the precious metals, and consequently to become the medium for the supply of all our wants, passions, and appetites. It is perfectly obvious, that those who possess the exclusive right to make and circulate this medium, must necessarily be in a position which enables them to exert a vast controlling power over all those who are placed in a state of dependence on their favors. The principle of equality will at once be undermined by placing in the hands of a few what is indispensable to supply the wants of the many.

It may be, and has been urged, that there is no monopoly in this case, because the Act of Incorporation, though it confers exclusive privileges on the artificial body thus created, admits all alike to become members, by either subscribing to its stock or purchasing it afterwards. This is certainly true. No citizen is excluded by law, but it is equally true that no citizen can partake of these exclusive privileges without having money to spare from his daily necessities, and thus it follows as an inevitable consequence, that all these banking incorporations, all the influence and power they necessarily exercise over the civil and political institutions of the Government, and the welfare of the people, fall into the hands of the moneyed class. They consequently become a great concentrated moneyed power, united in one common interest and animated

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by one common feeling. We do not mean to say that they have not various points of rivalry and opposition among them arising from local circumstances; but we affirm, that in all great questions on which the legislative power is called upon to act, they have one great common interest, and will always be found acting in concert; and that when they do so act, experience has almost invariably shown that their influence is all but irresistible. All attempts to correct their abuses, or punish those who committed them, have been found ineffectual; and we know of no instance in which an officer of a bank has been brought to condign punishment for swindling, or any of those offences for which citizens not shielded by an act of incorporation would have been severely punished by fine and imprisonment. They have been, indeed, sometimes indicted, and occasionally tried, but never, to our knowledge, either convicted or punished. There is always some mysterious influence operating to shield them from the penalties of the law, which fall heavily on all others; and the more stupendous the fraud, the more certain the impunity. Either the laws are framed purposely to effect that object, or there is a power behind the laws too strong for the laws.

The same thing may be observed in the fate of all attempts to restrain the abuses of banking, and keep it within the limits of its corporate powers, by legislative restrictions. They invariably end in the adoption of remedies which either cannot be applied, or, if applied, are totally inefficient, or, what is still worse, in amendments of their charters, made at the instigation of the offenders themselves, which, in their practical application, only afford a wider field for those very abuses they pretend to correct. In apology for this, we have frequently heard it urged, that these corporate bodies are like eels, and that it is next to impossible to catch them in the net of the law, or prevent their slipping through its meshes; that there is no such thing as holding them to any responsibility to the law, because there is nobody responsible for their delinquencies. There is certainly much truth in this, and it leads to a question of the highest importance, namely, whether it is wise in a legislative body to create a power which it cannot control, or to confer on any class of men at one and the same time privileges which, while they present the greatest of all possible temptations, afford the greatest impunity for every species of transgression.

Be this as it may, it cannot be denied that the Democracy which strenuously opposed the first attempts to create banking incorporations has for many years past become accom-

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plices in establishing the most stupendous monopoly that ever existed in any country or any government, either free or despotic. Becoming sensible of this, and feeling its consequences, they have in several of the States established a system of Free Banking, as it is called, by general laws operating equally on all, and requiring no special act of incorporation to enable any citizen or body of citizens to partake equally in its privileges. This is supposed to divest it of all exclusive rights. But we assert, without the fear of contradiction, that the exercise of this privilege of furnishing a circulating medium to the people of the United States, is and must, in the nature of things, always remain a monopoly from which all citizens not possessing a superfluity of money will necessarily be excluded. The poor can never share in its advantages or its power; and if their interests ever come in competition, as they are perpetually doing, the inevitable consequence is, that they are always sacrificed to those of their more powerful competitor.

It is idle to talk of Free Banking, which is a sort of tub thrown out to the whale. There is practically no such thing as Free Banking. It is a phantom, a nonentity. To concede to the people at large a privilege, from the enjoyment of which by far the larger portion are forever excluded by their poverty, and which they can never partake in till they become rich, is to amuse or abuse them with the mere vision of an impossibility. Banking is, essentially and necessarily, a monopoly of the rich; a concentration of the money power, not only for the purpose of conferring on it opportunities for more easily and effectually levying tribute on all those who are excluded by poverty from partaking in its privileges, but for the exercise of a more controlling influence in politics and legislation, which is invariably injurious to all those who do not share in its plunder and its power.

The second assault made on the fundamental principles of Democracy, was in the commencement of another system of incorporations for manufacturing purposes, under the specious pretext of encouraging "Domestic Industry," which it seems was to be accomplished by banishing all manufactures from the domestic fireside, and thus cutting them up by the roots. The effect of these, as of banking incorporations, has been a monopoly of manufactures by the wealthy; a concentration of capital and labor, which had heretofore been diffused among all classes, and contributed equally to the prosperity of millions of industrious people, who, as a general rule, were in the process of always improving their condition. This

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combination of wealthy capitalists, by virtue of various privileges, advantages, and exemptions they enjoy under their acts of incorporation, has been enabled to monopolize all those manufactures, and the whole of that business which had been previously the means of increasing prosperity to a large portion of every community.

Instead of fostering domestic industry, it at once paralyzed its efforts. It banished the loom and the spindle from the fireside, and drove the thrifty housewife from her home, to some great manufactory. It broke up family associations, separated mothers from daughters, to herd with crowds of rude associates of both sexes, and to become corrupt and debased by bad example. It converted independent mechanics, who were pursuing their occupations as sole masters of their time and of themselves, into slaves of the steam-engine and spinning-jenny. Instead of occupying a shop of their own, and pursuing their avocations in the midst of their families, thus at once mingling their domestic with their professional duties, their business was at once superceded by some great neighboring manufactory, and they were obliged to seek employment where it was next to impossible to improve their condition, because all surplus products of their labor went to enrich their employers. Here they remain and here they are destined ever to remain, subjected to one eternal round of monotonous labor, combined with a system of discipline from which the veriest African slave of a rigid master, would revolt. In short, the entire system of domestic and social organization has been subverted by manufacturing incorporations; and thus, in addition to a monopoly of money, we have established a monopoly of labor. Feeding the people is a monopoly of banks, and clothing them has become a monopoly of manufacturing corporations.

The third great innovation on those equal rights which are the basis of Democracy, was the incorporation of companies for internal improvements. In this, as in almost everything else, we followed the lead of England, as if the example that country now presents, was not one to avoid rather than imitate. Like the two preceding innovations on which we have remarked, the invariable tendency of these is to monopoly of some kind or other, principally of travelling and transportation. All these not only require a great concentration of capital, to which the poor man can contribute nothing, and from which he is necessarily excluded, but at the same time throw out of employment all those who heretofore gained a livelihood by carrying passengers or transporting merchandize,

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agricultural products, or any other commodities. As one of thousands of examples of this last result, we will present an incident which occurred to ourselves not long since. Walking one morning along the high road, we met a procession of some six or eight stages, each with four horses, proceeding towards the south. Seeing them all quite empty, we were induced to ask the foremost of the drivers where he was going? He replied that a rail-road had just been opened near his residence in Vermont, which had thrown himself, his carriages, horses, and drivers, out of employment, and he was now going on a pilgrimage to seek it elsewhere. We asked him why he did not sell his horses and carriages? "Because," said he, "there was nobody to buy them. Stages and horses are a drug in our part of the country." Hundreds of similar examples of men and animals being deprived of employment along the line, and indeed everywhere within certain distances of rail-roads, may be seen in all parts of the country. Individuals, nay entire communities, are deprived of their accustomed means of livelihood, and we have seen whole villages almost depopulated by the sudden and violent change in the current of travelling or business, produced by one of these great public improvements, the most ordinary, and in fact invariable result of which is to rob Peter to give to Paul, and to concentrate that great current of business, which diffused fertility over a vast region of country on one single line, giving to all those in its immediate vicinity artificial advantages over those at a distance, not the result of superior merit, greater exertion and industry, or of those accidental advantages bestowed by God and nature, but of special legislation. The legislature takes upon itself to neutralize these, and to rob one portion of a country of the benefit of its natural position, as well as of the fruits of its previous labors, to bestow them on another, not as a reward for any peculiar merit or services, but as mere arbitrary legislative boons. All these projects come abroad under the specious design of the public good—a question which will be hereafter discussed; but we all know that nine cases in ten they are hatched by a clique of needy or greedy speculators, having no object but their own individual benefit, and that the public interests are generally sacrificed to the personal advantage of the projectors and their associates.

We have not the means at hand, nor do we deem it necessary, to arrive at any special accuracy in estimating the aggregate amount of capital invested in this stupendous and complicated system of monopolies. It is sufficient to say that it

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has swelled into hundreds—we might almost say thousands—of millions, and is every day increasing. It constitutes the most powerful interest of the country, because, being composed of a string of monopolies, enjoying in common various important privileges, derived from special legislation, though they may occasionally pull different ways, it is morally certain they will all unite and stick together by the strongest of all cements, a common interest in procuring, preserving, or extending their privileges, and getting as much out of the public as possible. In this point of view, this vast sum invested in moneyed incorporations, is a concentrated capital whose interests are in a great measure at variance, often antagonistical, with those of the great mass of the people; and these instead of harmoniously coöperating with each other, there is always an *Imperium in imperio* in every state and every community; a separation into opposite parties, one of which has all the advantages of a concentrated interest, concentrated capital, and concentrated action; the other, without any concert of action, and without any sufficiently obvious individual interests, strong enough to produce anything like unanimity. There is nothing more contributes to the disorganization of society, and the disruption of all the ties of good neighborhood, than the creation of great moneyed corporations, having, as they always have, a conflicting interest not only with the individual members, but the entire community.

Thus, we invariably find that in all struggles between communities and great moneyed corporations, where an appeal is made to the legislative power, the latter come off conquerors in the end, being more directly and deeply interested in the decision, and having for arbitrators men, many of whom are members of corporate bodies, they can afford to subsidize not only the outside but inside members, besides bringing to bear on them the concentrated influence of a vast moneyed power. Hence we find that in nearly all cases of this kind, attempts to arrest the abuses or restrain the power of these great corporations, are altogether unavailing, or end in a series of pretended reforms, either so easily evaded as to amount to no practical restraint, or so utterly insufficient as to be at best only ridiculous. Thus, too, we almost every day see the general laws for the government of corporations and the forfeitures incured by notorious violations of their charters, graciously abrogated or waived in behalf of some meritorious delinquent, and while individual frauds are visited by legal punishments, the defalcations and misdemeanors of these corporate bodies and their officers, escape with impunity. No-

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thing can more clearly show that such artificial creations of special legislation, are dangerous innovations on the great principle of equality; that they are becoming too potent for the laws and the people; and dangerous to the rights as well as happiness of every poor man who has not money to purchase a participation in their common fund of social and political power. All who have watched the course of the legislatures of New York, Pennsylvania, Massachusetts, New Jersey, and other States, in which these corporations are most abundant, or most powerful, must have observed that their political action has little or no connection with great political principles, or the general welfare, but is in a great measure the football of corporate interests. As to New Jersey, it is perfectly notorious that the sovereignty of the people is represented by the Camden and Amboy Rail-road corporation, and that the "conquerer of California" has equally overrun our unfortunate sister State, by the irresistible agency of steam power and locomotives. New York, Massachusetts, and Pennsylvania, being much weightier bodies, are somewhat more difficult to move; but they are "going, going," if not quite "gone."

If these stupendous banking, manufacturing, and rail-road monopolies were antagonist, or conflicting interests, they might in some degree neutralize each other in the exercise of their political influence. But so far from this being the case, these interests are in a great measure inseparably combined. They are all of one family, and the banks are the common parents of them all. In some way or other, and through various direct or circuitous channels, it will almost always be found that banks are the great common reservoirs, from whence the principal resources of the others are derived. The funds are either constituted by a direct loan to the corporation, or by discounts enabling individuals to subscribe for the stock. In many cases, the banking, manufacturing, and rail-road corporations, are actually one and the same, since nothing is more common than for the proprietors of one to be the owners of the other. The bank corporations feed the others, and all flourish and grow fat at one crib. Credit and paper money is the common basis of them all, and they all sink or swim together. Like a row of bricks, or a house of cards, if one falls all the rest follow in quick succession, and being mutually dependent on each other, they form a combination of pecuniary and political influence, of which the great mass of the people who have no such common bond, at least none that comes so directly home to their perceptions, invariably become the victims. If they appeal to the legislative power for relief or

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redress, speeches are made, committees appointed, laborious investigations entered into and elaborate reports perpetrated, much said, nothing done, and the curtain drops at the end of the farce without anybody but the actors behind the scenes understanding either the plot or the catastrophe. If recourse is had to the laws, ten to one but the judge on the bench and the jurymen in the box, are stockholders or directors of some one or other of these republican monopolies, interested in the result; and all know how difficult it is for men to do justice when they themselves are to be the victims. It is not our habit to degrade or undervalue the great constituted authorities of the country, most especially those who are or ought to be the peculiar guardians of the rights of the people, because we know full well, that when the representative bodies of this government lose the respect and confidence of their constituents, from that moment its foundations will be undermined, and its authority overthrown, since it has no other basis than public opinion. At the same time, we must be permitted to express the conviction that "lead us not into temptation," is the wisest prayer ever put into the mouth of man; that no body of men that ever existed, can be depended upon to resist perpetual temptations and perpetual opportunity; and that neither in ancient or modern times, did mankind ever concede to their rulers a power so pregnant with all the ingredients of corruption, as that of special legislation, in other words, granting exclusive privileges to men who are willing to pay for them either with their money or their influence. It is nothing less than letting loose a torrent of corrupting influences: it establishes a mutual interchange, a magnetic telegraph of selfishness, making it the interest of one party to sell, the other to buy. It substitutes pecuniary considerations for both moral and political principles; converts legislative halls into great marts of trade, where persons are bought and sold, and consciences knocked down to the highest bidder. If any of our readers require a practical exemplification of these remarks, we commend them to a serious contemplation of the spectacle now, or lately exhibited at Albany, where an extra session of the legislature has been called to alter a constitution scarcely yet dry, solely with a view to enable that honorable, intelligent, and dignified body, to make a new distribution of the loaves and fishes, with a view to the acquisition of political and pecuniary capital.

Previously to concluding this portion of our subject, we deem it proper to state that we do not mean to express the opinion that these grants of exclusive privileges, in the shape of acts of incorporation by the States individually, are in con-

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tradiction to their constitutions or their laws. All that we have attempted to establish is, that they are direct and unjust infringements on the great principle of equal rights, and that consequently they do not coincide with *our* Democracy. It seems to us that the good people of the United States, and more especially their legislators, are too much in the habit of considering every public measure by the sole standard of its legality and constitutionality. If it is not in manifest violation of either, they seem to take it for granted there can be no valid objection to its adoption. But it might be well for them to bear in mind that there may be many other objections to a law besides its being unconstitutional, though that is in itself decisive. A law may be constitutional, yet highly inexpedient; and in discussing any legislative measure, its bearing on the different orders of society, the different sections of the country, and the general morals, prosperity, and happiness of the entire people should be carefully considered. It is not sufficient that it violates neither the letter or spirit of any express provision of the Constitution, since, though it should do neither one nor the other, it may nevertheless operate directly against the great and primary objects set forth in the preamble to that instrument. It may militate against "a more perfect union;" it may fail to "establish justice, insure domestic tranquillity, provide for the common defence and general welfare, and preserve the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity." All or some of these objections may often be urged against a law which does not violate any specific provision of the Constitution, and it is therefore, as we think, too much the habit of legislators to confine themselves to the constitutionality of a law, as if that were the best proof of its expediency. As the great barrier to legislative, executive, or judicial usurpation, it should be inflexibly maintained; but it should be remembered, at the same time, that men may not do everything which is not prohibited by law. One of the greatest rogues we ever knew was a man who never violated the laws or the Constitution, for nothing is more certain than that much evil may be done without either one or the other. In the absence of all legal prohibitions or legal sanctions, it is proper that we should inquire whether what we are about to do is in conformity with reason and justice. These, though not infallible, are yet our best guides in the interpretation of both laws and Constitution, one being emphatically "the perfection of reason," the other being presumed to be founded on the inscrutable principles of equal justice to all men.

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There is one other vital objection to this system of special legislation which has usurped the attributes of Providence in thus distributing the good things of this life without possessing its wisdom, its omniscience or its justice, and that is its inevitable tendency to an exorbitant increase of the power of Governments. In the opinion of the highest authorities on the subject of Government, most especially Republican Governments, their functions should be limited, as far as possible, to the protection of the rights of person and property. For this purpose it is necessary to defend the weak against the strong, the honest man against the rogue, and the simple and inexperienced from the arts of wicked and designing men. This is all that is necessary to the constitution of civil society, and this is the original object of every Government in its first institution. It is not an almoner to dole out public charity to particular classes or individuals, nor a meddling busybody to direct the private pursuits, or interfere with the direction of individuals in their daily occupations, except in cases where they directly conflict with the rights of others, or the common welfare of society. As a general proportion, every rational man is the best judge of his own private affairs, and should be left to his own discretion, within the limits of the general laws applicable to all others as well as himself. He should neither be restrained by legislative interference, nor encouraged by legislative bounties, which at once and by a necessary consequence, establish a distinction between different classes, or different sections of the community, and bestow on one what is denied to others. This, it seems to us, is neither just nor politic. It is not just, because in a free Government every citizen has an equal right to protection and encouragement in his lawful pursuits; and it is not good policy, because it excites jealousy and ill-feeling among the different classes, and thus interferes with that combined action of all—one of the primary objects of the social compact—which is a union of all for the protection of all equally and without distinction. For this purpose, legislation should be, as far as possible, general, not special; not for a single species of industry or occupation, but for the entire body politic.

Whenever a Government assumes the discretion of making a distinction in favor of one branch of industry, one section of a State, and most especially one section of a confederation of States like ours, it exercises a power highly dangerous and exceptionable in every point of view. It is immaterial what name or form such a Government may assume; call it what

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you will, it is a despotism in disguise, because it wields an irresponsible power at will, and exercises a discretion equally irresponsible and unlimited. It is of little consequence what may be the general laws of a country, if they can be set aside or modified to suit any class, profession, or corporate body by an act of special legislation. In this way, all general laws may be virtually nullified as general rules for the direction of all, and the great principle of Equality practically undermined and overthrown.

The radical distinction between Democracy and Despotism, as we understand it, consists in the measure of discretionary power exercised under the two systems. The Democrat believes it is not necessary to make men slaves in order to secure their obedience, while the advocates of a strong Government maintain that he can only be restrained by manacles and chains. The Democrat is of opinion that no power should ever be conceded to Government that is not indispensable to the great purposes for which all Governments were originally framed, to wit, the protection of person and property; while the other is for bringing us back again, as far as possible, to the old patriarchal system, the most despotic on record, where the head of the family or tribe, assumed and exercised unlimited sway over every member, whose daily occupations were subject to his will, and over whose actions he exercised unlimited control. But the government of a family is very different from that of a nation, and the immediate supervision exercised by one over all those of his blood and name, if assumed by an authority over millions, of discordant materials, would only be a realization of that eastern despotism which has for ages degraded mankind below the level of a state of nature. The example of China, to which the patriarchal system has been applied in its greatest extent, is an illustration of the truth we are attempting to establish, that what is called a patriarchal, or paternal government, when applied to nations, is only another name for an uncontrolled despotism, such as has existed in that country from time immemorial, and produced the meanest, the most contemptible race to be found among civilized men.

Democracy, therefore, as we recognize it, implies a limitation of the powers of Government to those objects which are indispensable to the protection of person and property. In these are included all the legitimate functions of Government and all the civil obligations of citizens. On one hand, they impose on them, as one of their most sacred duties, the defence of the rights and interests of their country; for in

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these their property and personal rights are all equally involved;—on the other, they restrain them from violating the individual rights of each other. The powers necessary to these purposes are all that are required to constitute a Government sufficiently strong for all legitimate objects, and all that, in our opinion, a free people ought ever to concede.

But it must be obvious to those who sometimes investigate the springs that govern the machinery of the human mind, that to delegate to any Government, we don't care what may be its name or form, the discretionary power of appropriating the money or lands belonging to the whole people, and constituting their common property, to the special benefit of any particular portion, is to place at its disposal a fund for political corruption and political influence, which will enable it to exercise a power little less than omnipotent. When it assumes a position in which it becomes the sole arbiter of the prosperity of individuals, or communities and sections, and can at pleasure reduce them to poverty or raise shem to affluence; when it can vote away millions of the public money, and millions of acres of the public lands, for the special benefit of the few, under pretence of the "common defence and general welfare," the "regulation of commerce," or "the establishment of post-roads"; and when it can stretch its powers by construction, beyond all the limits prescribed by other provisions of the Constitution, we should be pleased if Judge Kent, Judge Story, Mr. Webster, or any other expounder of that instrument, would rise from the grave and tell us where are to be found the limits of this "government of limited powers," as it is called? Where shall we find any limits to its extravagance and corruption? To its power of influencing or controlling the States into a surrender of their dearest rights, in exchange for a bonus of the public money or the public lands? Or where shall we find any security in the intelligence and integrity of the people, when they may be thus tempted to sacrifice any political principle in exchange for some perhaps imaginary local benefit, derived from the bounty of the general Government, and filched from the general fund, which is the equal property of all alike? Already our political struggles, both in the Federal and State Governments, are fast degenerating into despicable scrambles for legislative boons, and almost everywhere we see the victory depending, not on a preference of the principles of one party over those of another, but on the interests of rail-roads, bank corporations, and other artificial bodies, created by the abuse of legislative power. All are beginning to look to legislative

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patronage, instead of individual exertion for the attainment of wealth, and when this is the case, when Government becomes the great arbiter of the pecuniary interests of the citizens, from that moment its power is irresistible.

To this complexion our Government is rapidly tending, and to this complexion it must come at last, unless this vast and complicated system, composed of banks, corporations, and every species of monopoly, created by special legislation, and fed by legislative bounty, filched from the poor and needy, who, in fact, furnish the funds, in the profits of which they have no share, is promptly arrested. So long as this system is pursued, there will be no such thing as Democracy in the United States, except in name. We may call ourselves democrats, but will be only blind instruments in frittering away its great fundamental principles, undermining its foundations, and bringing about in good time, precisely that state of things on which we look down with contemptuous pity, in the nations of Europe. We are following in their track, and will soon overtake them.

But there are two sides to every question, and though it not unfrequently happens they are so equally balanced that instead of arriving at a decision by the most calm, dispassionate consideration, we are left in the condition of the wise animal between two bundles of hay; yet it becomes every honest enquirer to present both to the best of his ability. In so doing, we must necessarily grapple with great general principles which a certain school of politicians and statesmen are pleased to stigmatize as "abstractions." But we must be permitted to hint to these gentlemen, that truth is not to be found at the bottom of a well, but of great general principles, applicable to all cases, to all countries, and all classes of mankind; and that he who seeks her elsewhere, will fare like the fisherman who fancied he had anatomized his fish when he had only scraped off the scales.

The advocates of that great system of monopoly, composed of banks, manufacturing corporations, and internal improvements, can bring forward but one single argument in their support, namely that they conduce to the public benefit. This public benefit consists in making money more plenty, clothing more cheap, and travelling and transportation less expensive, and at the same time more expeditious. To save time, we will grant all this, and then put the question, whether plenty of paper money, cheap clothing, and rapid locomotion, constitute the true sources of national prosperity and happiness? This is the question to be considered, and in order

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to treat it properly, it will be first necessary to inquire into what constitutes national prosperity and happiness.

Is it money? We are told by very high authority that money is the root of all evil, but the wisdom of the present age seems to have decided that it is the root of all good. Or is it the inestimable advantage of purchasing cotton goods at cheaper prices than formerly? Or, lastly, does it consist in the capacity of rapid locomotion of person or commodities? In the first place, money never can be practically plenty among all classes of a community. It is a solecism, an absurdity, an impossibility; for, if every man had sufficient money to supply his necessities and desires, it would be precisely the same as if he had no money at all, and he would be obliged to labor himself for the supply of his wants, or starve in the midst of his wealth. No one would labor voluntarily. Furthermore: money is precisely like all other commodities. When scarce it is dear; when plenty cheap. In proportion therefore to its increase, is its depreciation as a medium of exchange for any other commodities, which constitutes its almost sole value. What then does it avail the laboring man, that he gets two dollars a day instead of one, if his lodgings, his clothing and his food, are doubled in price at the same time? And of what advantage is it to the rich man that his property is doubled in value if the cost of all his comforts and luxuries, is in like manner doubled at the same time? Both, in this point of view, stand in precisely the same position they did when money was comparatively scarce.

The only certain and inevitable consequence of a great increase of money is an increase of luxury and extravagance among all classes, which, by another inevitable consequence, produces poverty and demoralization. The more wealthy class fancies itself immensely rich, because it numbers its dollars by hundreds of thousands, and the laboring man thinks he can afford to branch out into new expenditures because his wages have increased. Both are equally deceived, and discover at length, after having been in some measure accustomed to these extravagancies, that they can only afford to live as they did when one was comparatively poor, the other working at lower wages. But it is not easy to retrench, and in a great majority of cases, they continue their course of extravagance till it ends in bankruptcy or poverty.

That the increase of money, and consequent rise in the wages of labor, are not favorable to the happiness and prosperity of that numerous class living by the sweat of its brow, and which constitutes the great majority of every nation, we

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ourselves have lived long enough to know. We are old enough to remember the time when seventy-five cents was the usual wages of a competent mechanic, and half a dollar that of a common laborer in the city of New York. This was when we had neither banks nor paper money. When we compare the condition of these classes at that time with what it is now, it may well be questioned whether their happiness has been increased by the great influx of money, either specie or paper. At that time the city, at least the suburbs, abounded with small tenements, such as a poor laboring man could afford to hire for his family without ruining himself. Now, however, he has no such refuge. Owing to the increase of paper money,* New York has no suburbs. It is becoming a city of palaces, like Genoa; and, like Genoa, abounds in thousands of men who may be as industrious and saving as they please, yet have no home but in garrets or cellars, or who at best can only afford to hire a room, or part of a room, in a house containing, perhaps, half a dozen families, strangers to each other—discordant in habits and manners, and some of them, in all probability, debased in morals.

Independently of the total absence of all domestic comfort resulting from this indiscriminate association of discordant materials, we venture to assert, as an inevitable consequence, that it invariably produces the utter downfall of all social habits; and, as a natural consequence, all social and domestic virtues. He who has no domestic comforts, will seek them in dissipation. Were we to judge of the morals, habits, and character of a civilized people, we would take as our basis the proportion of comfortable houses to that of families, and if it was nearly equal, we should pronounce it a prosperous, moral, and happy community. If, on the contrary, the number of families was greatly disproportioned to that of the houses, we should require no better proof of the prevalence of extreme poverty in a great portion of the people, and a consequent deterioration of their habits, morals, and intelligence.

One of the boasted blessings of plenty of money is exemplified in New York, and indeed all our great commercial marts, in the erection of palaces even in the outskirts of the city. Every new street is more splendid than its immediate predecessor, and every upstart millionaire, the mushroom offspring of this great Paper Plutus, aspires to go beyond his neighbor in ostentation and extravagance in erecting a man-

* By the last official statement, the banking capital of the State amounted to upwards of 135,000,000, with a basis of about 10,000,000 of specie.

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sion. The truth is, owing to this plenty of money, the price of lots has become so enormous, that no man can afford to erect a house on one that will yield him a rent of less than fifteen hundred or two thousand dollars a year. Thus, the poor mechanic or laboring man is virtually excluded from a decent home and all domestic comforts, and it is little to be wondered at if he seeks a solace elsewhere in taverns and oyster cellars. There is now in the great emporium of New York scarcely a laboring man, or even a mechanic, without capital and having a family, let him be ever so industrious and saving, who can earn sufficient, beyond his imperative necessities, to pay the rent of the meanest tenement in the meanest street in the meanest suburb of the city. But, at the same time, a few hundreds of men roll in wealth and revel in luxuries by the aid of the banking or some other monopoly, and this is called a great public benefit! Thus it is that the great principle of Equality is sustained by the creation of institutions fatal in the end to its existence, and thus has been produced a state of society in which every poor man is obliged to become a slave from the cradle to the grave, while almost every man of every other class is forced, in order to maintain his station, to toil and sweat like a galley-slave or an English operative, and row against wind and tide all the days of his life. There is not in existence, in any part of the world, except Africa, so abject a slave as the free civilized man of this great Democracy; for he has for his master the most inexorable of all despots—Money. It will be difficult to persuade us that such a state of things, in all ages and every country the inevitable result of a monopoly of wealth among the few, is in any way conducive to the general prosperity, morals, or happiness of a nation.

All experience and all history go to prove that a monopoly or concentration of wealth, in the hands of a privileged order, enjoying a perpetuity fenced in by the laws, is the invariable concomitant of poverty and destitution among the million. We have sometimes thought that though a beneficent Providence had bestowed on man sufficient for the supply of all his natural wants, if fairly and properly distributed without any artificial interference of legislation, yet that this was the extent of its bounty; and that in proportion as one man acquired a share greatly disproportioned to the others, in precisely the same degree did he deprive some one or more, of their just portion of the blessings of life. Enough for all was given if equally shared, and no more. The moment anything like monopoly or concentration commences, poverty and des-

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titution make their appearance, and we have always observed that beggars and millionaires have one common parent. Nay, they are twin brothers, born at the same birth, though the latter, like Jacob, is sure to come in for the whole of the birthright of the other.

Except on this hypothesis, of the blessings of Providence being limited to the supply of the natural wants of mankind, generally and universally, we do not see how it is possible to account for the invariable result of a high state of civilization and refinement, we see everywhere exemplified in the progress and decline of nations. There is not an example in the history of the world, in which the concentration of great wealth in the hands of the few, was not accompanied by a corresponding degree of poverty and destitution among the many. The only exception in modern times is, where the laboring classes were hereditary bondsmen, as in our southern States, and by that relation shared alike in the wealth and prosperity of the rich master. We have therefore an uninterrupted series of examples, proving as clearly as anything can be proved, that the two extremes, like all other extremes, are one and indivisible. These extremes never occur in the natural condition of man, and must therefore be the produce of an artificial state of society, the offspring of arbitrary power or the abuse of delegated authority, through the medium of force or of special legislation, by which we understand laws not general in their operation on all classes of society, but for the special benefit of one. In some shape and under some name, no matter what, this system of creating monopolies and artificial distinctions among different portions of the same people, is the source of all these crying abuses that have for the most part rendered Government in its progress from youth to maturity, from maturity to old age, a curse instead of a blessing to mankind.

The course of legislation now adopted with little variation, by Democrats as well as Whigs, seems to be based on the assumption that to increase the wealth of a State, is the most infallible mode of increasing its prosperity, power, and happiness. Hence, almost all legislation, and every measure of public policy is directed to that one single point. If it is objected that it is a violation of the great principle of equality, or an infringement on the rights of the States as guaranteed by the Constitution, the answer that it will make money plenty, increase the value of property in a particular district, or facilitate travelling or transportation, and thus prove advantageous to the trading community; that is thought quite suffi-

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cient. Interest, not principle, is the great polar star of legislation, and all great political questions are settled by the infallible standard of profit and loss.

Does anybody dream that liberty and equality can long subsist in a country governed by such maxims, or that a people, who have no other guide in their conduct but a sordid self-interest, can long preserve their freedom? Do they believe that while sacrificing every other consideration to money, they can maintain their rights? Or do they think that while valuing their liberties by the standard of forty pieces of silver, they will not be tempted to betray not their master but themselves?

We know very well, that men are, to a certain extent, governed by their interests, and that when they thus act without infringing on the rights or happiness of others, they but yield to the great law of self-preservation. But, at the same time, we should blush for our fellow-creatures, and most especially for our countrymen, if we could be brought to believe they had no other guide but interest, and no other impulse but a sordid, short-sighted selfishness, which stands ready to barter the great principles of liberty and equality in exchange for either money, cheap clothing, or cheap and rapid travelling, acquired only at such a price.

It was on the presumption that man had no other impelling motive but interest, that Henry Clay, when he backslided, based his political system. He had persuaded himself that by concentrating the money power in a great banking institution, a great system of manufacturing incorporations, and other pets of special legislation, he would combine such a band of powerful influences, as would prove too strong for the great body of the Democracy, which never has, and never can partake in its privileges or its power. But he failed, as every man, however great and deservedly illustrious he may be in other respects, deserves to fail, who insults his fellow men by acting towards them as if he believed they were without virtue and without principles. When Andrew Jackson, at a single blow, struck off one, and that the most potent of all the heads of the many-headed monster, monopoly, and appealed to the people to stand by him in his great struggle with the paper Plutus, they answered his appeal and did stand by him, as we venture to say they will stand by General Pierce, should he, as we believe he will, set himself firmly against all special legislation in any form, by any name, or under any pretence whatever. We trust, they know full well, that without equal laws and equal rights, liberty is but the shadow of an empty name; and that neither ten thousand millions of

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paper money, ten thousand million yards of cheap cotton shirting, nor fifty, nor a hundred thousand miles of rail-roads, or all put together, can purchase of them the inestimable prize of liberty and equality. These are, indeed, what may be called great public benefits, since they extend equally to all, rich and poor, high and low, wise and ignorant. They neither depend on wealth or station, knowledge or wisdom; they ask no distinctions derived from birth, or rank, or wealth, or special legislation, to enable men to partake of their benefits; and, like the air we breathe, are for the common benefit of all the human racé. Wretched, and deservedly wretched, will be that people, which, possessing these, will barter them away for paper dollars, cotton shirts, and cheap travelling and transportation. When they have thus sold their birth-right for a mess of pottage, they may call themselves Whigs, or any name they please, for they will be no Democrats.

While the Democracy of the United States is perpetually boasting of the unparalleled growth and prosperity of the country, and the freedom and happiness of the people, they will do well to ask of themselves, whether they still cherish those high principles of liberty and equality, and those virtues by which, with the blessing of Heaven, all these great results were acquired, and without which they cannot be preserved. While boasting of their superiority in morals, intellect, and intelligence, over the down-trodden masses of Asia and Europe, they will do well to ask themselves whether they are not laying an inclined plane for sliding, by imperceptible degrees, into the same condition, and while dreaming of regenerating the rest of the world, it is well for them to take care that long before this happens, they do not require to be themselves regenerated. Mankind are everywhere essentially the same, and subject to the same influences. The same causes that ruined Asia, and are now operating to reduce Europe to the same condition, will produce the same consequences in America, if suffered to take root in her soil. Monopoly in the United States is the same monster as monopoly in Europe, equally insatiable, equally engrossing, and equally fatal to all who are excluded from its power and its privileges. It erects palaces for a few, and thrusts the many into hovels and cellars; it pampers the luxurious idler, and starves the industrious laborer; and, under pretence of public benefit, gradually undermines the public happiness. In one word—let the Democracy beware of SPECIAL LEGISLATION, for that is the great lever by which the fabric of liberty and equality will be overthrown in the United States. What they have already done cannot

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perhaps be undone, for we fear they have erected a fabric they cannot pull down. Vested rights are, if not sacred, at least delicate things to meddle with. But this the Democracy can at least do. They can stop where they are. They are more potent than Canute the Great, for they can arrest the tide, and say to this great wave of corruption that is overflowing the land, "*thus far hast thou gone, but thou shalt go no farther.*"

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

OF

JOHN SMITH.

The subject of this biographical sketch, with the single exception of his celebrated rival John Jones, was, without doubt, the most extraordinary man that ever existed; and as it is the fashion at this time to write pompous eulogiums on great men, we think it would be doing manifest injustice to the memory of John Smith, to let him die without a similar testimony to his memory. We at one time had thoughts of erecting a pile of two or three quartos—and his adventures would fill at least a dozen—but were deterred from an apprehension that one half the world would not read, the other not believe half, nay not one-tenth part, of his multifarious exploits. We must therefore content ourselves with the following brief memorial.

Of the birth-place of John Smith we profess to be ignorant. Several times we thought we had hit on the identical spot, but as often found ourselves on the wrong scent. This uncertainty appertains to some of the greatest men of antiquity. Nobody knows where Homer was born; and as seven cities disputed the honor of his birth, so at least seven hundred lay claim to the paternity of John Smith. The result of all our persevering inquiries is, that he was either born everywhere or nowhere. Some incredulous people believe he was never born at all, but his actions speak for themselves; and certain it is, that if a man can perform such wonders without coming into the world in the usual way, it is greatly to be lamented that we should be ignorant of this new and improved process.

The same uncertainty prevails as to the precise period of

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his birth. Some of the most learned Thebans we consulted, were of opinion that he belongs to the class of ancient worthies, and were for going back to the Olympiads; but this supposition is altogether insupportable, for, notwithstanding our indefatigable researches, we cannot find the name of John Smith in any authentic record of antiquity. It is not found among the Greek or Trojan heroes at the siege of Troy; nor does Herodotus mention any such person. Apollo, indeed, among his other *aliases*, was called Smintheus, and those of the learned who are expert in finding out a family likeness in names that have not the least resemblance, may make the most of this striking coincidence. In the course of our researches among ancient records, we often got as far as *Smi*, and once as far as *Smit*, but there we foundered, and do not hesitate to affirm that, the name of John Smith not being found in all the lore of antiquity, he could not have flourished in those days, since it is inconceivable that a man so distinguished should have been forgotten, while so many insignificant persons have been handed down to the present time.

Consequently, we arrived at the conclusion that John Smith was a veritable modern. But here again we came to a full stop, and got entangled in such a crowd of John Smiths, born in different ages and countries, that we fared like the good old matron who sought for her needle in a bundle of hay. At various times we were pretty sure we had caught him, but he invariably slipped through our fingers, plunged into the crowd, disappeared, and came up again in some distant region in an entire new character. It was like attempting to hold an eel by the tail, and finally we gave up in despair. Our readers must be content, therefore, with the assurance that John Smith was certainly born somewhere, at some time, and to this we pledge our veracity as biographers.

But the actions of men are of much more consequence than the place or time of their birth, and to these we shall now devote our special attention. From his earliest youth, our hero exhibited decided indications not only that he would become a universal genius, but that he was actually gifted with something like ubiquity, for he could not only do everything, but be almost everywhere at one and the same time. This was conclusively proved on one occasion, when he was found at the same moment, playing at marbles at the school-house door, swimming in a mill-pond, cobbling shoes in his shop, sitting as judge on the bench, and preaching an election sermon. Besides this astonishing faculty, he could assume any appearance from childhood to old age, and be, at one and

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the same time, a school-master and a school-boy. In short, neither Mesmerism, Clairvoyance, nor Spiritual Knockers could hold a candle to him.

His capacity for locomotion was equally extraordinary, not to say miraculous, for one day you might find him trapping in the Rocky Mountains, or figuring among the *élite* at a fashionable party in New York, and the next, or rather at the same moment, measuring the Pyramids of Egypt, traversing the Arabian Desert, or digging gold in California. As an illustration of this wonderful power of being everywhere at the same time, we will relate the following facts, which can be verified by the testimony of at least a dozen eye-witnesses. In a certain village of New England, John Smith on one occasion indulged himself in the dangerous habit of being civil to a young spinster, and being rather a likely fellow, the damsel was determined that he should either marry her himself or furnish her with a sufficient dower to enable her to get another husband. Accordingly she prosecuted him for breach of promise, and proved divers overt acts, such as going to church with her, talking to her out of the window, and once squeezing her hand as he helped her over a ditch. Our hero, however, was even with her, for he proved, by a host of credible witnesses, that, on the days and at the very hours, John Smith was said to have accompanied the desperate spinster to church, he was catching cod-fish on the coast of Newfoundland; that while said to be talking at the window, John Smith was on the other side of the Atlantic; and that instead of squeezing her hand in helping her over the ditch, John Smith was, at that very hour, making a famous speech in Congress, which lasted three days.

The judge was sorely puzzled in his instructions to the jury, but finally told them their verdict would turn on three points. If they believed the testimony of one of the witnesses, John Smith was certainly guilty; if they believed the testimony of all the witnesses, he was as certainly innocent; and if they believed none of them, they might consult their own feelings and judgment. The jury, having some of them, unportioned daughters on hand, accordingly consulted their feelings, but forgot their judgment, and our hero was mulcted in swingeing damages.

A writ was issued against John Smith, but the officer appointed to execute it got into inextricable difficulties, and was six times prosecuted for false imprisonment, in consequence of taking the wrong John Smith into custody; for our hero, thinking the better part of valor was discretion, had

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availed himself of his ubiquity. The officer visited all the adjoining counties, and all the towns and villages, where he never failed to hear of John Smith, but whenever he came near enough, he found John Smith had miraculously become a different person from John Smith who had beleagured the alabaster heart of the susceptible young lady. Sometimes he found him in the shape of a feeble old man, whose love-making days had passed away half a century ago; sometimes he assumed the figure of a decrepid limping beggar; and on one occasion he found John Smith presiding with great gravity on a trial for breach of promise. Such was our hero's inimitable dexterity in changing his identity, and appearing in any character or form he pleased.

It would spin out our biographical sketch to a length almost equal to some modern specimens, which, in default of the merits of their heroes, make up the deficiency by bringing in those of all the great men with whom they ever exchanged a letter, or met by accident at a public dinner, were we to relate at large all the extraordinary adventures, achievements and transformations of John Smith. Suffice to say, it may be safely asserted that there is not a trade, business, occupation, or profession in life, that he did not practice, not only at different times, but at one and the same time, in various countries and in different quarters of the globe. Thus it can be proved beyond contradiction that he carried on a business at Cincinnati as a pork butcher; practised law at Harrisburg; shod horses at Tallapoosa; kept a gambling-house at New Orleans; officiated as professor of all the arts and sciences at twelve different colleges; kept a boarding-house at San Francisco; was a selectman in Maine, and sold liquor to the whole community, for chemical and manufacturing purposes; made abolition speeches at Boston, and political harangues at divers places; played the rowdy in Philadelphia; picked pockets in New York; read lectures at Albany; was deacon of a church at Springfield; judge of probate at Hartford; practised law at Mobile, physic at Baltimore; preached the Higher Law at Cleveland; was elected member of Congress for a district on Long Island; was in the State Prison at Trenton; presided at a great mass meeting at Buffalo; was blown up in a steamboat on the Mississippi; drove a dirt-cart in the great emporium; rode in his own carriage at Lexington; cried oysters at Salem; shaved beards at Chicago; pulled teeth at Portsmouth, in Virginia, and flax in Connecticut; sold cod-fish in New England, and cotton in Charleston; built a house in Passamaquoddy, and set fire to another in Utica; navigated a ship

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in a whaling voyage to the North Sea, and conducted a locomotive on the Hudson River Rail Road; steered a broadhorn on the Ohio, and a steamer on the lakes; made shoes at Lynn, and sold ready-made shirts in Chatham Row; was terribly taken in at a mock auction in New York, but revenged himself by taking in a greenhorn at Pittsburg; was married at Augusta, divorced in Vermont, and sentenced to the State Prison for bigamy, in North Carolina; elevated to the bench in New Hampshire, to the gallows in Arkansas, and came up jumping alive in California. All this happened at one and the same time, as is proved by authentic records and documents.

Were it not for the apprehension of being as tedious as many of our cotemporary biographers, we could particularize some of John Smith's exploits, which are already recorded in the chronicles of various ages and countries, but are well worth repeating; for example—how he founded a state in one quarter of the globe, and came very near overturning one in another; how he invented a machine for peeling apples and onions; how he discovered a new pass through the Rocky Mountains, and a new way to pay old debts; how he played the saint in Portland, and destroyed all the whiskey he did not drink, and the very d—l at the Five Points, where he dodged all the city officers, and made a fool of the police justice; how in one place he was a great beau, in another a great bully, in another the beau-ideal of a fine gentleman, in another an awkward clodhopper, and in another as great a rowdy as a Philadelphia fireman; how he passed for a single man, a married man, and a widower, at one and the same time, and often swept chimneys as well as E. O. tables.

But as we cannot relate all his exploits, we will content ourselves with omitting them altogether, as giving one would be doing injustice to all the others. We shall therefore close our notice of this most extraordinary, unparalleled man, with giving the reader all we have been able to learn of his end. The same uncertainty prevails with regard to the time and manner of his death, that hangs over the period and place of his birth. Nay, we have found, to our astonishment, that though we saw his death announced in at least a hundred different newspapers, that a majority of those from whom we have sought information, not only believe, but are certain he is still living. Inquiring some time since at the very spot where he was said to have died and been greatly lamented by all that knew him, a very respectable man from down-east solemnly assured us that he saw and conversed with John

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Smith, at Concord, where he was following the business of a cooper, ten days after he was said to have died here. Another, equally respectable, affirmed that this was impossible, for he had only last week recovered damages of him for thrusting his fist under his nose; while a third affirmed this could not be possible, for John Smith was his next-door neighbor at New York, and as meek as Moses; while a fourth offered to make oath that he assisted in laying him out, and that he was dead as Julius Cæsar. To convince all, a fifth came forward and swore he was John Smith himself.

We confess our inability to explain these inconsistencies, and will not commit ourselves as to the fact whether John Smith is dead or not, most especially as we have heard rumors of some of his exploits, since we saw his death announced in the newspapers. The most probable account, however, seems to be, that John Smith has been eclipsed by his great rival, John Jones, who, if the truth were told, is a still more extraordinary character than John Smith. We all know that two suns cannot shine in one sphere; that every dog has his day; and that there is not fame enough in the world to satisfy the cravings of two very great men. We are therefore greatly inclined to the belief, that John Smith has either yielded to the superior pretensions of John Jones, or that he has only given out that he is dead, that he might hear what people said of him afterwards. If such should be the case, we earnestly hope that when he sees this honorable testimony to his unparalleled genius, he will come to life again as soon as possible, and thereby afford us materials for a supplementary biography.

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SCHOOL-HOUSE SKETCHES.

RUNNING AWAY.

It was in the Rev. Dr. Anacharsis Whopham's academic play-ground, that in a confidential dialogue on various topics, my sworn ally in Greek, war and mischief, Jack Gunter, addressed to me this pointed query:

"What are your prospects, old fellow?"

"My prospects! how do you mean, Jack?"

"Why, what you are to be, of course, what your old "man" means to do with you, and all that sort of thing?"

"The fact is, Jack," I answered dismally, "my father has chalked out my career, as he calls it, in this style. I am to go from here to read with a clergyman in the country, and prepare to go to college to be a lawyer, and if I live long enough, a judge of the Supreme Court."

"Not a bad look out! how do you like it?"

"Like it! I detest the whole business. I don't want to go to college—I hate lawyers, and I'd rather be captain of a steamer than a judge of a Supreme Court, any day."

"Well, I don't know," said Gunter, "my uncle is a lawyer, and has grown amazingly gray without being made a supreme judge. My mother reckons he was too smart. Now you may row in the same boat with him, who knows?"

"I'll tell you what, Gunter," said I; "it seems to me that it is rather a dull prospect, having one's career chalked out for one, almost as soon as one is born. I've a great mind to run away from school and seek my fortune in the wide world!"

"Have you, though, on your honor? What a lark!" and Gunter paused for a moment in meditation.

I knew very well what were his thoughts, and hastened to follow up my success.

"If you will go with me, Gunter," I whispered with the air of a conspirator in a melo-drama, "we will be off to-morrow morning."

"To-morrow morning?" said my school-fellow, rather frightened at the suddenness of my proposition.

"Why not? have you written your exercise for to-morrow?"

Gunter's fair, round, laughing countenance lengthened materially at this insidious allusion.

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"Guess *you* havn't either," he retorted gloomily, seeking companionship in misery, with a wo-begone accent.

"Not a line," I replied, "and I expect if we make a start at five o'clock, before anybody is up, we may let it slide for the present."

"Well, that's true," said Gunter, "and there's a new strap, too. "I've passed my pen-knife across it, and if old Whopham finds it out, I shall be flogged as sure as a gun."

"Much surer, for guns miss fire, and Whopham doesn't. Well, is it settled?"

"Done!" said Gunter, slapping down his hand upon mine, with a desperate effort.

"And we start at five o'clock?"

"At four, if you like."

"Bravo, I did not think you had so much pluck in you."

"Shall we slope this afternoon?" said Gunter, resolved to establish his character as a hero.

"No, to-morrow will do. Besides, we must get some money. I have not a red cent."

"Nor I," said Gunter. "We cannot go without money—that's clear as a dew-drop."

He was evidently seeking a pretence to back out. I took him up sharply.

"If you're afraid, say so at once!"

"Afraid!" Gunter said this with a scornful and prolonged twang, proving satisfactorily that he had screwed his courage to the sticking point. I now felt sure of his coöperation, and commenced a series of private and strictly confidential communications with all the elder scholars, informing them of our bold project and our want of supplies; in consequence of which information, every boy in the school knew the portentous secret, within an hour of its existence.

But there the rumor stopped. Not a suspicion did the teachers on duty entertain of the intended escapade. School-boys are not like French conspirators; they can be true to one another, and keep their secrets from the enemy.

Meanwhile, no government loan could be taken up more favorably than our proposition to borrow on every side, on no security, at nothing per cent. Unfortunately, the money market was, at the time, in a state of tightness, which I can only compare to J—— M——'s second-best un-hint-at-ables for intensity. If base-balls and trap-bats would have passed current, we could have gone forth as millionaires; but as it was, the total amount of floating capital the united efforts of our friends could place at our disposal, was the sum of seven dol-

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lars and thirty-seven and a half cents. To these, Brackenbury major added a big knife, which he suggested might prove useful in case of great peril and emergency. And Brackenbury went through a course of pantomimic gestures, of an awful and far-western character.

I scarcely slept that night. Gunter, who occupied the next bed to mine, in the large dormitory, No. 6, at the top of the house, conversed with me in a hollow and reckless voice, as to our future prospects. We ultimately agreed, that if we succeeded in unbolting the door, passing in view of the doctor's window, and climbing over the wall at the end of the shrubbery, unobserved, we would betake ourselves first to N * * * *, the nearest town. We considered that the bazaar there would offer great attractions, as a lucky turn of the wheel of fortune might set us up for an indefinite period, and, in case of being very hard pushed for means, the caves by the sea-shore and the unlimited supply of crabs, oysters, &c., presented resources of a perfectly inexhaustible nature. We could live in the caves and eat the oysters, and by picking up curious shells for the shell work-box makers, earn a very handsome income in addition, as pocket-money.

"At the worst, we can go to sea as cabin-boys," said I, with a slight mistrust as to the practicability of the above mentioned schemes of living.

"Or turn smugglers," murmured Gunter, in the last agony of expiring consciousness, his voice degenerating into a feeble snore, as he gave utterance to that lawless suggestion.

Or turn smugglers! I repeated mentally, and fell off into a disturbed dream of contraband expeditions, ending in a piratical cruise, and the conversion of myself into the Flying Dutchman, with a crew of dodos for sailors, and a Bengal tiger as steersman. A cock's crow aroused me from my slumbers. I started up. It was morning. A light gray mist was gradually fading away before the first sun rays. The trees looked cool and pleasant as odalisques after a bath. The birds were giving a morning concert for the benefit of the flowers, admission gratis, and a solitary and suspicious-looking cat was stealing across the lawn in front of the house, as if his character for respectability were at stake, and he would not, for all the rats in the neighborhood, have had the world know where he had been gadding to.

I woke Gunter, by gently pulling his nose. He gazed at me at first without recollection of our project, then, with a spasmodic twitch, he said, huskily,

"But are you in earnest, though? Do you really mean it?"

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"Of course I do. Get up, old fellow, and dress as quickly as possible. It must be five o'clock already."

The other boys in the room continued to sleep soundly, with the single exception of one Murdoch O'Flanagan, the son of an Irish barrister, who regarded our proceedings in awe-struck silence, following our movements with two large, fish-like eyes, over a margin of counterpane, drawn close up to his remarkably snub nose. He made one remark to the effect, that we were "in for it," and relapsed into his former stare of astonishment, which eagerly followed us from the apartment.

Gunter obeyed my summons in silence, with a rather dismal air, and carrying our shoes in our hands, after a short farewell to our Irish friend, we both stole down stairs, and having with some difficulty unbarred the house-door, emerged upon the lawn, and eventually succeeded in climbing over the wall, and landing safely in the lane outside the house.

"Hurrah! we are free," I exclaimed; "no more exercises—no more Cicero—no more *tupto*—no more verbs in *mi:* no more Euclid—no more anything!"

"No more Mr. Tripps!" said Gunter, beginning to gain courage, and share my exultation. "Do you know I would have run away if it were only to escape that confounded dancing-master. I never could learn to turn out my toes, and as for that last step, it was worse than the asses' bridge which I never *could* get over. Besides, my pumps are too tight, and they always come off. Don't you recollect at the ball?"

I heard no more of Gunter's discourse, he had unintentionally roused the "sleeping dragons" in my bosom. Did I recollect the ball? Did I recollect the present tense, indicative mood of the first conjugation of regular verbs? O yes, I recollected the ball but too well! Was it not on that occasion that Tripps had brought with him a sort of fair-ringletted angel, in a short, white muslin frock, and full white muslin trowsers, trimmed with lace, in a blue sash, that almost streamed to the ground, and in white gloves, trimmed with swans-down, scarcely whiter than the arms they adorned. Had I not been the envy of Jack Gunter and everybody else, the chosen partner of that ineffable Miss Tripps, and was I not now sacrificing for ever the hope of seeing her again?

Nothing was wanting to complete the romantic character of our adventure but a hopeless attachment—and I had one.

"Where are we going?" said Gunter, suddenly stopping short.

"Wherever that sign-post points to," said I. "What does

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it say?"—"Two miles to N——." "Very well, let us go to N——, we may as well go there as anywhere else."

"I say," said Gunter, who had, like myself, a bundle in his right hand, and a cloak over his left arm. "I say, suppose the doctor saw us from his window; he is an amazing early bird, you know?"

"Nonsense! talk of the devil, and——"

"Hark! Don't you hear footsteps?" exclaimed Gunter, looking pale as a whitewashed wall.

"Not a bit of it. Don't run yourself out of breath. There is plenty of time. We cannot be missed for an hour or two at least"—and thus we made our way, without interruption, to the little village of N——, situated some sixteen miles from the metropolis.

The village was asleep. We crossed the green unnoticed, except by an old goose, who did not seem to relish our personal appearance, and, after making a circuit of a couple of miles, we struck into a broad highway which led to R——.

Before long, a stage-coach passed us. There were coaches in those days. I hailed the driver, who reined in his horses, and we mounted into the box, where, notwithstanding the warmth of the weather, we thought it advisable to put on our cloaks and stick up the collars on a rather theatrical principle of disguising ourselves; thus being, in fact, conspicuous objects, and eminently liable to the suspicions of an old gentleman in huge silver spectacles, with a double chin, and a hat of an ancient and severe style of art.

My fellow fugitive, showing an unmistakable tendency to doze, I now fell into a profound financial reverie. On discussing our project in the play-field on the previous evening, Macnobbles, a boy of a mathematical turn of mind, had demonstrated, by unanswerable calculations, that supposing we were to dispense with house-rent, subsist exclusively on crackers and molasses candy, the funds in our possession would suffice to maintain us for at least one calendar month from the date of our Hegira. But, besides some doubts as to the healthiness of such a regimen, I had various dim misgivings respecting our marine and other devices. The solution of these problems was, however, interrupted by a grievous and unexpected catastrophe. This was no other than the apparition of a small podgy-looking man, with a thick ivory-headed stick, who was walking rapidly by the road-side, and who was, in fact, no other than the second classical master in Dr. Whopham's establishment. Gunter, who had been aroused

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from his torpid state by a jolt of more than usual severity, now clutched my arm and, with a glastly stare at the apparition in question, muttered, in great trepidation:

"I say, old fellow, there's old Muggerly! look!"

"Don't look round, you fool," I growled. But it was too late. The keen eye of the classical usher had already recognized us. He shouted to the driver, and, with a grim smile of satisfaction, ascended the coach, and took his seat at our side. Poor innocents! we little thought, in our topographical ignorance, that the coach passed within a hundred yards of the school-house door. My fellow culprit was paralyzed. I resolved on one desperate effort. By a single leap, I reached the ground; I reflected, with the rapidity of a mind under strong excitement, that all the funds were in my pocket, (except half a dollar concealed in my left boot as a nest-egg for special emergency). I had no doubts of my ability to outrun the fat teacher, who, besides, could not well leave my companion. But I also reflected that I was *alone*; the charm was taken from the adventure. I paused on the side of a ditch, before a gap in the hedge. My resolution gave way; I turned round and surrendered myself prisoner of war to the enraged teacher, who, panting and blowing, had made a hasty and infelicitous descent from the coach which had landed him on his back in the road, and now seized me with ferocious exultation by the collar, without the slightest respect for my generous non-resistance.

"Say, old gent!" cried the coachman, "I can't stop here all day, while you catch your runaways. Dare say the youngsters was not over well treated, or they wouldn't have turned out so desperate. Never you mind, youngsters, better luck next time!"

By this time we were all three on our road back to Dr. Whopham's.

"Ha! ha! young gentlemen," said the usher, with a sneer of bitterly stinging character. "So you were going down to R——, were you, to live in caves by the sea-shore, eh? to eat crabs and pick up shells, hee? You are a pair of beauties, *you* are! A nice couple of young amateur vagabonds! Where do you expect to go to, sir?" he added, addressing me more particularly as the originator of the adventure.

"Back to Dr. Whopham's, I expect," was my sullen reply, and no sarcasms on the part of the "second classical" could draw from me another word till we again descended from the coach-top and walked gloomily back to the school-house, which we had quitted so exultingly in the morning.

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The teacher, by the way, told me to pay the coachman, which I did somewhat ungraciously by throwing a handful of money on the gound, amongst which our solitary piece of gold, luckily for the driver, was to be found. But what did I care for gold? If I had committed murder, rape and arson and had been on my way to the gallows, I could not have felt more utterly crushed in spirit. As for Gunter, he looked but a ghost of the Jack of former days, and whimpered dismally in his pocket-handkerchief which, under drier and more favorable circumstances, exhibited a remarkable artistic likeness of the horse that won the sweep-stakes at last year's races.

We reached the gate of the academy. With a suppressed air of triumph, Muggerly led us into the schoolroom. He looked at the junior classical and the assembled boys, and then at us, as much as to say, "You see these young social outcasts, scholastic reprobates! they thought to give Homer and Virgil the slip, they rebelled against hexameters and pentameters, they thought ignorance was bliss and it was folly to be wise. But see what they have come to, what utterly miserable figures they cut! *I* caught them, they could not escape me; and now here they are, and I would not be in a certain part of their costumes if Dr. Whopham would take me into partnership to-morrow!"

But I must be brief in my description of the martyrdom that followed. All the masters, and even the doctor himself, had departed, at the first hint of our disappearance, in pursuit; consequently, we were for the moment safe from actual chastisement. But the tortures of mind I suffered are too extreme for description. They would appear exaggerated. Though but two or three hours had elapsed since our flight at dawn, I felt as if we had been absent for weeks, and seen, like Ulysses, strange men, manners, and cities. I could not realize the idea, that by this single act I had subjected myself to some punishment which, from the looks of all about me, I argued would be at least worthy of a place in a new edition of Fox's "Martyrs."

Perhaps I should be expelled—disgraced for life—driven to become an outlaw like Robin Hood, with Jack Gunter as my "Little John." Perhaps I should be compelled to learn by rote some gigantic lexicon of the Greek or Latin language, or write some fabulous amount of copies of Virgil's Æneid or the irregular Greek verbs. And finally, whatever else happened to me, I should undoubtedly be first flogged in the presence of the whole school, and that without mercy; for

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running away was the unpardonable sin at Dr. Whopham's academy. The cost of a boy at that temple of learning was, on an average, rather above than under two hundred dollars per annum. Now, if boys could not be well fed, instructed, and thrashed for two hundred dollars a year, where could they? The fact of a *boy* running away implied a motive for such an action; and as all schoolmasters and mistresses are particularly sensitive as to the victualling department, Whopham had made up his mind that running away was a direct reflection on that particular pudding which we were regaled with on Tuesdays and Fridays, and which, though defined by the black cook as "Ingin," amongst the scholars was popularly known as stick-jaw. That stick-jaw was indeed the weak point of the Whopham diet, and they knew it. Hence the doctor's monomania!

Yes, I should be flogged, no doubt—I who had never been flogged before, who would rather have died than have submitted to a degrading punishment. But there would be no choice, there would be the teachers ready to hold me. I thought my head would split with agony at the reflection. I even thought vaguely of immolating the doctor or myself at the shrine of—I know not what wild and lawless sentiment, by the aid of Brackenbury Major's quasi Bowie-knife; but I found, on feeling for it in my pocket, that it had fallen out—perhaps in leaping from the coach. No matter; it was, perhaps, fortunate it had. I was almost mad with shame, rage, and apprehension!

A ridiculous circumstance occurred, which rather contributed to distract the sombre despair I had fallen into. Mrs. Whopham, in the absence of her lord, supreme ruler of the academico-domestic empire, suggested a preliminary punishment for the two delinquents, which the teacher on duty most obsequiously adopted. This was to turn our jackets inside out, and thus hold us up to the remainder of the school as objects of derision and opprobrium. It proved, however, that, instead of being pilloried, we were honorably decorated by the proposed measure. For so delighted were the boys at our appearance with white sleeves, like jockeys, that they one and all adopted the fashion by choice, and marched into school in that significant and degrading uniform. This was considered a political demonstration of sympathisers with our wickedness, and heaped coals on our devoted heads. By the evening, the doctor and the other assistants returned. Gunter's father also came, and lectured us jointly; he was a distant relative of mine, and my father was abroad at the time. We

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felt immensely penitent, and begged him to get us off the flogging, which, after many entreaties, he at length consented to do. Nevertheless, our punishment was heavy enough. If I recollect rightly, it was to learn the Encyclopedia Britannica by rote, or some such trifle.

Luckily, no one is seriously expected to perform impossibilities, even at Dr. Whopham's; and in a few weeks, we associated as usual with our schoolfellows, who regarded us as heroes in miniature, and treated us therefore with the admiring respect due to our superior enterprise and audacity.

For my part, I have never ceased regretting the failure of the adventure, which might have made me a Herman Melville, or a Sinbad the Sailor, instead of a poor devil of a——; well, fill up the blank as your wisdom dictates. We are in, and *somebody* must be secretary of state in a country. But mum's the word!

FUGITIVE THOUGHTS AND RANDOM CRITICISMS.

SHAKSPEARE.

It is but fair to advertise the reader in advance, that we do not meditate a criticism upon Shakspeare *in extenso*. A full analysis of a single character is in itself an entire essay, and a dissertation upon one of his best plays, matter for a volume. The works of no other author have been so suggestive of thought, or have furnished such a boundless field for criticism. Mr. Hudson, a lecturer, has filled two volumes with elaborate, but not too minute criticism upon the writings of the great bard. A single heroine, Desdemona, Ophelia, or Juliet, furnishes for Mrs. Jamieson, in delineating the "Characteristics of Women," the subject of a complete essay; while that prince of Shakspearian critics, Christopher North, finds in a single play, even an act, matter for conversational criticism sufficient to occupy the whole of one of his charming and delightful *Dies Borealies*. Nor does the subject yet seem to be entirely exhausted. He would be a bold man, however, who should undertake to thrust in his sickle by the side of those stalwart reapers who already occupy the field; nor have we at present any such intention. Ours is but the humbler aspiration to glean behind the reapers—to follow *haud passibus æquis*, and only for a brief space, the steps of those who go before, it may be with the hope of finding something which perchance has escaped the keen blade of criticism.

The reader will not deem it presumptuous then, if we invite him to open the lids of Shakspeare, and turn over with us for a moment, the leaves of Othello. Having newly arisen from a fresh reading of this master-piece of genius and

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art, we confess to something of that same eager feeling to record our own *impressions*, which is said to be experienced by travellers beyond seas, or a letter writer at a fashionable watering place.

Imprimis then; we have never yet been entirely satisfied with any of the criticisms we have seen upon this play *as a whole.* Why should Othello be called "the noble Moor"? And why should it be thought the most natural thing in the world that such as he should engage the affections of the pure and gentle Desdemona? Wonderfully as the poet has developed the grand idea of the drama, in delineating the master passion of jealousy in its effects upon the mind of our "erring barbarian," yet it has always seemed to us that there was an incongruity in this play, against which the natural instincts of the heart revolt.

Indeed we question if any one can arise from a careful reading of Othello, without feeling that there is something unnatural, not to say revolting, in some of the characters, and the peculiar developments of this piece. We say nothing as to the matchless genius and skill of the poet, in delineating the controlling passion which drove to crime and madness, the Moor of Venice. It is such as the pencil of Shakspeare, and his only, could trace. But to us, it has always appeared that he selected an extreme case—and that he owes more to art and less to nature in the conception of this tragedy, than in any other of his master-pieces. The love of such a creature as Desdemona for Othello, is wholly unaccountable. One cannot help thinking with Brabantio, that it must have been brought about,

"By spells and medicines bought of mountebanks."

And joining with him in wonder, when he exclaims—

"A maiden never bold,
Of spirit so still and quiet, that her motion
Blushed at herself: And she, in spite of nature,
Of years, of country, credit, everything,
To fall in love, with *what she feared to look on!*"

This unprepossessing description of the Moor, as a thing whom such a maiden as Desdemona would "fear to look on," is unhappily not much mitigated by anything we can find in the play. Shakspeare designed to represent him as a man past the prime of life—so Othello is made to speak of himself. The custom of the modern stage has endeavored to smooth away the harsh conception of the poet, and the Moor is represented as a noble young man with a brow slightly tinged by a southern sun. So did *not* the poet design him to appear in the eye of Desdemona. Roderigo remarks of him—

"What a full fortune does the *thick lips* owe
If he can carry't thus."

His ancient Iago says—

"Here without are a brace of Cyprus gallants, that would fain have a measure to the health of the *black* Othello."

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And Othello speaking of himself, says—

"Haply for I am *black*,
And have not these soft parts of conversation
That chamberers have, or, for I *am declined*,
Into the vale of tears."

And again—

"Her name, that was as fresh
As Dian's visage, is now begrim'd and black
As mine own face."

We can scarcely strain the imagination so far as to reconcile with nature this revolting union between the young, the pure, the delicate, the high-born Desdemona, and the stern, dark-browed, and with Roderigo we are forced to add, "thick-lipped" Moor of Venice. Nor can we see in the qualities of the mind those lofty attributes which entitled him to the epithet of the "noble Moor," and which were calculated to win the love of that gentle spirit whom he had wooed. Stung by an unworthy suspicion, he was not above setting a spy to watch her motions.

"If more thou dost perceive, Iago, let me know more.
Set on thy wife to observe."

I do not know whether it is possible to read this tragedy, and especially witness it presented to the life upon the stage, without feeling that the jealousy of Othello, strikingly and terribly as it is portrayed by the poet, is a most unworthy and selfish passion—that his suspicions were entirely beneath a noble nature, and his whole conduct towards Desdemona most unmanly. Almost the entire evidence of Desdemona's unfaithfulness consisted, indeed, in trifles light as air. It came to him at first wholly from the lips of Iago, and these foul lips he was not slow to believe, even when in doing so, they branded with perjury that guileless brow upon which Heaven itself had traced the lineaments of fidelity and truth. It was his want of confidence in human virtue, not the recoil of a noble mind which has found itself deceived, that made Othello so hastily and unworthily decide the question of veracity between her whom he should have trusted, and her base traducer. His mind was already poisoned—he had already judged and condemned—before he knew of any such confirmation of proof as the lost handkerchief furnished. And then, too, this "noble Moor," in the excess of his passion, lifts his dastard hand and inflicts a blow upon that gentle creature—on her who, in the guileless simplicity of innocence, while listening to the story of his life, had wished,

"That Heaven had made her such a man."

It needs no better proof that this scene shocks the sensibilities of nature, than the fact that it is usually omitted in the representation. In reading it, we are always reminded of the passage from Otway's Venice Preserved, embodying a sentiment which so truly accords with human sympathies—especially the sympathies of noble minds:—

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"He that lays his hand on woman,
Save in the act of kindness, is a brute,
Whom it were base flattery to call man."

Perhaps we may be mistaken in the fancy that the poet has here attempted an unnatural and inconsistent picture—but we cannot overcome the feeling that a mind essentially generous and noble, as Shakspeare would represent Othello, could ever, under its fiercest paroxysm of passion, have been betrayed into suspicions so unworthy, or actions so base.

It is difficult to conceive a more exquisite villain than Iago. An intellectual villain—of a ready wit and an agreeable deportment—but the very type of a fallen angel—instinct with wickedness—into the rayless caverns of whose dark bosom no straggling sun-beams of a better nature had ever penetrated—remorseless—soulless—fiendish. Such a character has been rarely attempted except in bad novels—and never with success, save by Shakspeare. The Satan of Milton, is not his compeer, for the fallen angel is instigated by the passion of remorse, baffled ambition, and its kindred passion, revenge. We do not see a sufficient motive for Iago's villainy. His petty pique against Othello, and his vague *suspicion* can scarcely, upon any principle of human nature, account for his gigantic iniquity. He is a villain by instinct—the most perfect picture of total depravity ever drawn. And yet, with such a frightful distinctness of outline does he stand out from the canvass, we are almost forced into the conviction that there have actually walked the earth and breathed the pure air of Heaven, demons such as he.

And Desdemona! What a proof of the genius of Shakspeare above all other men, that on the same page, with the same pen which has sketched the dark-souled Iago, he has also drawn a picture of such exquisite loveliness. In the scene with Emelia, how beautiful does the angelic purity of Desdemona contrast with the coarser and more common-place mind of her companion. When her tender solicitude is rewarded by a blow from her savage and jealous lord, she receives it with the meek and submissive spirit of an angel, and only murmurs—

"I have not deserved this."

Even in death, her thoughts rest not only with forgiveness, but with unchanging love, upon the assassin, the unjust and ungenerous husband, who has so cruelly wronged her.

"Oh who has done this deed!"

Cries the terrified Emilia.

"Nobody—I myself—farewell.
Commend me to my kind lord,"

Is the touching reply. Dying by the hand of her guilty husband, she strives even with a falsehood, to shield him from the odium of the deed. It was the last generous impulse of affection—the last thought of a too unselfish love, and not a crime, or if a crime then, if we may borrow the beautiful figure of another, surely a crime like that upon which the recording angel, even while he penned it down, dropped a tear upon the page and blotted it out forever.

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In Othello, Shakspeare has delineated with a master-hand, the passion of jealousy. This seems to be the leading idea of the drama. And so in each of his most celebrated plays, the delineation of some one or more of those mighty passions which disturb and agitate the soul, is the controlling idea which regulates the action and develops the incident of the drama. Romeo and Juliet, is an impassioned love story. Like Othello, the scene is drawn under the mellow light of an Italian sky; but how different the loves of Juliet and Desdemona! What a contrast of character! The one the creature of passion, the other, the child of affection and sensibility! Shylock, in the Merchant of Venice, is the impersonation of the passion of revenge—a man whose heart had become hardened by gain, and whose spirit, embittered by the indignities cast upon his despised race. Lear reveals the terrible and scathing effects of impotent rage and abject despair. The trusting mind of a too credulous old man, newly awakened to the crushing sense of filial ingratitude—made to feel "how sharper than a serpent's tooth, it is to have a thankless child,"—and driven by the force of that despair to madness—a conception most startling in its development, and profound in its philosophy.

Take one example more, and with the volume still before us, turn to Macbeth, and contemplate for a moment the Thane of Cawdor.

The tragedy of Macbeth, was designed by Shakspeare to delineate the two passions of ambition and remorse for crime. And surely within the whole range of literature—amid all the creations of poetry or fiction, we can find nothing to equal that vivid—that almost fearful picture of a stricken conscience—stung by the arrow of remorse, which the guilty Macbeth displays, when, after the murder of the king, the knocking at the gate rings upon his ear like a death-knell. He had fixed his eyes upon the crown of Scotland. The weird sisters had predicted that the Thane of Glamis and Cawdor should be King of Scotland. His sovereign and kinsman, Duncan, came as his guest to share his hospitality—that Duncan who had "borne his faculties so meek," and whose virtues could plead "like angels trumpet tongued." The thought is whispered into his ear, that the assassination of Duncan in his own castle, would fulfil the witches prophecy and make him king. But the already guilty Macbeth hesitates—and why? In no part of the play is there exhibited a keener insight into the depths of the human heart than here. Shakspeare well understood that the man who could conceive such a foul crime as that of Macbeth, however stern, and relentless, and ambitious—the crime of midnight assassination—was a coward at heart—and such was Macbeth. It is true, his conscience stung him to the quick—yet it was not his conscience alone that stood in the way of his ambition. If the blow itself might "be the all and end all here," he was ready, as he says, "to jump the life to come," and would not have hesitated. But it was the consequences which might follow the murder which made the heart of Macbeth shrink like a coward's before some unknown danger—and which almost turned him away from his purposed crime—

> "I have no spur
> To prick the sides of my intent, but only
> Vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itself
> And falls on the other side."

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The words are scarcely spoken when the "spur to his intent" appears in the person of a character such as only the mind of Shakspeare could have conceived, and his genius alone could pourtray. There is but one Lady Macbeth to be found in history or in fiction. Semiramis and Lucretia Borgia, are examples, of what stern and relentless ambition and its kindred passions may implant in woman's breast—but the real in history, fails to strike the mind with the vivid distinctness of the ideal of fiction. Bulwer, in his novel of Lucretia, has described a female whose heart was more remorseless—whose spirit was as daring, and whose guilt as deep. But the Lucretia of Bulwer sinks into insignificance, compared with the Lady Macbeth of Shakspeare. There is a stateliness and grandeur in the lofty spirit and daring ambition of this masculine woman—which almost mitigate the sombre features of her unnatural guilt. At first view, she seems an unearthly being in the cold and passionless resolve of her fell purpose. No shrinking is there, no doubt, no hesitation. Conscience itself is slumbering, as she urges the wavering Macbeth to the fatal deed—and whispers in his ear that even if it were the babe she loved,—

> "I would, while it was smiling in my face,
> Have dashed the brains out, had I so sworn as you
> Have done to this."

But this remorseless and almost fiendish cruelty of purpose, is partially feigned in order to screw the shrinking courage of Macbeth to the sticking place. Shakspeare better understood the working of the human mind, than to delineate even his Lady Macbeth, as a creature utterly devoid of every vestige of a better nature. She could *counsel*, but could not *do*, the bloody deed. Some mysterious power held back her hand. And while her husband has entered the chamber to consummate the work of death, and she is tortured with the fear that it may not be accomplished, she gives the reason of her own hesitation.

> "Had he not *resembled*
> *My father* as he slept I had done it."

I have mentioned this play as illustrating in a most vivid and striking manner, the passion of remorse. The scene which follows the murder of Duncan, is perhaps the most dramatic and highly wrought, in the whole tragedy. Whoever has witnessed it in the scenic illusion of the stage, has been made to feel the master power of the great poet of nature. The terrible workings of conscience in the guilty Macbeth, and the agony of his remorse, are contrasted in a fearful manner, by the real or assumed firmness of his wife. While the assassin dares not carry back the bloody dagger—is afraid to look upon the scene again,—his accomplice reassures him with the taunting speech—

> "Infirm of purpose,
> Give me the dagger! The sleeping and the dead
> Are but as pictures: 'tis the eye of childhood
> That fears a painted devil. If he do bleed
> I'll gild the faces of the grooms withal,
> For it must seem their guilt."

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It needed but the tragic tones and gesture of a Siddons, to clothe the scene with a fearful and life-like reality.

But the poet has not yet fully developed the strength of that dark and gloomy passion, remorse, which conscious guilt is sure to bring home to the soul. Even the proud, the daring, the relentless bosom of Lady Macbeth, is not proof against the sting of conscience. Its barb has pierced her heart. It preys upon her slumbers and disturbs her dreams. In the closing act of the drama, the poet with exquisite skill displays the last frightful workings of remorse. The unhappy Queen steals from her restless bed with a lighted taper in her hand. Her eyes are open, but their sense is shut. Her gentlewoman whispers to the physician who has been called to "minister to a mind diseased," that she has a taper always burning by her side, and has been known to continue thus in sleep rubbing her hands for a quarter of an hour. Presently, hoarse whispers break from the lips of the guilty somnambulist, revealing a world of agony within:—

> "What! will these hands ne'er be clean;
> Here's the smell of blood still. All the perfumes
> Of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand!"

We are told in the conversations of the *Dies Boreales*, that before the time of Mrs. Siddons, it had been the custom of the lady Macbeths of the stage, in this scene, merely to touch the palm of the hand with the tips of the fingers, at the same time keeping the candle in hand. Mrs. Siddons was accustomed to set down the candle, that she might come forward and wash her hands in earnest, one over the other, as if she were at her wash-hand stand, with plenty of water in her basin. When Sheridan first learned of her intention to do so, he went to her, and with tears in his eyes besought her to abandon it, and not at one stroke overthrow Drury Lane. Mrs. Siddons persisted and turned the thousands of bosoms to marble!

But we are trenching upon the ground of Christopher North. Besides, we are almost yielding to the temptation of breaking the promise given to the reader at the start, of not entering upon a criticism on Shakspeare *in extenso*. Here then we arrest the course of these "random thoughts," and take leave of the subject.

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HOME LIFE IN GERMANY.*

This book of travels has been written with a purpose, and is therefore more valuable than most of its kindred. A mere description of what one sees on the Continent is now-a-days of very little consequence or entertainment, except to one's friends. Steamers have done away with the awe with which the world formerly regarded the traveller. To make the Grand Tour is not a greater undertaking than to journey from New York to the Mississippi. The thing is entirely too commonplace to be talked or written about; still it forms a very good text for such a book as Mr. Brace has given us.

Our readers know Mr. Brace very well. He went to Austria three years ago, and, travelling about like a troubadour, was incarcerated like a second Richard Cœur de Lion. Our chargé, Mr. McCurdy, did his best to release him, and finally succeeded—otherwise, by this time, Washington and Vienna might have been exchanging diplomatic shots, and our ships blockading the only port of which the Austrian dominions are possessed. Mr. Brace made good use of his time while in Austria, and gave us much valuable information respecting the Hungarians in his former book. Now, dropping history and politics for the most part, he essays to make us acquainted with the home life of the people among whom he passed the greater part of his time abroad.

It is easy to see that Mr. Brace is very much in love with the German character. Countrymen of Schiller and Goëthe are invested in his eyes with dignities and graces of character denied to other men. He accepts their virtues with less discrimination, and passes by their faults with more forbearance. From first to last, he is favorably prejudiced toward them. Hence his moralizings are one-sided. They constantly tend to the same point. He will have us admire the Germans as much as he admires them. When we look at a German household, we must wear Mr. Brace's spectacles. This is asking rather more than is fair, although the request is made with so much sincerity and good feeling, that we really cannot find fault with Mr. Brace for his urgency.

It is difficult for one who moralizes to avoid falling into the

* Home Life in Germany, by Charles Loring Brace. New York: Charles Scribner, 1853.

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common error of moralists. When you make a story to prove or enforce a conviction, it is ten to one that your story will be exaggerated, and in many respects untrue. You cannot have everything your own way without twisting facts, or suffering others to twist them for you. The moral of Mr. Brace's book is, that the Americans, in not living as well as the Germans, do not live so wisely. The only fault we have to find with the moral is, that it is too intense. The Germans live very much better than we, therefore very much more wisely. Mr. Brace, we are afraid, either rates the Germans too high, or the Americans too low. There is the same result in either case. The moral is a strained conclusion, and will hardly meet with universal acceptance.

We are ashamed to remind our readers that human nature is the same the world over. Roger and Joan, before company, are the most affectionate couple on earth; and, provided their quarrels are carried on discreetly and between themselves, the world never finds them out. Society everywhere is a delightful thing to a new, and especially a foreign guest. His sense of curiosity is pleased and stimulated. He observes unaccustomed ways and manners with delight. He is flattered by the politeness with which his hosts receive him. His country is complimented, and he shares in the flattery. The charm of novelty hangs about everything he sees and hears. Comparing all this with home, there can be but one result. Here and there you find a cynic among travellers, a second Mrs. Trollope or Captain Hall. Here and there you discover an old stager on the road, to whom there is no longer anything new, and whose eyes are quite regardless of the gloss and varnish that dazzle the vision of less sophisticated men. But these are exceptions, as the journals of travellers will readily show. When we go into our neighbor's house, we do not see the skeleton that perpetually annoys us in our own. But is it not a mistake to suppose that because our neighbor does not show us the skeleton, he is therefore free from the presence of such an unwelcome companion?

It would have been strange, indeed, if in the families which Mr. Brace visited while in Germany, there had been less social courtesy than he assures us he observed. If an intelligent and well-educated German comes among us, we show him manners equally good, and hospitality equally generous. If he is a "notable," he will probably complain of our kindness; if he is possessed of no reputation, but happens to be afflicted with the desire to be considered famous, we may

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indeed appear to him to be insensible to his merits, but he will have no cause to find fault with us as hosts. While he is among our Lares and Penates, there will be no household quarrels. Would our wife, discreet woman that she is, venture to call us anything beside her 'dear' in the presence of Herr Teufelsdroch? What would the Herr think of such an unfeminine and unwifely discourtesy; yet when that excellent and observant gentleman shall have gone away, our wife shall make us suffer full punishment for the crimes committed by us since the last wiping out of conjugal scores. But Xantippe's voice is not heard in the streets, and our German friend goes home and publishes his book, in which much and lavish mention is made of the tender courtesies and forbearances displayed in the household of his American host, Jones, and in American households in general—"so different from what we have in Germany!" Misguided Teufelsdroch! Why should Xantippe be found alone at Athens or Berlin? Take our word for it, she is to be met with as well in New York and Timbuctoo. There is little to choose between the lot of Socrates, and Jones, and Herr Teufelsdroch.

But while we cannot second the comprehensive and peculiar admiration with which Mr. Brace regards the household economy of the Germans, and while we cannot believe in its immunity from discomfort and selfishness and the thousand faults which wait on human life, we are none the less disposed to acknowledge these failings and imperfections of which Mr. Brace finds us guilty. We are indeed obliged to Mr. Brace for preaching us a most wholesome sermon in manly and vigorous words, worthy of the sentiments which they contain, and shall none the less readily accept it because it is not made to apply to our neighbor's also.

There is a great deal of home life in America that fairly meets our ideal of what home life should be. Intelligent and active men who are married to refined and virtuous women, and who are their partners in the practice of benevolence, in furthering public improvements, in adorning their own estates, in cultivating and enriching their own minds, and in the rearing of their children in the noble and useful arts of life—the households of such men need fear no comparison either with the ideal standard of the moralist, or with the households of the best men and women of other nations. Nor are such difficult to be found. There is not one of our readers who cannot instance conspicuous examples here and there on either side of him, and recall others whose memories he will always dwell upon with peculiar pleasure. When we

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cease to furnish such examples, we shall be very far gone in national decline.

So much may be said in our favor; now it will be worth while to denote a little longer space to our failings. Let us look at them with a fair share of attention, and consider with how much truth and propriety they may be asserted of—our friends at next door; for surely no one of us will be so rash as to accuse or censure himself.

Hard work and extravagance are the causes of nine-tenths of family discomforts in America. This may indeed seem a paradoxical combination. At the first glance, parsimony and idleness could not appear more incongruous. But let the reader ask himself if it is possible for any man, no matter of what nation, to work harder than the American, or to spend his money more freely. Note the intensity with which he labors. While he is engaged in business, there is no let-up or relief. It absorbs his mind entirely, and to the exclusion of everything else. The study of the scholar bears no comparison with it. The nerves of the whole system share in the excitement. Dinners are swallowed hastily and without enjoyment, and dyspepsia follows hard upon the folly. With most men, business does not cease with evening. There is night work to be done in the counting-room, the office, or at the counter. When all is over, the man goes home tired, full of care for the next day. Gaiety and social mirth do not quite harmonize with anxious meditations over invoices and cases. Parlors richly furnished and tables bountifully filled do not necessarily bring up the mental and animal spirits to a pitch of enjoyment. The nights of wearisome days and evenings are not to be enlivened by such means alone. Marvellous indeed must be the tonic that shall restore the prostration of the overworked individual whom we are describing, and make him cheerful, jolly, social, and gay. It is not an easy thing to raise that lump of a husband, or brother, or father, whom you find lying supine and relaxed upon the sofa as you make your evening call, and to draw him into vivacity and playfulness. Madam has long since given it up. She was sitting quite silent before you came in, hemming a dreary pocket handkerchief, or working an absurd chair-cover; and, when you go away, she will relapse into the same exciting occupation. Madam is surrounded by costly furniture; the sofa on which *pater familias* is extended is of a rich and massive pattern; the house is a five-story free-stone front; but somehow neither Madam nor her husband enjoy their surroundings to any great degree; the truth is, that

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pater familias has worked so hard for home comforts, that he has failed of obtaining them altogether. Have we not read of the σκολαστικος who took so great a 'start' for the purpose of jumping over a wall, and ran so far, that he was fain to lie down exhausted and breathless at the foot of it?

It is Madam who is partly accountable for the extravagance of the household. When a husband will work for nothing else, he will work for his wife. It is to support their wives in the style they demand that men turn usurers, and defraud their creditors, and scour the bye-lanes of trade, and habituate themselves to oblique and sinister practices. And yet while all this is done, perhaps without murmuring, there is an undefinable feeling of resentment against the cause of it—not often expressed, to be sure, but all the while existent, and producing its effects. When men fail, or are detected in some more than ordinarily indefensible action, their wives often become aware of this feeling, and its results on household peace may very readily be imagined.

There would be a vast deal more home happiness, too, if Lucy were always to meet John on his return from business with a smile, and, if you please, a kiss. But Lucy is too often out of spirits, her head aches, she is depressed, and without exactly knowing why, she is too listless and languid to take upon herself such exertions, and John walks in silent and moodily to his supper. If John is considerate, he will recollect that Lucy is delicate, and will manifest his forbearance by many graceful attentions, but unluckily John is not often so considerate but that he will ask himself why his Lucy should be so delicate, having nothing in the world to do but to take care of herself, and why, in general, there should be so many delicate Lucys.

We remember Lucy, ourselves, when she was somewhat younger than she is now. She came from home in the country, to the city, to the celebrated school of the renowned Madame De Lacem. Here for two years she bent her shoulders over French copying books, and bound her girlish waist with stays, and for exercise walked the pavement with measured gait precisely half an hour a day. Leaving, in due time, this seminary of the Graces, she passed into society, eager to rival those of her acquaintance who had gone before her. For three winters she was conspicuous in numberless parlors of the town. She whirled through an infinity of waltzes, and there was not a polka-er of her acquaintance, old or young, in whose embrace she did not measure many rods of stretched linen. Her post-midnight suppers were the

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horror of veteran dyspeptics, and the envy of toothless dowagers. With the last waning winter, amid gas light and perfume, came the conquest of John. But the Lucy whom my busy friend snatched almost at random from the whirling crowd, was already far different from the promise of her earlier years. When the broad, sober day came—the broad, sober day of married life, supervening the glare and meteoric brilliancy of "society," my friend's acquisition was hardly equal to the severity of the test. Is it indeed in conformity with the divine institutes of the Creator, that Lucys shall be *blasé* at twenty, martyrs to indigestion, and incapable of walking an English mile?

There is nothing impossible to be made, when you have the ingredients, and know how to mix them. Home was designed by the Creator to be a cheerful and always delightful place, to which a man might retreat from his daily labor as to a recreation and a rest. But home does not necessarily constitute itself happy. The mind must be kept in training to enjoy it. Silence, apathy, and ill health go very far toward weakening its attractions. The place where a selfish and inattentive husband maintains ceaseless though trivial warfare with a complaining and equally selfish wife, has no right to be called a home at all.

Mr. Brace gives us a rap over the knuckles for not taking sufficient care of our health. We present our readers with a touch of its quality. It is not ink and paper misemployed.

There is throughout Europe, a rich animal love of open air movement, of plays and athletic sports, of which we Americans, as a people, know little. A Frenchman's nerves quicken in the sunlight, even as the organization of plants; and a German would be very old and decrepid, when he should no longer enjoy a real tumbling frolic with his children. The Englishman, cold as he is in other directions, would lose his identity when his blood did not flow fresher at a bout of cricket, or a good match with the oar. We, on the other hand, are utterly indifferent to these things. We might pull at a boat-race, but it would be as men, not as boys; because we were determined the Yankee nation should never be beaten, not because we enjoyed it. We do not care for children's sports. We have no time for them. There is a tremendous, earnest work to be done, and we cannot spare effort for play. It is unmanly to roll a ball in America. Our amusements are labors. An American travels with an intensity and restlessness, which would of itself exhaust a German; and our city enjoyments are the most wearying and absurd possible.

We like being together well enough, but our gregarious tendencies are nearly always for some earnest object. We can crowd for a lecture or political meeting, but as to gathering in a coffee-garden or in a park, it would be childish (or vulgar).

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I have noticed here this contrast to the German, because a most important subject is bound with it—a subject which must more and more demand earnest attention from our scientific men—I mean, *our National health.*

We are an unhealthy race. No one can doubt it, who sees the old races of Europe. Our faces are thin, complexions sallow; dyspepsia and consumption are universal in a land, which in all physical comforts, presents the greatest advantages for the preservation of health. Life may be as long in the average, but it is much less enjoyed. An American is as capable of strong muscular effort, and is as enduring as a European; but he does not get half the *pleasure* from his vigor. Indigestion and nervous diseases sour the life of half our people. The evil increases too; and the probability is, the health of the Nation is degenerating. These facts are notorious in Europe, and our sharp, worn American faces are known everywhere. There is much disease and bodily weakness among the poorer classes of the Old World; but in classes, enjoying equal comforts, it will be found that the Americans are confessedly inferior in robust health. The dyspepsia, which so curses our whole population, is comparatively unknown among the older nations.

In accounting for this, too much weight, in my opinion, is laid to the effects of climate. I could not see in North Germany in the autumn and winter, or in Hungary in the summer, that the differences in climate were very appreciable. There were the same sudden changes, the same extremes of heat and cold, and an atmosphere quite as remarkable for dryness as our own. The great and sufficient cause will be found to be, in this very difference in respect to out-door exercise and amusement.

We work too hard, and play too little.

Our nervous and digestive systems cannot sustain such an intense action of brain, as the American life demands, without frequent pleasant muscular exercise. The people need out-door manly sports, and healthy amusements. Those wearing, formal city enjoyments, with late hours and unhealthy fare, and those most useless trips to crowded watering places, must be dropped for something Germanlike—something cheering, healthful, boyish—or we shall be a nation of dyspeptics.

Other causes for our sickliness can be found in our general habits—our diet—our excessive greed for money—the little heed we give to quiet family enjoyments. And if in these respects, I shall be able to show how much vitally important to our future we have to learn from the Germans, I shall have written to good purpose.

As a practical conclusion, I would say to every man, who would deserve well of his country, play! play more—patronize, encourage play!

Why should bowling-alleys and cricket-clubs be given up to "fast men?" Why should rowing-matches and yacht-races, fencing bouts and boxing lessons, fishing and shooting, be any more the privilege of "the world," than the church? Why should not respectable, moral, religious people go into any, or all of these as they fancy, and invigorate their bodies and cheer the mind? Do not let us grow old and dyspeptic, because we are growing more religious. Let there be something of healthful boyhood in us always! No sports, but what are pure, humane and moral in tone; but where there are such, let no notion of ascéticism, or false dignity restrain us!

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We are obliged to Mr. Brace for having suggested so much to us relative to home life, and we can assure our readers that they will derive great pleasure from the perusal of his book. In dealing with social ethics, in telling us what our faults are, and hinting at the means of reformation, he deserves our warmest acknowledgments; and whether his volume do that amount of good in which such praiseworthy efforts should result, or not, it certainly will not be read without interets and satisfaction.

THE POWER OF FEDERAL TAXATION.

The extent of the power given by the Constitution of the United States to Congress, to "lay and collect taxes, duties, imposts, and excises," and the purposes to which it may be applied, has been the fruitful subject of controversy between the two parties of the country for more than a half century, and is the source of much honest difference of opinion in the minds of the wisest and best of men. Such gigantic intellects as Hamilton's, Clay's, and Webster's, have given to this feature of the Constitution a widely different construction to that placed upon it by the equally powerful minds of Jefferson, Jackson, Calhoun, and other shining lights in the Republican party of the country. The former have given to it a latitudinous construction, claiming under it the right of Congress to protect "home industry," and construct gigantic schemes of internal improvement under the supervision of the General Government; the latter have contended for a strict construction of that and all other clauses of the Constitution, denying the right of Congress to go beyond the plain meaning and intent of the power granted.

In this view of the subject, it may appear presumptuous to attempt to conduct the mind of the reader to a conclusion more satisfactory than any heretofore arrived at; nor do we propose such a task, but simply to submit to the public such reasons as have brought our mind to a conclusion differing essentially from that held by the Whig party of the country, and harmonizing with the republican view of the question.

The clause of the Constitution to which we refer is the first clause of the eighth section, and is in the following language: —"Congress shall have power to lay and collect taxes, duties, imposts, and excises, to pay the debts, and provide

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for the common defence and general welfare of the United States; but all duties, imposts, and excises shall be uniform throughout the United States."

It is important, in the first place, and necessary to a proper discussion of the question, to ascertain the proper *grammatical* construction to be given the clause above recited. Do the words "to lay and collect taxes, duties, imposts, and excises," stand as substantive grants of power, and the additional words, "to pay the debts, and provide for the common defence and general welfare," stand in the same capacity, or are the last words a part and qualification of the former? We think it clear that the latter construction is the true one, and that the true reading of the clause is as follows:—Congress shall have power to lay and collect taxes, duties, imposts, and excises, (*in order*) to pay the debts and provide for the common defence and general welfare of the United States." This is the construction placed upon this clause by Judge Story, in his commentaries upon the Constitution, although he draws very different conclusions from it to those which we intend to draw, and which we regard alone legitimate; and it is the generally received construction of the people of the country. We shall therefore consider it in this light.

The power of Congress to "lay and collect taxes, duties, imposts, and excises" is not open to question, because the language is express and susceptible of but one meaning; but the *extent* to which this power is exercisable within the language and intendment of the Constitution, and the objects to which the revenue, when collected, may be constitutionally applied, are the questions in controversy, and those to which we direct attention. Is it a general and unlimited power? Can Congress lay and collect taxes, duties, imposts, &c., for any purposes and to any extent, restricted only by its own discretion? Or is it a limited power, and applicable *only* to certain clearly defined purposes? The Whig party contend for the first construction—the Democratic party maintain the latter. If the Whigs are correct in their view of the subject, then Congress has the unquestionable right to enact a high protective tariff, and prosecute a general system of internal improvements by the Government, and do anything else which money can accomplish. If, on the other hand, the Democratic interpretation is correct, then Congress can lay and collect taxes, duties, imposts, and excises for only those few specified purposes set forth in the clause of the Constitution under consideration.

Did the language of the Constitution, namely, "to lay and

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collect taxes, duties," &c., stand alone, as it did in the first draft of the Committee, we should concede without argument that the power of taxation was unlimited, and might be applied by the legislature to any purposes and to any extent it chose. This would result from the very nature of such an unrestricted power, because where the Constitution has imposed no limit upon a power granted, Congress alone can determine its extent, the fair presumption being, that a wise discretion was left to the legislative branch of the Government. Standing in this unrestricted form, therefore, the taxing power might be applied by Congress to purposes for which nations have been accustomed to apply it—those other than revenue. "It has often been applied as a regulation of commerce; as a virtual prohibition upon the importation of particular articles; for the encouragement and protection of domestic products and industry; for the support of agriculture, commerce, and manufactures; for retaliation upon foreign monopolies and injurious restrictions; for mere purposes of state policy and domestic economy; sometimes to banish a noxious article of consumption; sometimes as a bounty upon an infant manufacture, or agricultural product; sometimes as a temporary restraint of trade; sometimes as a suppression of particular employments; sometimes as a prerogative power to destroy competition, and secure a monopoly to the Government."

These are some of the purposes, other than those of revenue, for which the taxing power has been exercised by Governments of the Old World, but it was certainly never designed by the framers of our Constitution, who, above all other statesmen, were most jealous of the taxing power, to allow the same latitude to Congress in this behalf, which the despotisms of Europe had been in the habit of exercising to the impoverishment, bankruptcy, and ruin of their down-trodden subjects. The enormous public debt which had for centuries hung over England, and for the payment of the interest on which the people of that monopoly-ridden country were, for the same period of time, taxed to the utmost extent, was a sufficient warning to any republican people to limit the power of taxation, and guard well the public treasury. The first gun fired in the American Revolution was in denial of the right of King George the Third to tax the colonies at his pleasure; and the States were so jealous of the power of taxation, that, under the old Confederation, some of them more than once refused to respond to the requisition of Congress for their quota of the public expenditures. A people thus

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watchful, in their early history, of the power of taxation, and zealous in their advocacy of untrammelled commerce among the nations of the earth—lessons of practical wisdom which the history and oppressions of the mother country had deeply impressed them with—such a people could never have entertained the idea of concentering in any branch of the new Government a right to tax them at its pleasure, and entail upon them all the long train of evils which spring from a public debt and a wasteful expenditure of public moneys.

It was, doubtless, such wise considerations of caution as these, which induced the framers of the Constitution to amend the original draft of the clause under consideration, by limiting, in express terms, and to specific objects, the purposes for which "taxes, duties, imposts, and excises" might be laid, and collected. "Congress shall have power to lay and collect taxes, duties, imposts, and excises, (for what purposes?) *to pay the debts and provide for the common defence and general welfare of the United States.*" Here the bridle is thrown upon the steed, and the reins tightly drawn. Congress is empowered to exercise the taxing power *only* for certain specified purposes, namely, "to pay the debts and provide for the common defence and general welfare of the United States;" and beyond this it cannot go without violating the Constitution and endangering the public liberty.

There is no difficulty in determining the meaning of this language, in so far as it refers to the payment of the "*debts*" of the United States. At the time of the adoption of the Constitution, a large war debt, growing mostly out of the revolutionary war, then just terminated, had accumulated upon the national treasury, and the honor and credit of the infant Republic depended upon the means being provided for its payment. Besides, the very existence of all governments presupposes public debt, and expenditure of some kind. The first object, therefore, for which Congress was empowered to "lay and collect taxes, duties, imposts and excises," was, to pay the "debts" of the United States.

The remaining part of the limitation, to "provide for the common defence and general welfare," is not less definite and susceptible of easy interpretation; but it is from this latter part of the clause that the advocates of a high protective tariff and a general system of internal improvements by the Federal Government, claim to derive their constitutional argument. They maintain that, to "provide for the common defence and general welfare," is no limitation, but an extension of the power of taxation, embracing every conceivable object which,

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in the opinion of Congress, may have the remotest tendency to secure those ends. Thus, Congress may "lay and collect taxes, duties, imposts, and excises," to construct rail-roads and canals, throughout the country, improve inland rivers, take stock in mammoth national banks, and give bounties to one branch of industry and one section of the country, to the exclusion of another branch and another section, under the pretext of promoting the "common defence and general welfare." If these be legitimate objects, for the benefit of which Congress has been empowered to lay and collect taxes, &c., then it follows *a fortiori*, that Congress has the right under the same grant, to lay and collect taxes, duties, &c., to pay the debts of the several States, establish a general system of education throughout the Union, erect within the States deaf and dumb asylums, &c., all which would certainly tend to promote the common defence and general welfare of the country, to an equal extent with the encouragement of domestic industry and the construction of public highways. But it must be perfectly clear to every mind in search of the true meaning of this provision of the Constitution, that no such latitudinous construction was ever intended or dreamed of by its authors, nor is fairly deducible therefrom by any legitimate *rational* mode of reasoning. The very language of the clause itself palpably forbids such a deduction. Congress is given power to "lay and collect *taxes*, duties," &c., for the purposes specified. The word "taxes," is conceded by all to be used in contradistinction to "duties, imposts," &c., and to refer to *direct taxes*. This is shown by the clause under consideration, for, while it requires that all "duties, imposts, and excises shall be *uniform* throughout the United States," the term "*taxes*" is omitted, for the obvious reason, to be found in another part of the Constitution, that "taxes" are to be apportioned equally among the States, according to a certain ratio of population, and not "uniformly" throughout the United States, as "duties, imposts, and excises." The same clause of Constitution, therefore, which gives to Congress the power to lay and collect "duties, imposts, and excises," to "provide for the common defence and general welfare," gives to the same body the power to lay and collect "*taxes*" for the same purposes. Now, it will not, we presume, be contended by the most ultra and unscrupulous advocate of a latitudinous construction, that Congress has the power, much less should exercise it, of levying a *direct tax* on the people of the country, for the purposes advocated by them! Would the people, for instance, of the State of New York, submit to be taxed di-

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rectly by Congress, for the purpose of constructing a rail-road through Virginia, Tennessee, and Kentucky, though such road might possibly tend to the "general welfare" of the country, and, in time of war, afford facilities for "common defence"? Would the people of Virginia, Tennessee, and Kentucky, submit to a direct tax for similar purposes, when applied to New York? Never! nor did any sane man ever suppose for one moment that such a power was granted, or intended to be granted, by the authority given to Congress to lay and collect "*taxes*," for the common defence and general welfare. In no instance in which Congress has exercised its power of direct taxation, has it dared to do so for other purposes than those fairly and clearly deducible from the reading of the Constitution, namely, "*to pay the debts and provide for the common defence and general welfare of the United States.*" It follows, therefore, as a corollary from this reasoning, that Congress has no power to lay and collect "duties, imposts, and excises," for purposes for which it has not the power to lay and collect *direct taxes*, because they are all included under one grant, intended for the same objects, and cannot be divested. It is true, Congress, in its discretion, may choose which, or whether all these means, it will employ to accomplish the purposes of the grant, but beyond this wise discretion it cannot go without an abuse of its powers, and a consequent violation of the Constitution. It cannot select to apply *one* of the specified means, to purposes for which it *cannot* apply them *all*.

It is also an important consideration to be remembered in this connection, that the power of Congress over the subject of taxation, extends not only to the "laying" but to the "collecting" of taxes, duties, imposts, and excises. If the doctrine of the latitudinarian be correct, therefore, it follows necessarily, that Congress has the power of *collecting* taxes, duties, imposts, &c., and distributing the revenue thus obtained, as bounties among the favored branches of industry throughout the country! This is another of the ruinous and startling, but obvious consequences resulting from the doctrine we have been combating.

But here we are met by the inquiry: what is the meaning and intendment of the language of the Constitution, namely, to "provide for the common defence and general welfare?" How are we to ascertain whether it refers to particular or general objects? Whether it embraces a few or any object within the discretion of Congress? We think we have conclusively answered these questions by every consideration cal-

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culated to elucidate the subject. We have shown that this language of the Constitution is a *limitation* upon the general power of taxation, and not an *extension* of that power—that our forefathers were too jealous of the power of taxation, to have given it an indefinite and unlimited application—that the power of *direct taxation* given in the first part of the clause, is wholly inapplicable to the general purposes to which *other parts* of the same clause are claimed to be applicable by the friends of a latitudinous construction—and that, if the power of taxation, as construed by the latter, be carried out to its legitimate and unavoidable extent, its exercise would be as promptly and as firmly resisted by the people of the States at this day, as the not more presumptuous and oppressive usurpations of King George the Third were resisted by the fathers of the Republic. But the language itself, viewed separate and distinct from all these considerations, is as plain and as pointed as it could have been written. What is the obvious understanding of the terms "*common defence*"? Is there any difficulty in the answer? None whatever. It is to support an army and navy, sufficient to protect our interests at home, and our rights and honor abroad. To "*promote the general welfare*" are nothing more than expletive terms, extending to the upholding the sanctity of the laws of the country, when assailed by faction—to administering justice in the courts of the United States—preserving domestic tranquility—securing the proper discharge of the duties devolved upon the various Federal officers scattered throughout the country, and to other obvious purposes of general administration. These are manifestly the objects intended to be embraced by the terms "general welfare," and for such purposes only, in our opinion, has Congress the power, in the meaning of this language, to "lay and collect taxes, duties, imposts, and excises."

This view of the question under consideration would not be complete without reference being made to another clause of the Constitution, which, it is claimed, gives strength and confirmation to the constitutional arguments we have been opposing. The clause to which we refer is that giving to Congress the power to "regulate commerce with foreign nations, and among the several States, and with the Indian tribes." We have not space in these pages to elucidate at length the extent and design of this power; but it must be apparent to every intelligent and discriminating mind, that it can never be legitimately applied to any such purpose as giving protection to particular interests to the exclusion of others. Under the old Confederation, each State regulated its commerce for

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itself, and the natural consequence was, that there were as many rates of duties and laws of trade as there were States in the Union. Rivalries sprang up, and led to the most disastrous consequences, crippling commerce and almost destroying the trade of the States. To avoid these evils which were preying upon the very vitals of the Union, the exclusive power to "regulate commerce with foreign nations, and among the several States," was delegated to Congress as the only body which could give *uniformity* and *stability* to this important interest, without which it were a curse instead of a blessing to the nation. The object and extent of the power, therefore, embraced only such laws regulating commerce as would give facility to that branch of industry, and operate *equally* upon all the States and upon all interests, trades, and professions. It was to do away with the heart-burnings, and jealousies, and petty strifes, resulting from each State regulating commerce for itself, and having different laws upon the subject, according as its particular local interests dictated. But beyond this the power does not extend. If, under the power to "regulate commerce with foreign nations," Congress can legislate in favor of one branch of industry to the detriment of another, two propositions, either of which is fatal to the argument upon the opposite side of this question, inevitably follow: First, that the object of this clause in the Constitution—namely, to secure *uniformity* in all commercial regulations—would be defeated; and, secondly, that Congress, in regulating, under the same provision, "commerce among the several States, and with the Indian tribes," would have the undoubted right to legislate against the commerce of one State in favor of that of another, and against one "Indian tribe" in favor of another. What would be thought of such exclusive legislation on the part of Congress, under the bald pretext of "regulating commerce among the several States, and with the Indian tribes?" And yet it is not less revolting and repugnant to all our views of constitutional construction, to claim for Congress, under the pretext of "regulating commerce with foreign nations," the right to legislate at its pleasure in favor of one particular interest to the injury and oppression of others, or in favor of one section over another; and it cannot be denied that all restrictions upon commerce, beyond what is necessary for the immediate purposes of *revenue*, have these ruinous effects.

If the view we have presented of this important and much controverted subject be the correct one, as we are firmly persuaded it is, then it follows, of course, that the high federal

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doctrine of a protective tariff and internal improvements by the General Government, which has for years constituted the main difference between the two great parties of the country, falls to the ground with the party which sustains it, as being without constitutional sanction, and at variance with that sacred instrument, and the wisdom and policy of the Democratic party upon these questions stand vindicated and triumphant before the country.

ANTI-SLAVERY MAY MEETINGS IN NEW-YORK AND LONDON.

No. 1.

When first we thought of a notice for our readers of the Abolition May Meetings, we felt much inclined to show up these gatherings in the light and easy style of a brisk and bland satire. But a little way had we proceeded in the pleasant task, when arrested by a vision to our mind's eye that quite changed our mood. It was that of a great Senator making his last of many solemn appeals to his country from his dying-bed, to put itself in a posture of defence against a powerful, reckless, and growing faction, sustained and encouraged by foreign alliances. The flow of thought and the spring of energy suspended, and we retired into the deepest shade of a twilight grove. The sky suddenly veiled its face in blackness, and the thunder roared, and the lightnings flashed; and the strong and the beautiful of the forest were prostrated; and within the easy reach of our eyes, the lovely and peaceful residence of generous manhood, of youth, and beauty, and childhood, was struck, and shattered, and consumed, leaving only smouldering and smoking ruins! And while wending back to our task; as if to drive the last unsober thought or feeling away, there arose another vision, of another, but relative character.

It was a frightful phantom of a blind, malign, and bloody fanaticism, in the likeness of a war-fiend. He seemed a stony-hearted monster, clad in full armor! Though apparently advanced in age, with the seeming ease of a tiger, he leaps on his pale horse, whose breath of flame, from expanded nostrils,

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gives a fearful phase to his decorations of human bones and hair, of all sizes and colors. With one blazing blast of a huge brazen trumpet, the fiend-chief calls around him a mighty host of all shades aud nations, armed to the teeth, and bearing torches in full blaze. On their black banners there was inscribed in letters of blood,—"Down with the Bible!" "Down with the Constitution!" "Down with the Union!"

Led on by their mighty chief, they halt at a place of sepulture. It is the burial ground of some of their victims already offered on their ever-burning altar. The chief mounts a tomb still wet with a nation's tears, and pours forth from his brazen throat a song of victory for achievements past, and of vengeance to be glutted before they put off their armor. Though our shocked fancy followed them through burning towns to fields of carnage, sickened at heart, we turned away from this vision, with not a feeling left in sympathy with satire.

Thus sobered into serious sincerity, but not in despair for the cause of truth and humanity, proceed we to the thankless task—heaven forbid that it be bootless, too—of calling attention to what should not—if great evil to our country and to humanity is to be avoided—pass away from thinking minds unheeded. And if the too thoughtless of threatened evil may be induced to think seriously and wisely, as all ought to think, of what may come of allowing factious fanaticism to work out its mad will unexposed and unrebuked, our task, though thankless, will have been a labor of love not lost.

Within four days of each other, in New York and London, 3000 miles asunder, the select chiefs of the army of abolitionism, with many thousands of the rank and file, convened to felicitate one another on past successes; to offer incense to their great Diana; to re-anathematize their foes, all neutrals inclusive; to devise plans for future operations until their object shall be accomplished; and to replenish their treasury with the sinews of war. The fearful fact must not be disguised nor forgotten, that on both sides of the water they form a mighty host of sworn enemies to our government and peace. And sustained, and comforted, and cheered on by the crown and coronets of England, especially, and generally by all the powers of Europe, undoubtedly great is their mightiness. Heaven be praised, Truth is mightier. Let it have free course and there is nothing to fear. If true to our God and country, in deed, and not in words only, knowing what we should do, and doing what we know, and of the result of the conflict with religious and political fanaticism, there

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needs to be no apprehension. If we fail and fall, it will be our own fault and just punishment for closing our eyes upon the threatened danger, and falling asleep on our arms. For such listlessness of folly and madness, we can have now no shadow of apology.

If hitherto there have existed the smallest doubts respecting the spirit, principles, and the designs of the anti-slavery league and covenant, there is now no peg remaining on which to hang even the skeleton of a doubt. From their highest authorities in their highest places, we are made fully acquainted without chance of mistake, with the abolition spirit, as a factious and a fiendish spirit; with their avowed principles, lying at the foundation of their system, as destructive of loyalty and allegiance to all governments, Divine and human; and with their designs, as revolutionary and terrific.

These propositions are fully sustained by the reports, resolutions, and speeches, of both meetings; so perfectly are they in unison, though separated by an ocean. By their own clear showing, they have no hearts but of stone, for any who do not agree and go with them; no tongue but of calumny and condemnation for the millions of better men than themselves, whom they would destroy at a blow if within their reach; and no hand but to wield a scabbardless sword, already reeking with gore.

So far from complaining at this clear showing, we thank them for it. Aye, thanks to them for showing that bloody hand. The sword gleaming in the sun, is less to be feared than the stiletto in the dark. Yes, for thus coming up boldly to the line, in full force, which divides the loyal from the lawless, to hurl defiance in our faces,—thanks. We accept and will meet it. And for their declarations of contempt for the word and will of the Sovereign of the Universe;—of bitter hatred of the Constitution of our country; and of abhorrence and contempt for their justifiers and defenders,—thanks;—many thanks, to all the host of them, from the "enlightened Earl of Shaftsbury," down through all grades and shades, to the darkest subaltern in the ranks, on either side of the sea. For now no longer can the man who defers to the Bible as a believer, or to the Constitution as a patriot, find any ground of vexation or doubt on the question of his duty to his country or his God.

We have no doubt about our duty in this matter of our essay to do good to the cause of truth, by exposing error; but how best we may present the subject, we are free to confess to a serious perplexity. We would arouse our readers to its dread

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importance, as years ago it was foreseen and foreshown by some of our great prophet-statesmen, now no longer on the ramparts to sound the alarm. But how to attempt it in the way most likely to secure a good portion of success,—that is the question which has given us no slight anxiety. If it were only desirable,—as it cannot be after more than twenty years of organized political and religious anti-slavery agitation,—to make a graphic showing of the extravagances of the May Meetings in the Chinese Rooms, in the Tabernacle, and in Exeter Hall, the task might be easy enough, and perhaps not quite fruitless; but the momentous nature of the subject, and the great interests involved, preclude us from this easy way of treating it.

The stake is too heavy to be played for carelessly, or in sport; and we have really no heart for the levities of literature when the peace of the human race is in such jeopardy, and not only damage, but ruin are threatened to our beloved commonwealth, by sundering it into hostile sections. To prevent so terrible a calamity to the whole human race, it is doubtless needful that the people be made acquainted with the character of the leagued agents who have sworn to effect it before they remit their hostile efforts. Familiar should we be with the impious use they make of the Sacred Book on which rest our hopes for ourselves, for our offspring, and for our country;—with their savage exultations over the dead bodies of the devoted statesmen whose loss has made a nation mourn, and bedewed their graves with a nation's tears; —the noisome epithets applied to the Union,—many of the strongest ties of which they have already sundered;—all these abominations of the reckless agitators should be made familiar to the people of our country, that they may be rebuked with a wholesome indignation by all its true friends; and their Jacobinical fury against the constitution and laws of the land, be thought upon only as moral treason of the darkest hue of atrocity. But we must forbear to blot our paper, or disfigure our Review, by anything beyond reluctant allusions to these outrages on everything sacred and dear to the hearts of men of faith and patriotism.

In this, our task in the service of truth,—in the commanded work of rebuking error;—for the sake of the country, for the sake of what of peace there remains to us; and above all, for the sake of the sacred principles involved; two things there are which we would strictly avoid:—the first, to answer railing with railing; and the second, to damage our own sense of the beauty of charity, by withholding it from any

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individual or class of people, to whom it may be safely extended without greater damage. "Have a large charity bag," said an old preacher, "but not big enough to hold the devil."

From this, our chosen position, we will glance at some of the declared principles and notions of the abolitionists as found patent in the Reports of the May Meetings. With these principles and notions, charity has nothing to do. It is applicable to responsible agents only, and not at all to actions or errors; to principles or notions. Having looked a little wistfully, perhaps, at these, as charitable as possible, we will make our salutations to the officers and orators.

It is the more needful to expose the radical errors involved in the principles and positions of the party, that there is a large class of honest—in the usual sense—and conscientious people, who seem in great danger of being drawn into the destroying vortex of this perilous flood. These honest people are misled by the unexamined assumption that all is true that has been falsely reported of the crying evils of Southern slavery; and that they would be at once removed by the immediate and entire emancipation of the slaves without being replaced by other and greater evils. From abolition publications, everywhere importunately hawked about, they derive all their knowledge of the subject; and by these publications every allusion is avoided to the certainly inevitable consequences of emancipation,—so well shown by analogy in the condition and character of the free negroes abroad, and of the multitudes of them in our own country. These honest people seem to have no ears for anything connected with the subject, save only for the loud claims of the abolitionists to be the friends and champions of humanity,—the only true philanthropists of the age. Taking them for granted, they admit these absurd claims unexamined, and say, truly enough on *this* ground, if they are really the friends of humanity, though in some matters wrong-headed, then should they be esteemed worthy of respect and admiration. In passing, we may just stop here to ask, in the recent words of an intelligent quaker no longer of the party, "What are the good fruits to be appealed to, in testimony of the goodness of the abolition tree?"

Now this test of the Great Teacher,—"by their fruits ye shall know them," has nothing at all to do with abstractions. It is wholly and simply practical. It has only to do with character and comfort.

And well may we ask, in what way or thing have they added to the stock of human virtue, comfort, and happiness? In this

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great matter, abstractions, either cold or hot, are of no value to the human species,—an order of beings to whom love, and peace, and safety, and plenty of food, are of considerably more intrinsic value than whole galleries of fancy pictures of abstractions, no matter how well soever executed, or highly colored; with whole vocabularies, to boot, of all the fine and high-sounding words in all the tongues of the babbling earth, how sweetly soever sung, or how loudly and loftily soever declaimed from an anti-slavery platform.

Let these honest people, who would do good, and not evil, endeavor to think wisely and rightly on these practical questions, and they may find it quite easy to withdraw their respect and admiration from these doers of evil only; and teachers of mischievous folly and falsehood. That foolish and false are their teachings, their late annual meetings bear ample and irrefragable testimony. Look we at some of their lessons, published for the enlightenment of mankind on the subject of American slavery, of which they speak as if it were of the same type as was Roman slavery in the most heartless age of the empire; or like that which still exists in the dark dominions of savage African chiefs, who uniformly murder the slaves which they cannot sell. Manifestly confounding our American slavery with these foreign abominations,—as unlike as love and hatred, peace and war, or the ferocity of incendiaries, and the peaceableness of quakers,—they tell us, of course, that it is "an inhuman and hateful system, which it is a diabolical policy to attempt to prolong; that against it nature cries aloud, while free democracy abjures it, and true christianity recoils from its leprous touch." Therefore, they "will not cease their agitation until it is abolished entirely and unconditionally."

To answer this rhetorical flourish of trumpets with a simple question or two, we may be allowed to ask,—is it less diabolical to retain the negro in his present condition, than it would be to reduce him to the wretchedness of the free negro of the North? Is it more inhuman to keep him in labor to supply himself and family with plenty of food, than to deny him the privilege to work, that he and they may be saved from the necessity of living on the wages of wickedness, or of perishing by starvation;—the miserable alternative of thousands of free blacks? Are *Nature and Free Democracy* a pair of cruel fanatics, who would give stones instead of bread to the hungry? If christianity recoils from a system of mercy and morals, under the protection of which the black man is better off and a better man, than in any other

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condition yet provided for him, it must then be no other than the christianity peculiar to the transcendental anti-slavery "church of the future;" and not that of the old times of the apostles. In the menacing pledge that agitation will not cease, there are no terrors for faithful men; for so threatened the Voltaire school in the height of its agitation to abolish the christian religion.

"Though a majority of the American people are indifferent to the claims of justice, honor, and humanity; and politicians, ministers, and church members are generally apostate from the principles of republicanism and christianity, with regard to the colored people; yet as God is surely on their side, they are confident of success and triumph."

There may be too much truth in this charge of indifference with regard to the black race; but whom ought the poor negroes to thank for it and for like favors? As to the unhappy apostates, let them take care of themselves, if yet strong enough after so withering an excommunication over and over again repeated with all the changes. No doubt God is on the side of the faithful negroes who remain contented in the condition in which His wise and merciful providence has placed them, and covered the world over with proofs of its being the very best for them while its most imperfect civilization remains as it is,—marked with vanity, selfishness, covetousness, cruelty, and blood-guiltiness; and if faithful they will continue, they may well trust and hope to be saved from the tender mercies of abolitionism.

"Though the American publishers, the Am. Tract Society, and the Am. S. S. Union shall continue to expurgate and mutilate British publications favorable to the cause of anti-slavery; yet full reliance may be rested on their own literature to open the eyes of the people to the wrongs thus done to the Society and to the vital importance of their cause."

Anti-slavery literature has already done a good work in opening the eyes of such of the people as are willing to see that it is false and factious; and we trust the class is increasing among men who are not afraid nor ashamed to tell what they see. These denounced societies are quite able to vindicate themselves, it may well be presumed; but we may be allowed to inquire if the sifting of anti-slavery ignorance and nonsense out of British publications is so great a sin against abolitionism, what name may be given to the transcendental and abolition liberties taken with the Bible itself?

"It is the high duty of anti-slavery religious bodies to take the high ground of excommunicating, as apostates and man-

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stealers, not only all slave-holders, but all who withhold their aid and advocacy from the Anti-slavery Society."

The higher the ground they take, the more easily will their motives and movements be seen through; and the more damnatory their excommunications, the better they show the peculiar piety of their party. It is needless to say more on this point. It is absolutely shocking to think of the revolting character of such anti-christian sentiments, such blindness of heart, such pride, vainglory, and hypocrisy, such envy, hatred, and malice, and all uncharitableness!

"It is our sacred duty to oppose, and if, possible, to defeat, all anti-abolition candidates for office, and more and more to agitate the country, that we may again see the National Legislature employed in our behalf, as in the days of the revered John Quincy Adams."

All the imagined duties of fanatics are equally sacred in their own eyes, and especially is that of agitation in the most mischievous and offensive manner.

"It must continue to be made both expensive and dangerous for masters to endeavor to recover their fugitive slaves."

Expensive and dangerous do the reckless and lawless always make the preservation of law and order, but far more expensive and dangerous to the community is it to allow them with impunity to trample on law and order.

"The contempt and scorn of the community should be the reward of all who aid in the execution of any law of the land unsanctioned by the Anti-Slavery Society, whose solemn duty it is to defeat the government in its attempts to enforce its enactments."

The christianity and the republicanism of these pious patriots make it their duty to defeat the government in its endeavors to administer its own laws! Some, perhaps all of them, deem it a solemn duty so to carry out their principles —one of their reverend preachers urges submission to their higher law to the employment of PERJURY and MURDER to defeat the administration of the laws of the land. And well may he be reckoned a true type of an honest abolition fanatic. For such we find it impossible, even while the shocked soul recoils, not to feel something like the oriental reverance for the insane maniac, mingled with that species also which Milton inspires for a great nameless hero who held the authority of God in like contempt.

"The free people of color are cruelly treated in the free as well as in the slave States, where their rights are trampled

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on, but they may trust in the promises of God for a change in the sentiments of the community in their favor."

If their rights are trampled on in the South, how fare they in the North, where, from their worse character in general, they are in worse odor? Nowhere else in our country is the free negro so kindly and considerately treated as in the Southern States, nor his person and rights so well protected. As was the case in the old times,—often alluded to in the Bible as a "hireling," his condition is held to be less happy and less honorable than that of the slave, to whom a valid claim of right is accorded to the enjoyment and protection of the master's household; but as an object of pity and charity, his person and rights are far better cared for than with us in the North. Were it not so, why should the tens of thousands of free negroes choose to remain in the South? The people have no desire to retain them, but there is too much of humanity there to expel them by law, as large portions of the North are desirous to do. The jails and penitentiaries and lunatic asylums of the South are not, as with us, crowded with free blacks; nor, as with us, do they die in droves by starvation. There are orators among them, too; but they do not fill the air with complaints of ill treatment, as did the ebony and topaz orators of the May Meetings.

"The principles of caste and persecution derive much of their aid from the coercive features of the Colonization Society, which is willing that the victims of prejudice be made uneasy and miserable here, that they may consent to go to Liberia."

We know not what is meant by these *coercive features*, but we would ask if the condition of the free negro was an enviable one—exempt from uneasiness and misery—before the Anti-slavery and Colonization Societies began their antagonism? Was such their condition thirty-six winters ago in this city of New York, when a considerable percentage of all the negroes unprotected by the public as criminals, lunatics, and paupers, died of cold and hunger? Was it so in 1826, when the "Prison Discipline Society"—Dr. Wayland, a chief manager—in a luminous report, revealed to the astonished world the alarming, the horrible and degraded, and most miserable character and condition of the free blacks in all the Northern States? "The first cause existing in society," says that report, "of the frequency and increase of crime, is the degraded character of the colored population." If the candid among abolitionists will examine that report of twenty-seven years

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ago, if not inclined to "absolve the gods," they will readily absolve the Colonization Society from this cruel and groundless charge.

Here is a short lesson for the people, but full of edification: "All who are connected with slavery are unworthy the christian name." So say these self-elected judges, who scoff at the fear of being judged in their turn.

Was it always so? Or has the test been divinely altered? If always so, then Paul was quite mistaken in the character of Philemon; and, if without irreverence it may be so said,—Jesus mistook the character of the Roman Centurion, whose faith He approved and praised: for both of these good men were undoubtedly slave-holders. But the christianity of those old times is a "fossil faith," unworthy of this age of transcendental abolitionism.

"The increased feeling manifested in Great Britain in favor of emancipation in this country, well becomes those who have freed themselves from the contaminations of slavery."

How beautifully appropriate is this praise of the greatest slave-holding power on earth—Russia perhaps alone excepted—and the most powerful protector of the African slave-trade, by pretending to work out its suppression, while conniving at its pursuit by other nations! There are the very best of reasons for believing, next to its frank avowal, that by the connivance and approbation of the British Government, the slave-trade continues to this day, and with greatly increased aggravations. So, as we shall see by-and-by, even our Anti-slavery folks seem rather to think, notwithstanding their unqualified praise in this place. Again for a British example:—

"Our Government ought to follow the British example, and emancipate all our slaves immediately and unconditionally, in compliance with the petition of the philanthropic men and women of Great Britain and Canada!"

This text may well be allowed to pass without note or comment. It must have been stereotyped abroad; for our free-school boys know how absurd it is. Again:

"The salutary reforms which the English are exerting themselves to effect, entitle them to interfere with our institution of slavery." Excellent logic, is it not?

But what great things have the English done to better the condition of the houseless and starving poor, and otherwise to lighten the heavy yoke of British oppression? They have done not a little talk in Exeter Hall, and some in Stafford House; and speculators have erected a few improved tenant-

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ries for the better accommodation of such laboring people as are yet able to pay rent; but that the rich, to whom abolitionism in England seems principally confined, have made any great sacrifices to elevate the farm laborer to the comfortable condition of our Southern slaves; to relieve the sewing women; to rescue the naked women and children from the slime of the mines, or to give shelter and food to the multitudes of houseless miserables of their metropolis, we have not yet been informed. When all these things they have done, and well done, it may be quite in time to consider what else may *entitle* them to interfere with our affairs. But what have we here?

"While it is proper for the people in other countries to remonstrate against the barbarities of American slavery, it would be equally proper for citizens of this country to remonstrate with the people of England, for *allowing* slaves to be stolen from Africa and carried to Brazil or Cuba, and not requiring the immediate emancipation of all slaves introduced into Cuba since 1820, contrary to express treaty stipulations."

And what say the noble Lords to this? Palmerston, Shaftsbury, Carlisle especially? A pretty serious charge by dear brethren, that exemplary England, freed from the contaminations of slavery, has *allowed*, and is still *allowing*, id est, consenting to, slaves being stolen from Africa and carried to Brazil or Cuba! It is no doubt a true bill; but how came our abolitionists to present it? Well, let them settle it among themselves; or, if they cannot, and fall out by the way, so much the better for honest men.

"Anti-slavery efforts should be directed more than heretofore to the rising generation."

Is not Uncle Tom's Cabin already introduced into the Transition Church Sunday schools; and are not the Rev. Theodore Parker and Miss Lucy Stone the accredited leaders of a numerous and faithful corps of lecturers to train the youth of our country in the way they should go, through the mysteries of abolitionism and like improvements on the old faith, to prepare them for the coming "church of the humanity?" Then what more can be desired? If anything, no doubt the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher can supply the place, and the president and secretary, Messrs. A. & L. Tappan, the means.

"The great body of the people have been deceived by men in church and state, to whom they have yielded their confidence, and when undeceived by abolition efforts, they will

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arise in their might, and with scorn trample in the dust the authority of all such as have imposed on their credulity, and led them to support a system at war with national happiness and prosperity."

Such are the revolutionary principles of the party; and, impelled by them in the pursuit of their object, to which, though they may not attain, they may effect an amount of mischief now undreamed of by the men who, in thousands, ought to arouse themselves from their sleep of an unwise indifference, and avow themselves the earnest friends of truth and order, and the liberal patrons of opposition to this growing and strengthening faction, which thus threatens ruin, not to one only, but to every institution of our country.

What notions they have of religion can hardly be better expressed than by their declaration, that they will continue to carry on their work "upon strictly christian principles, by christian means, and in a christian spirit." Can a lull in a storm of fanaticism be more appropriately employed than in such professions of being the elected of God to a work of blood and carnage?

We find it impossible to keep out the recollection of a certain like worker under a like delusion, and cannot think freely on anything else until we put it down as followeth:—There is a well authenticated account of an Italian bandit who piously attributed his great success in robbery to the supervenient grace that fell upon his vocation as a blessing from the Virgin, from the employment only of christian means, on christian principles, and in a christian spirit. He did not exult over the dead bodies of his victims, but dropped on them the tear of pity, buried them as decently as circumstances would allow, and always in due time and form erected crosses to mark the places of sepulture.

That Italian murderer undoubtedly thought himself a very good christian. Has the fell spirit of abolition fanaticism a better claim? In what rational meaning is it more christian-like than the Italian assassin's was? "Take this revolver," said a reverend abolitionist to a negro, "and take good aim at the head of the first man who shall dare to call you or treat you as a slave." "Since we were here last," says Garrison, the chairman, "the three great champions of slavery have gone to dust. Where is John C. Calhoun? Where is Henry Clay? Where is Daniel Webster? All gone to decay, and we are here with our songs of victory." Better yet,—that is, more of the murder spirit: "In Christiana, the slaveholder was made to bite the dust!!!" Can the malignest fanaticism

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go beyond this? And if such a man may boast of christian principles and of the use only of christian means, in a christian spirit, what is there in the delusion of the Italian bandit to surprise or shock us?

"The Anti-slavery cause," say these pious ones, "in the opinion not only of its friends, but of many of its enemies, is destined to certain and complete triumph." When such men triumph, then wo to the vanquished! Shall such warnings be given to the winds? It remains to be seen.

"This certain and complete triumph is only retarded by unscrupulous politicians, who, for ambitious purposes, repudiate the principles on which the government was established —by religious parties, who, from hypocritical motives, set aside the first lessons of christianity and the claims of humanity—by commercial men, whose avarice tramples on both tables of the law of God—and by the slaveholders, who, in their wilful ignorance of political economy, their disregard of the rights of the enslaved, and their audacious attempts to usurp the prerogatives of the Almighty, 'run upon the thick bosses of his buckler.'"

It really seems a pity to dissect this fair body of rhetoric to look for its logic; and therefore leaving the politicians, the religious bodies, and the merchants to answer for themselves to these tremendous charges, we will say a word for the slaves and slaveholders. It was formerly an axiom of the abolitionists, that necessarily slaves can have no rights. That is now repudiated, but their rights, they say, are "disgarded." When this they are compelled to give up as no longer tenable, what then? They well enough know that the rights of slaves are not only fully recognized by the laws and customs, and by the public sentiments of the South, but also that they are more watchfully and strictly guarded than are the rights of any other subordinate class of people on the face of the whole earth,—indeed better than are the rights of women and children and poor laboring people of our own Northern States, to say nothing of the wretched condition of the dependent classes in the Old World under the heel of grinding oppression. This is not only provable, but it has been proved to the satisfaction of all who have ears to hear the truth.

What audacious attempts have the people of the South made to usurp the prerogatives of the Almighty? They have never put forth an impious hand to steady His ark, faithless of His own power to do it, or in presumption that they could do it better. They have never attempted to alter or ignore

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His word to suit evil purposes. They have never attempted to supercede His revelation with one of their own, nor cried "down with the Bible," to erect a higher law on its ruins. Can these things be said of transcendental abolitionists?

We have gleaned this sheaf of indices from scarcely the richest part of the field; but we must leave the documentary evidences of the treasonable and fanatical character of organized abolitionism, to proceed to a brief notice of the characteristic proceedings and speeches of the occasion.

Wm. Lloyd Garrison, the chairman and ostensive leader, commenced the ceremonies of the 11th with an *auto da fè*, by reading the fifth chapter of Exodus as their licence for rashness and violence, and by re-slaying the slain. This profane beginning was followed by a volunteer prayer, so called, by a "peaceable quaker," in which he affirmed the infidelity of all religions opposed to the royal law of liberty. Of course that mere truism nobody can deny. But what is that royal law? The early quakers made it to consist in the liberty to disturb public worship. The Anti-slavery quakers of our day limit it to the liberty to disturb the peace of the country. This quaker prayer, addressed to the audience, was followed by an address to it by the chairman, wherein he telleth them that the Anti-slavery cause is destined to conquer all opposition. In proof of this, he enumerates various conquests already gained. The corrupt city of New York, which two years ago beat and banished them, is now reconquered, and here we are now, in defiance of them who said we should not speak (themselves now silent)—in defiance of the Union Safety Committee, themselves disunited and unsafe. We find ourselves here, but where they are to be found, heaven only knows. And since last we were here, the great champions of slavery have gone to dust. Where is John C. Calhoun? Where is Henry Clay? Where is Daniel Webster? All gone to decay, and we are here with our songs of victory over the government overthrown and no longer able to enforce its laws, over slaveholders compelled to bite the dust." Such is the mild character of the pious chairman's address, which, though partly anticipated, may well bear the repetition. We may be excused from following him through Uncle Tom's Cabin and Stafford House to the reception in Boston of the petition of the ladies of England, signed by over half a million of women, as we must pass on to the remarkably lucid, and eloquent, and most edifying speech of

Mr. Edward Quincy, of Massachusetts. He warmly congratulates the chairman as the originator of the abolition

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movement; and tells him that he is not rightly called an infidel, because no motive but faith in God could have led him to it. What a Daniel and Aristotle combined, this Mr. Edward Quincy must be! "Do you delight to be held up to public reprobation and scorn?" says Mr. Edward Quincy, to the chairman; and the chairman should have answered "Yes"; for so do all fanatics, and always have done. It is their vocation. And here the orator turns to the respected audience, and asks if American abolitionists delight to be in the minority? And their being so because they do not delight in it, he confidently attributes to their faith in God! Excellent logic, to be sure, and consolatory to minorities. Heaven forfend that it make our Whig friends vain-glorious. Thus proceeds Mr. Edward Quincy: "We have unchurched the church. We have excommunicated the state. We have stood up before the American people and defied them. We have trampled their laws under our feet. And did we these things because we delighted in being in a persecuted minority? No, but because we trusted in God and thought it our duty so to do." Let no man hereafter question the legitimacy of Mr. Edward Quincy's fanaticism. But what means he that the Plymouth fathers little thought, when they fled here from persecution, there was to be a Procrustean bed established here to measure men's consciences? Why, my dear Mr. Edward Quincy, did they not first of all erect that very bed with their own hands, and then measure everybody and everything by it? If you will re-read their history from their own pens, and collate it with that of your loving Quaker associates, you can be at no loss to decide who erected that instrument of the New England inquisition. And then, too, you may be able to tell us who first and heartiest entered into the African slave-trade; and whether it was before or after the authorities of Massachusetts first began the enslavement and sale of the Quakers.

Very gravely does Mr. Edward Quincy declare that, "if the Anti-slavery Society fail in their endeavors, then the American revolution was a failure." That it was a failure in his way, he has before proved. Mr. Quincy is of that Massachusetts school that long time ago decided christianity a failure. Everything fails, religious and political, which fails to meet their views; or to be guided implicitly by their ultra notions. Such is exactly what they mean by *failure;*—no more, no less. Heaven grant us a long history of such failures. But space cannot be allowed us farther to follow this profound expositor of anti-slavery, religion, and politics, and most amusing orator, Mr. Edward Quincy, of Massachusetts. It is hoped

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that we have given our readers such outline of his spirit, as may enable them to clothe it with a becoming form of flesh, and to put into it a heart to match—the spirit, not the flesh. A heart of flesh would melt or explode amid the fires of a fanatic spirit.

Miss Lucy Stone, introduced by the chairman, mounts the platform in a fine frenzy of enthusiasm, which seems in a fair way to culminate into something less poetic, yet even more terribly sublime Miss Lucy seems not yet lost in the thunder-clouds of fanaticism. She seems not quite so certain as her predecessors, of the near approach of the finishing triumph of abolitionism, over all the institutions of the country: for she says, "when the people rose like a cloud to give their votes for Franklin Pierce, they did it with their eyes wide open." And she very naturally seems to think, that so well knowing what they were about, they may not so very soon be prepared to comply with the expressed wish of Mr. Edward Quincy, "to change their ideas," and to subvert the institutions which Mr. Edward Quincy says are "but the projections of ideas." A pretty considerable of a transcendental metaphysician must be this Mr. Edward Quincy, of Massachusetts, whom, at last, so reluctantly we part with, in the good company of Miss Lucy Stone, that we may attend to the eloquent

Mr. Wendell Phillips. This gentleman is famous for strong words, in commendation of strong measures. On this occasion, his speech has so little that is new in it, of either profaneness or fun, that we can only spare space to enumerate a few of his selected curses; viz., 1. Of the Union: "May my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth before I call it a glorious Union,—it is accursed. I wash my hands of it.". 2. Of Washington: "I do not thank God for giving him to us." 3. Of the pulpit, and Dr. Rogers, and Dr. Spring, by name, and all in general, saving only of the Anti-slavery type. 4. Most, if not all our great departed, and Daniel Webster in particular. With these anathemas, he concluded with offering this resolution:

"That we reaffirm our old principle, 'immediate and unconditional emancipation of the slave;' and we also reaffirm our conviction that there is no probability for that except by the dissolution of the Union and the reconstitution of the American church."

This will speak for itself, while we hear the

Rev. Henry Ward Beecher say, that he is hopeful, and can propose to himself the idea of a country not having forever this plague-spot upon it; and that he does not know but

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that if the Union was split in two, and one-half was free from slavery, he would prefer that half, ten thousand times to the whole. Modest man, he does not know. He hopes much from the failure of the christianity of the present and the past, to enable his school to rejuvenate the old world with a quite new and better sort of religion. And so he gives place to

Mr. Frederick Douglas, who rejoices that they have got possession of the great metropolis again, as a sure sign of the future triumph of the cause, though he fears it may be in some distant happy future. But as he is to appear again, we allow him to make room for the chairman to adjourn the meeting, after a solemn response to Rev. Mr. Beecher's creed, and a brief denunciation of the Union.

Notices of the Tabernacle and Exeter Hall meetings, are reserved for our next number.

G. W. CURTIS.*

Mr. Curtis is one of the most prominent of our younger writers, and if his works are fewer in number than those of his cotemporaries, they are not less noticeable. To have passed over his name in mentioning the catalogue of American authors, ten years, or even five years ago, would have excited no surprise. To pass it over now, would be a glaring and an unpardonable omission. When, upon the establishment of a new magazine, the public attribute this or that article to a particular individual, it is a sure sign that they are not sorry to continue an acquaintance, already formed under other circumstances.

Mr. Curtis is fairly in the road to an honorable and lucrative reputation in letters. He is young, facile, and sufficiently industrious. He has travelled, and is not ashamed of his country, after having compared it with others. He has caught the public ear, and will be henceforth obliged to waste no breath in announcing his existence, and his claims to a hearing. These are advantages which go a great way toward insuring success, and serve to counterbalance many faults.

If Mr. Curtis' first book had been his second or third, he would not have fared so well with the critics, even if he had

* Nile Notes of a Howadji. The Howadji in Syria. Lotus-Eating: a Summer Book, by G. W. Curtis, author of Nile Notes, The Howadji in Syria, &c. New-York: Harper & Brothers. 1852.

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made just as firm friends of the public. We always expect a great deal that is bad in a first book, and are content to pass it by with slight censure, if we discover an accompanying or a promised substance of good. The Nile Notes is one of the most unequal books of travel ever written. It contains much graphic and natural description of scenery and character; a fair share of sound moralizing; the style of many chapters is good; and a vein of satirical wit pervades the entire work. On the other hand, it contains so much nonsense and bad grammar, that, in view of its having been the follower of one or two other books by the same author, we should not hesitate to style him by as bad a name as can be selected from that vocabulary which furnished supplies to Horace, to Boileau, to Pope, and to Homero-Mastix.

It is entirely a mistake on the part of the pnblic, to suppose that a prosperous author is mortified by being made to look at the faults of his first compositions. The autorial tribe are not deficient in vanity, and they are as easily piqued as other men, but the consciousness of a successful present is always sufficient to compensate for the mistakes or the ill-fortune of the past. If we recur, therefore, to some of the faults with which the Nile Notes are so thickly interspersed, we shall not be accused of endeavoring to wound the feelings of its author, or even of being indifferent to his sensitiveness. It is, indeed, quite probable that Mr. Curtis does not look on these faults with precisely the eyes with which we regard them. He may imagine that he sees the point of sentences which we consider pointless; and may discover the intention of sense in paragraphs of which we can make nothing but nonsense. No sentence, however incoherent or absurd, was ever written, that did not, at the time of its composition, either wholly or in part, satisfy the writer; and it is for this reason that the best critics of all ages have advised delay in the publication of what has been written, and unite in pronouncing him the best writer, who knows best how to erase.

Very little, we are confident, was erased from the Nile Notes. The book was written with rapidity and at fever heat, and the individual by whom the proofs were read was as timid as the author was bold. The book, therefore, came out very like the original manuscript, a chaotic medley of sense and nonsense; of good writing and bad writing; of wit and of platitude. It may amuse the reader to notice some of the faults of which an educated and travelled man may be guilty, when his judgment is overpowered by his impulse, and his desire to make a sensation:

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"We were in the dream of the death of the *deadest* land," says the Howadji, in moralizing over the ruins of Egypt. What are we to think of such a sentence, abruptly closing a chapter of ambitious writing?

Of the dancing girl, we are told by the Howadji, "The *s*harp *s*urges of *s*ound *s*weeps around the room, dashing in regular measure against her *movelessness*, until suddenly the whole surface of her frame quivered in measure with the music. * * * The *b*rown *b*lood of the sun *b*urned along her veins—the *s*oul of the *s*un *s*treamed *s*haded from her eyes. *S*he was *s*till, almost *s*tatuesquely *s*till. When she danced, it was only *stillness intensely stirred*, and followed that of Kushuk, as moonlight succeeds sunshine." "Stillness intensely stirred," is an unheard-of solecism, and has not even the merit of being expressive. The alliteration displayed in the sentence, "The brown blood of the sun burned along her veins—the soul of the sun streamed shaded," &c., is a contemptible affectation which meets the reader in every page of the Nile Notes.

"And so frailty was all boated up the Nile to Esne. Not quite, and even if it had been, Abbas Pacha, grandson of Mahommed Alee, and at the request of the old Pacha's daughter, has boated it all back again." The Howadji is a bold man, and has no fear of Lindley Murray; his proof-reader is a timid man, and is afraid of the Howadji. If this is not so, we must confess ourselves unable to account for the bad grammar of the above extract.

"You will be grave at Philæ, how *s*erenely *s*unny *s*oever the day. But with a *g*ravity *g*raver than that of sentiment, for it is the *d*eadness of the *d*eath of the land that you will feel." Alliterations like these are in bad taste, even if used never so sparingly; and their abundance throughout the Nile Notes is to us inexplicable. We can readily conceive of Mr. Curtis' falling into errors of style through inadvertence, but we cannot understand why he should labor to produce such ridiculous conceits as are displayed in his alliterations. "We *de*parted at *d*awn," says he. "Before a *g*entle *g*ale the Ibis *fl*eetly *fl*ew in the *s*tarlight, *s*urrounded by the *s*akias." We are told of those who "*s*wallow-like follow the *s*ummer, and *s*huffle off the *c*oil of *c*are at *C*airo." All this is insufferably tedious; and the reader will have become thoroughly weary of it before finishing half a dozen chapters of the Nile Notes.

"I knew a palm-tree upon Capri," says the Howadji. "It stood in select society of shining fig leaves, and lustrous ole-

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anders: it overhung the balcony, and so looked, far overleaning, down upon the blue Mediterranean. Through the dream mists of southern Italian noons, it looked up the broad Bay of Naples, and saw vague Vesuvius melting away; or at sunset the isles of the Syrens, whereon they singing sat, and wooed Ulysses as he went: or in the full May moonlight the oranges of Sorrento shone across it, great and golden, permanent planets of that delicious dark. And from the Sorrento where Tasso was born, it looked across to pleasant Pozylippo, where Virgil is buried, and to stately Ischia. The Palm of Capri saw all that was fairest and most famous in the Bay of Naples.

"A wandering poet whom I knew, sang a sweet song to the Palm, as he dreamed in the moonlight upon that balcony. But it was only the free-masonry of sympathy. It was only syllabled moonshine. For the Palm was a poet too: and all Palms are poets."

We have quoted this rhapsody as a sample of the Howadji's prose, when he suffers his wits to go a wool-gathering: a freedom often indulged in by writers, at the expense of the patience of their readers. Much of the above paragraphs is utter nonsense; and the style in which they are written is insufferably muddy and turgid. The Nile Notes is full of such trash; and we do not doubt that even Mr. Curtis himself will admit that the book is no better than it should be.

It is a relief to turn from the Nile Notes to the Howadji in Syria. After the appearance of the Nile Notes, it was natural to expect that its successor would be either much better or much worse; and we confess to having experienced a very lively sense of satisfaction, on discovering that it was very much better. We felt that the worst was over with Mr. Curtis; that his faults were not vices; that he was not by nature, or incurably, a rhapsodist or a literary mountebank; and that he was possessed of a full share of manly and wholesome ambition. A comparison of the two books will amply justify such a conviction.

Lotus-Eating, or a Summer Book, is not so elaborate a work as either of its predecessors, and yet we regard it as the best and most interesting of Mr. Curtis' works. There are few books that suggest more of American life and manners than Lotus-Eating; and there are none in which the contrast between the tastes and habits of Americans, and those of Europeans, is drawn more delicately or more correctly. Mr. Curtis is not a Malte-Brun, and attempts no formal disquisitions on the customs of the inhabitants of either conti-

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nent; but you rise from a perusal of the Summer Book, with the feeling that you have been listening to an educated man, who has associated with well-bred men and women at home and abroad, and who has given you the results of his observations, mingled with just enough of fancy, and of satirical exaggeration, to prove his own moderation, and to recommend him to the attention of all who wish to be informed on the social merits of themselves and their neighbors.

The Summer Book first appeared in one of our city papers, in the shape of a series of letters. It was composed hastily, therefore, and Mr. Curtis' worst enemy cannot complain that it smells of the oil. But the style in which it is written is so much purer than that of the Nile Notes, that, were we to judge from this feature alone, we should declare it to be of much less rapid composition than the latter work; and as this is not the case, we must believe that Mr. Curtis only writes viciously against nature, or when he deliberately abandons himself to the influence of reverie; a prompter always unregulated, and given up to mischief.

We have a right to expect much in the future from Mr. Curtis. We are sure that he will never repeat the follies of the Nile Notes. His works are each an improvement on the preceding, and there can be no better proof of a writer's sincerity and ability than this. That the public view it in this light, is evident from the increasing favor with which they regard their author.

THE UNION OF THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY.

The mission of the Democratic party has for the last few years engaged the consideration of many reflecting minds, and commanded the labor of many able pens. Various interesting and plausible theories have been suggested from time to time, and numerous inviting systems evolved and elaborated; most of them, however, proceeding upon the absurd hypothesis that those, who were drawn together by the sympathy which the desire to obtain a common end at one period occasions, must remain so through all time, although questions have since sprung up, and now constitute the leading topics of the day, upon which they are radically divided in sentiment. A brief consideration of the elements which compose the party will show how impracticable is this idea. The great controlling centre of the Democratic column, which has

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stood unwavering through so many vicissitudes, is composed of the quiet, toiling masses, who neither hold nor desire office. They are the heart of its integrity, and the life-blood of its organization. They associate together by a common impulse for the attainment of a common end; not that they may by acting in concert gain official distinction, or the emoluments incident to place, but because they agree in certain fundamental principles of public policy, which they desire to impress upon the country, in a just and wise administration of the Government. They rally to the support of the Democratic party because of its pure and elevated creed; and loathing as they do every sacrifice of principle, will adhere to it no longer than it shall practise the doctrines it professes. They have no concern for the individual agencies by which their principles shall be enforced and established, so that the power repose in faithful hands; and, while they have no sympathy with office-holding or office-seeking, as such, they are wont to signify their appreciation of fidelity by devolving the duties of official station upon those most tried and trusty, and by withholding all such marks of confidence from those of doubtful, timid, or uncertain faith.

The union and consequent supremacy of the Democratic party is desired by every true adherent of its faith,—by every friend of constitutional principles,—and by every advocate of a just and frugal government; and how that most desirable consummation can be best attained, is a subject replete with profitable speculation.

The Whig party, having no permanent principles which they can publicly avow, but depending for time, chance and occasion to furnish them, standing as the natural and hereditary opponent of the Democratic principle, its factions serving as the sappers and miners and assailants of the Democratic citadel, can embody their disjointed fragments, incongruous elements and discordant creeds by the promise of equal participation in common plunder, and a wide distribution of official honors and emoluments. This system was of Whig invention and origin. It was with them the result of stern necessity, and should be left to their use and benefit forever, as a tabooed monopoly. For the Democratic party, constituted as it is, to reclaim the wandering or reconcile the factious by a proceeding so base, would be at war with its fundamental principles, and as impotent in expediency as reprehensible in morals.

The Democratic party can never be united in sentiment by contract, nor bound together by the "cohesive power of pub-

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lic plunder," however carefully quantities may be measured, or however skilfully balanced between conflicting sections. It neither can nor ought to be united or rendered harmonious upon any other basis than constituting its own pure principles the touchstone of its faith. Its members must be drawn together in unity by the attraction of aggregation; not that they may carry a political campaign and elect one ticket and defeat another, but that they may act in willing concert in extending, upholding, and enforcing, where liberty has a name, the benign influence of Democratic equality.

The Democratic party reached its enviable eminence, impressed its salutary influences upon society, and secured the confidence of the masses, over a subtle, powerful, and wily antagonist, by eschewing office-brokerage, abjuring coalition, avoiding political patch-work, and reposing in confidence upon the catholicity of its creed. And so long as it rigidly adheres to a policy so wisely established, it will resist successfully the assaults of adversity and the more fearful influences of a spurious prosperity. But every relaxation of principle which is yielded to accommodate the doubts, or silence the cavillings of the querulous, or to suit an emergency, whether resting in theory or reduced to practice, is a contribution to the cause of defection, which will serve to increase and quicken future demands with accumulated greed. Every effort to retain within the Democratic household those who war upon its doctrines and repudiate its creed, either openly or in secret, is bartering sound principles for faithless men, and is more destructive of Democratic interests than have been the combined influences of all its open enemies from the time of the elder Adams to the present moment. Every reward bestowed upon the treacherous is a premium upon political treason, and a corresponding censure upon fidelity. Political, like natural bodies, are wasted by decay and restored by nutriment. In every period of the history of the Democratic party, it has experienced formidable defections, but its ranks have been supplied from the copious well-springs, whose sources are found with the healthy masses, and not from those whose hearts are elsewhere, but who are persuaded to linger, that they may snuff up the odors of the political flesh-pots.

Political parties are voluntary associations, and those who concur in leading questions of public moment will, as they should do, unless prevented by repulsive combinations, associate together for the purpose of attaining their end. But those who radically differ in sentiment cannot honestly associate or harmonize, and it is as well the highest dictate of mo-

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rality, as the first principle of natural instinct, to separate accordingly. Two cannot work together in unity unless they are agreed, and the attempt to do so in matters of opinion, when each or either must suppress his conscientious belief, is the worst species of hypocrisy in its most odious form.

The doctrines of the Democratic party have recently, and upon a memorable occasion, been reaffirmed and sanctioned by the highest source of authority, after much popular consideration,—they have been widely promulged and extensively accepted and approved. There is no further opportunity for mistake or cavil, for those who are not for them are against them. Nor will they be reconsidered or retracted. The attempt to reject some of the cardinal principles of Democracy, and to interpolate its creed with strange and hostile sentiments, rendered this reassertion of principles suitable and necessary. There is now perfect union of sentiment among and between those who acknowledge this platform as a whole and in all its parts, as containing the true principles of the party, and who cherish and sustain its provisions in good faith, and no political palliatives are necessary to render their actions harmonious. But those, if any there be, who, with professions of democracy on their lips, dissent openly or by mental reservation, from the great chart so emphatically and harmoniously established, or from any essential article thereof, are no longer entitled to membership in the Democratic brotherhood, and should be excluded from its privileges. Their fidelity cannot be secured by constitutional resolves or pompous declarations of existing unity, nor their sincerity purchased by the rewards of official patronage. So long as they nominally remain of the household of democracy, indulging sympathies and fostering sentiments at war with its dearest interests, so long there will be strifes, bickerings, and contentions in its counsels, and so long some harmonious catholicon will be in high request from the political Sangrados of the day, to unite the Democratic party and heal its divisions. Those who would retain such elements to rankle and fester in the bosom of the party, as they will, for any purpose however sincere, or for reasons however specious, are resisting and postponing too successfully, though unwittingly, its healthy union, and undermining its integrity.

In these days of office-seeking degeneracy and humiliation, when so many propose to draw their bread from the public treasury, it is sorry evidence indeed of devotion to the principles of the party, or a union with its members, that those desirous of place will clamorously assert their partizan zeal,

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and consent to join in a grand steeple-chase for spoils, as may be illustrated by a homely comparison. Domestic birds and animals, when a favorite and common article of food is strewn before them, will *unite* in devouring it greedily, and vie with each other in testifying their satisfaction on the occasion. But the close of the repast will find them with the same natures and characteristics respectively, as at its commencement, and as little assimilated in kind; with no change of genus, class, or propensity, but ready to *unite* again in like manner whenever the banquet is spread before them.

In politics, as well as in morals, there can be but one standard of truth, and any wanton departure from that is defection, and should be characterized and treated accordingly. A sect of the ancient sophists indulged the foolish conceit that they possessed the ability to defend vice as readily and as successfully as virtue; but fortunately no such gift has been vouchsafed to the Democracy of the nineteenth century, and fidelity and defection must continue to stand with them now as heretofore, as conspicuous antagonisms. It is a most obvious truth, and universally conceded, that the Democratic party can be united upon the ground of principle only. If this be so, the higher the standard is elevated, the more perfect and harmonious will be the union. If none but those who are the most faithful and constant, and who at all times guard the principles of the party as the vestal did the sacred fire, are the honored recipients of its confidence and rewards, defection will repent of its misdeeds, or seek more congenial associations for the exercise of its malign influences,—fidelity will be encouraged to renewed exertion, the young and ardent will be incited to honorable emulation in a pursuit so flattering to elevated ambition, and the honest masses, who observe with eagle eye the course of political leaders, will continue to honor the Democratic organization with their confidence and support. A union thus established would be a union worthy of the name, and as enduring as truth; a union which would give a healthy tone throughout the entire ranks of the party, and gladden the hearts of all its members; and last, though by no means least in advantage, a union which would expel from communion, and place beyond the Democratic pale, all faithless hangers-on, office-leeches, and spoils-men, and supply their places with honest men and reliable party members.

It is both weak and idle to attempt to conceal the fact that there is a marked division in sentiment, upon a most vital national question, between the great body of the Democratic

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party, and some who claim its membership. It is most conspicuously apparent in this State especially, in every party movement, in or out of the Legislature, and cannot be concealed or successfully glossed over, to suit any interest however necessitous, or emergency however imperative. The breach is every day growing wider, and it is the duty of all true friends of the party to look the embarrassment fully in the face, and to aid in applying the remedy before remedies will be unavailing. Those who proclaim that there is no division, and yet in every word and act recognize sections, more or less in conflict in sentiment, furnish the best refutation to their own assertions. If there are no sections, there are none to recognize, reward, or encourage, but one harmonious centre; and no discordant notes will be heard, if none but those uniformly faithful are the recipients of party favor. If there *are* sections, divided in opinion upon principles which lie at the foundation of our federative system, both cannot be right, and should therefore not be encouraged, unless sections are to be perpetual. And every effort to mould them into one, to say nothing of its absurd injustice, must be as endless and unsuccessful as the labors of Sisyphus. Truth and error are as variant in politics as in morals, and every reward bestowed upon the latter increases its insolent exactions, encourages it to persevere in its delusions, and swells the number of its votaries.

It requires no prophetic vision to discover that the interests of the Democratic party are seriously imperilled,—that unscrupulous place-hunters and acknowledged recreants, while repudiating its sentiments, are seeking to foist themselves upon it, that they may gorge themselves with spoil and fritter away its principles by the parrot cry of Union. Let no true friend of Democracy be deceived. If the father of evil had been permitted to devise a scheme for the disruption and overthrow of the Democratic party, he could not have executed his mission more successfully, than to place in its bosom discordant and hostile sentiments, and christen it a union.

Let, then, the Democratic party be true to its own character and integrity, and its conduct be such as becomes its origin and destiny. Let it extend the hand of political fellowship to all who prove, by their walk and conversation, that they are sincere worshippers at its shrine, and to no others. Let it proclaim boldly the cherished principles of its creed, and, in all its actions, uphold and enforce them in practice, let it select its most reliable and faithful members as the recipients of its rewards, and the honored agents of its pleasure,

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and afford those who stand in a questionable relation abundant time to establish their fidelity before they are required to perform official service. It will then be a party without sections or divisions—requiring no salvos or artificial unions, for it will stand upon foundations everywhere as broad and deep as the principles of Democratic truth.

THE MERMAID'S SONG.

On the gilded crest of a fretting wave,
  Which drank soft voices of the sea,
Till, raptured by the song it gave,
  Rose, all blue throned triumphantly,
A pearly car of vermil dyes,
  And harp-like in its rosy cell,
Gleamed, gem-decked as the star-wove skies,
  And leaned to every graceful swell.

As sun-robed seraph, seen from far,
  On one gold cloud which skirts the blue,
So, sylph-like from her sea-born car
  A mermaid leaned, while on it flew.
And as she toyed with rainbow foam,
  And stroked her locks in elfin tress,
Her heart gushed o'er her ocean home,
  In songs' Eolian tenderness.

The sea-bird folds her plumes of snow,
And broods upon the wave below;
The dolphin gambols in his lair,
And ocean monsters battle there,—

But *my* bright course is ever free,
And glorious as the sun-lit sea.
From depths beneath, to heights above,
My path is joy—my breath is love.

Our halls are vast where coral springs,
And waves its grove of leaves like wings;
And amber thrones on emerald stand,
And pearls lay heaped on golden sand.

There pink-eyed shells lisp echoed moans,
And floating sprites kiss liquid tones
From sea-cave lyres, which hang by gems,
Those rays seem gorgeous diadems.

And mermaids wreath the ocean flowers
With golden bands in starry bowers,
And round the ruby columns there,
Wave banners from their azure hair.

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And there our spirit hymns float o'er
The bright mosaic of the floor,
As we 'mid crimson garlands lay,
And whisper heart's rapt ecstacy.

We toy with spotted serpents bright,
And chase the dolphin's path of light.
Then 'neath some spar-hung arch above,
Dream o'er our wilderness of love.

And when the sea-smile calms the storm,
And winds brood over waves they warm,
We glide in gem-robed cars far on,
And dress our tresses in the sun.

Or creep by palmy isles' warm shore,
Which bowers of fragrance cluster o'er,
And list to kisses and faint sighs,
Which from meek dews and blent blooms rise.

And hear the willow trail its tone
O'er ocean's solemn muzzled moan,
While through the still wood rainbows bend,
And with the colored foliage blend.

But now I haste to bless the one,
Whose love my soul doth feed upon,—
We meet in sapphire shades below—
Farewell, soft sun! I go, I go!

The mermaid nestled to the sea—
But ah! too late, the shaft had sped,
A ship flew past majestic'lly,
And ruffians laughed that she was dead.—
But why grows pale that strong man's brow?
Why quiver lips in voiceless prayer?
And frenzied eyes glare o'er the prow
On blood-red billows yawning there?

Drearily creeps the moaning ocean wind
'Neath night's dark, flapping, wizard wings,
The murky billows stagger, wildly blind,
And gape, and hiss, at blood-bought offerings.

For ship and seaman paid the debt of blood.
When crime's hot tortures grew into despair,
And nervous men beheld the sea-armed flood
Gather its mantle to enshrowd them there.

And pale sad mermaids glide o'er spar and shroud,
Where dusky moonbeams glare on sinking dead,
And spread their hair in mourning like a cloud,
And bear the lost one to her sea-green bed.

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THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

At length we have the announcement officially, that the Crystal Palace, now erected on Reservoir Square in this city, is about to open—*positively* to open, on the 15th July. All the world will no doubt be there, either in person or by proxy, to attend the ceremonies of the inauguration, which will be conducted, if not on a very grand and imposing scale, at least in a manner suitable to the dignity and importance of the occasion. Among the distinguished persons who will lend their presence and countenance at the inauguration of the fair, or who have been invited and are expected to be present, are the President of the UnitedStates and heads of departments, the Governor and Legislature of New-York—and state officers, the Governor General of Canada, Lord Ellesmere, Sir Charles Lyell and the other English visitors, whose arrival has already been announced, the commissioners appointed by various foreign governments, &c., &c. All together, the occasion bids fair to be one of great interest, and will doubtless fully realize the high expectations that have been formed of it.

In regard to the extent and variety, and the general character of this great exhibition, we can speak only from report and general information derived through the public press, and from the officers and superintendents of the various departments of the exhibition. In our next number, we shall be able to report from ocular observation and personal knowledge. As everything pertaining to the exhibition, however, is just now attracting a large share of the public attention, a brief glance at the internal arrangements, and some of the prominent features of the exhibition may be acceptable to the reader.

The external appearance of the Crystal Palace has been so often described as to render anything further on that head unnecessary. It is an immense structure, of iron and glass, surmounted by a magnificent dome, which glitters in the sun's rays, and is seen from some distance in approaching it on the avenue from below. A substantial iron railing encloses the main building, and also a smaller structure erected between it and the reservoir, and the intermediate space is fresh with verdure and is to be ornamented with shrubbery and flowers.

Entering the interior of the main building, one is struck with the great extent of space enclosed, far more than from an external view. The available area for exhibitors within the enclosure of the two buildings, is something over five acres, and every inch has been, for a long time, allotted and assigned, so that no further entries of articles for exhibition can be made. The interior arrangements of the building, under the direction of the general superintendent, Mr. Du Pont, are very simple. The whole of the ground floor is divided into four distinct parts, separated from each other by spacious naves, and lettered A. B. C. D. Each of these are divided into areas of twenty-seven square feet, and to these are added three triangular areas. The center of the building, a wide and spacious area, immediately under the dome, commands a general view of the whole interior arrangement. Here, we understand, is to be placed on a lofty pedestal, Marochetti's celebrated bronze equestrian statue of Washington. On the ground floor, division A. has been assigned to articles of American manufacture and industry. The greater portions of the other three divisions will contain the foreign contributions.

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From the ground floor a number of wide and spacious flights of steps, guarded with iron railings, ascend to the galleries from every part of the building. The galleries themselves are enclosed with light, but substantial, iron railings, looking over into the naves and aisles, and altogether present an elegant and picturesque appearance. The galleries are to be occupied by articles of lighter texture and more delicate fabrics, foreign and domestic.

The magnitude of the preparations in progress, and a glance at the catalogue and entries of articles ready for exhibition, give us some idea of what will be the extent, the variety, and the richness, of this great exhibition. Of course, it will be impossible to anticipate a description in detail of any portion of the exhibition, or of the numerous works of art and genius, and products of industrial skill that will be found here collected from this country and Europe. Some of these, however, have been already noticed by the press in general terms, and may be here alluded to. Among them are some works of art that have already become famous, and if new to the actual view of our countrymen, are as well known by reputation as Mills' Jackson, and Powers' Greek Slave. Such is the work of the Italian artist, Marochetti, just mentioned, the equestrian statue of Washington. Such, also, the celebrated group by the Berlin Professor, Kiss, of the Amazon on horseback, attacked by a tiger, which received a council medal at the London exhibition. But besides these, the lovers of the fine arts will be gratified with other choice specimens of sculpture and statuary, both in bronze and marble.

A German artist, named Vetex, contributes a group in bronze of the size of life, representing an Indian rider on horseback, hurling a javelin at a serpent, which is pronounced a work of the highest merit. From England, we are to have Carew's colossal statue of Daniel Webster, to stand, we believe, in one of the main aisles, upon a pedestal nine or ten feet high. Some smaller, and perhaps more finished works of art, are also entered from England, and among these, the Marble Temple and Sleeping Child, and a group representing Ganymede and the Eagle, have been spoken of as works of rare merit. The collection of statuary will comprise a very handsome display of busts in marble, bronze, and plaster, of distinguished individuals from various countries; among them, will be remarked with much interest, the contributions from Ireland, which sends us Daniel O'Connel, the Duke of Wellington, Father Mathew, Theobald Wolfe Tone, Thomas Moore, &c., &c. A full catalogue of this one department of the arts, alone, or even a brief allusion to the principal works of merit and genius, would be impracticable in this place. They must be seen to be fully appreciated. In addition, however, to the creations of the sculptor's genius, we are promised a valuable collection from all parts of Europe, of other works pertaining to the fine arts—pictures, paintings, engravings, and the like. The contributions from Turin, Genoa, Florence, and other Italian cities, are spoken of in particular, as embracing some of the best specimens of Italian genius—the creations of the pencil as well as of the chisel—paintings and statuary—groups in ivory, bas reliefs, &c. France, England, the European States, and Austria, contribute also many valuable specimens of the arts, particularly paintings and pictures—the contributions from the latter country embrace one that will no doubt attract peculiar attention, a portrait of Rudolph of Hapsburgh, the founder of the Austrian monarchy. Among the American collection is the portrait of a greater than Rudolph, an original of Washington, by Col. Trumbull.

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We cannot dismiss this interesting branch of the exhibition, without allusion to a work that has been much spoken of by the press, but which, until within very recently, has been little known in this country—we allude to a remarkable group of statuary by the artist Thorwaldsen, representing Christ and the twelve Apostles. This, we understand, is the only contribution from the Danish dominions to the exhibition, and has never before been exhibited either in England or here. It is to occupy a conspicuous place in a circular enclosure, built expressly for that purpose on the ground floor of the building. The figures are colossal, the principal one being twelve feet in height. A baptismal font forms part of the group, and is to stand immediately in front of the figure of the Saviour. The design of Thorwaldsen was to have embodied this unique and half Gothic conception of his genius in marble; but he lived only long enough to complete casts of the figures in plaster. The reputation of the artist, and the singularity of the group, will doubtless make it an attractive and very curious feature of the exhibition.

In regard to the department of the useful arts and the products of industrial skill—material, fabrics, inventions, mechanical creations, &c., &c., a larger space than we can at present command, would be necessary to speak in detail. In these branches of creative skill and industry—that is to say, in all those which pertain to the *utilities* of society, and aim at practical results—the American department will no doubt compare favorably with the products of the older nations. In the manufacture of the more elegant and costly fabrics, such as the laces, the embroideries, the velvet carpets, of Great Britain, or the Edbelin tapestry, and the Serves porcelain from France—it will be no discredit to the ingenuity and skill of America, to say that we do not undertake to compete.

Undoubtedly in the departments of produce and material, and the creations of industrial art, this exhibition will far exceed the most sanguine anticipations that have been formed. Countries with which we have heretofore had very little commercial intercourse, now contribute liberally of the products of their soil and industry. Hayti and Turkey, Canada and Sweden, furnish us specimens of their productive wealth. The latter country, as we learn by recent advices from our excellent charge d'affaires, Mr. Schroeder, will send, among other valuable contributions, some interesting specimens of the mineral wealth of the kingdom.

To show the great extent and variety of the foreign portion of the exhibition, in everything that pertains to the industrial and useful arts, one should turn to the German collection. The entries from Germany alone include the names, and comprise contributions from more than two hundred cities, towns, or villages.

The Austrian contributions are also exceedingly rich, curious, and valuable, comprising specimens of both the useful and fine arts, dyed silks, and silverware, cutlery and edge tools, clothing and shawls, Mosaic tables, porcelain paintings, candelabras, vases, table slabs in marble, enamel corals, letters on glass, &c., &c.

The public expectations have certainly been raised very high in regard to this exhibition, and judging from what we have seen and heard, we think it may be safely announced that these expectations will not be disappointed.

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BOOK NOTICES.

"*Prismatics.*" By RICHARD HAYWARD. D. APPLETON & Co., New York.

The Appletons have so distinguished themselves for the publication of scientific books, that the public, on hearing that a work entitled "Prismatics" had been issued by them, would naturally conclude that some *savant* was giving the world the benefit of his reflections on optics. Not so, however. Richard Hayward's book is no essay on the laws of light, but *chatelaine* of the most quaint and beautiful charms,—the conceits of a very cunning, though somewhat affected artificer.

We like amazingly these collections of the pet pieces of authors: they give us a better insight into the power of the man, his tastes and feelings, than does a continuous work. In the one before us, we have writing in every "approved style": Pathetic, Martial, Sentimental, Playful, Musical, Humorous, Witty, Historical, and Bibliothecal.

Hetabel, which is probably the gem of the book, shows the author to be no N. P. Willis, but a man with the true poetic stuff in him.

> "Fair lies the pool, beneath its ridgy eaves,
> Blotted with waxen pods and ornate leaves."

These two lines sufficiently support our assertion, for none but a man with the genuine poet's feeling would have dared to "blot" a clean sheet of water in that manner. We think the babe might have been judiciously left out of the last verse; children under a certain age have really very little interest for any one save mothers, and then they must be their own; besides which, such woful havoc has been made by poets amongst "babes," from the time of Herod downwards, that it seems a little conventional. Whenever an author wishes to treat the public to a feast of pathos, he straightway kills the fatted calf, in the form of a "babe," and serves it up with cypress and wild flowers. This is rather hard upon the "babes." Spare them for the future, Richard Hayward.

"The First Oyster-Eater," which represents an ancient Briton discovering and tasting an oyster, is a stain on the work. It has very little to recommend, and a great deal to condemn it. The sensual relish with which the author describes the unctuous liquor exuding from the crushed oyster, and the greedy delight with which the savage guttles it down, is in bad taste, and not at all in keeping with the tone of the book. But this is all we have to say ill of Richard Hayward's *chatelaine*. All else merits only praise. Aunt Miranda is a beautiful tale, which you read with interest, absorbing the moral unconsciously into your mental system, until you find yourself possessed of a virtue you were ignorant of.

We rather object, in the fragment entitled "Orange Blossoms," to the author's adopting the Tristram Shandy "dodge" of digressing on digressions till your patience is exhausted; it was all very well, perhaps, for Sterne, with whom it was original, but only tiresome when repeated second-hand by Richard Hayward. With the exception of this fault, the story is a pleasing one, and with a great deal of very nice feeling in it.

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Richard Hayward's great *forte* lies in humor and pathos, which are in fact the same faculty in different moods. When he takes it into his head to be funny, as he does in "The Habits of Irishmen" and "The Habits of Scotchmen," he is very quiet, quaint, and original. And when he is in the melting mood, Dickens himself could not draw a tear with less effort than Richard Hayward.

We cannot close this beautiful little volume without noticing an old friend and favorite, which we met some time ago in the Knickerbocker, and which is here republished: it is the musical little poem called "A Babylonish Ditty,"—one of the most delicious bits that has ever adorned the pages of that magazine.

"Prismatics" is illustrated by a number of our first artists,—Elliot, Darley, Kensett, Hicks, and Rossiter. Darley's design of the old Knickerbocker taking home his prisoners is admirable;—a remark which may appear superfluous with regard to anything of Darley's. Kensett's picture of the old mill is equal to Beckett Foster;—we could not say more. Mr. Rossiter has contributed two designs to the work;—one, a landscape, is beautiful; the other, a rocking-horse with a one-legged doll, is very bad.

"*Manual of the Corporation of the City of New York.*" By D. T. Valentine.

To those interested in the statistics of the Empire City, or desirous of being more familiarly acquainted with the "Rules and Orders" of the Boards of Aldermen, Assistant Aldermen, &c., or requiring information concerning associations for "Colored Orphans," "Friendless Boys," "Lunatics,"—or even to such as seek information in regard to that much-vexed question as to whose duty it is to keep our streets clean,—Mr. Valentine's book will be found invaluable.

The latter part of the book, containing extracts from a forthcoming work on the history of the city of New York, by the compiler of this "Manual," to us affords much interesting information in regard to the early history of this city. If this foretaste be a fair sample of the promised work, it will deserve a large circulation.

"*The Rector of St. Bardolph's.*" C. Scribner, New York.

A humble narrative, in a piquant and original style, of the trials and vicissitudes attendant upon the life of a country pastor. The sentiments are true to nature; and doubtless many a clergyman will find therein a counterpart to his own experience, and will testify to their truthfulness. The thoughts, though somewhat rambling and discursive, are expressed in a simple and unartistic manner; and though the book has none of the excitement or glare likely to attract the popular perverted taste, it is well calculated to fulfil the aim of the writer. It exhibits in a true and unmistakable light the mutual relations subsisting between pastor and people, and the necessity for exercising alike the virtues of forbearance and Christian charity.

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THE

UNITED STATES REVIEW.

AUGUST, 1853.

NATIONAL LITERATURE, AND THE INTERNATIONAL COPY-RIGHT TREATY.

"The British Press is now the only refuge of American honor and honesty."—*London News.*

We believe it is that great philosophical statesman, Thomas Jefferson, who has somewhere said that "opinion governs the world," and the axiom, in its practical application to human conduct, is undoubtedly true, though many very distinguished politicians have founded their policy on the assumption that mankind are exclusively directed by their own individual interests or passions. It may be, and certainly is so to a certain extent, and that, too often, the ruling principle of human action is selfishness in some disguise or other; but we think it is equally true, that, in almost all cases of this kind, men feel conscious that they are not acting in conformity with the dictates of reason, and consequently are not governed by opinion. We should be very sorry to believe, that man, being emphatically a rational being, is not, as a general rule, directed by reason—in other words, by opinions deduced from some process of reasoning; that, though he may often act from what is called impulse, he is still, though unconsciously, lighted by a spontaneous flash of reason, leading to an instantaneous conclusion; and that, in the absence of all other restraints, his best and only guide in the practical application of his rights and duties, when brought into social intercourse with his fellow-creatures, is that great faculty which distinguishes him from all other created beings. Without reason, he could never have been subjected to human laws; without reason, he could have had no conscience; and with-

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out reason, he would have no religion, since to rational beings alone has that divine dispensation been vouchsafed.

So far, then, reason, or opinion, if it does not absolutely govern the world, is one of the great "motive powers" directing and controlling its action. This is most emphatically true, in a political point of view, when applied to a democracy like that of the United States, whose government, laws, and institutions are, in a great measure, dependent on the opinions of the people. These, though unquestionably greatly influenced by early tuition and example, are either fostered, strengthened, or overthrown by subsequent lessons of experience, or precepts derived from books or other sources, most especially the public journals, which have a most powerful influence on that opinion, which may at least be said, politically, to govern the United States.

It is, therefore, of the utmost consequence that these monitors and instructors should inculcate opinions in harmony with our social and political institutions, and the principles of our government. In all these, the United States radically differ from the rest of the world; and if the young Telemachus requires a Mentor, it should be a Minerva, not a Circe. It is of the last importance that the people of the United States, being the depositories of the sovereign power, within the limits of the constitution, should have their own teachers, and that neither they nor their rulers should be influenced either by the precepts or example of nations whose fundamental maxims, form of government, political interests, and social organization are all so different, not to say in such perfect contrast, that what may be applicable to them is totally inapplicable to the United States. The ideas of the limits of authority and obedience; the relative position of the different classes of men; the source from whence power is derived, and the conditions on which it is exercised, are so totally at variance, that no political precedent, drawn from the example of these, can be applicable to our condition. In all the really useful arts and sciences, we are independent of Europe, and can now learn nothing from her that in any way contributes to our permanent happiness and prosperity. Of what best administers to these, she can learn much more from us than we can learn from her; and it becomes us to set an example rather than follow in the track of her effeminacy, corruption, and decay. To no other country, therefore, is a national literature, as one of the most powerful agents in the direction of public opinion, so vitally important, since that of Europe is in a great measure hostile to a system of government, a state

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of society, and a position in the great family of nations, which has no parallel in the history of the world, and least of all in the present age.

If, as all past experience teaches, every republic, and most especially every confederation of republics, in ancient and modern times, with the exception of the Swiss Cantons, fell victims to foreign interposition and foreign influence, it is well to bear in mind that this influence, most emphatically, in this reading country, does not altogether consist in diplomatic intrigue, bribery, and corruption, or direct intimidation. There is another influence, far more insidious, extensive, and powerful, which has long been, and we fear will long continue to be, brought to bear on the United States. We mean that of foreign, and most especially British, literature, which, by operating on public opinion, through a gentle and insensible process, changes the views of those who give a direction to that opinion, who thus become willing instruments, passive tools, or active agents, in undermining and eventually overthrowing, their own government and institutions. No republic, or confederation of republics, was ever so open to that influence as the United States, whose citizens almost universally speak and read the language of the parent state, whose literature pervades the civilized world, and to whose opinions and example they have, by long habit, derived from former colonial dependence, been accustomed to bow with great deference, if not blind subserviency.

It was against this species of foreign influence, that the wise and good Washington warned as well his cotemporaries as all posterity, in that last great legacy which crowned his benefactions. Let him speak for himself. "So likewise, a passionate attachment of one nation to another produces a variety of evils. Sympathy for the favorite nation, facilitating the illusion of an imaginary common interest, in cases where no real common interest exists, and infusing into one the enmities of the other, betrays the former into a participation in the quarrels and wars of the latter, without adequate inducement or justification. It leads also to concessions to the favorite nation of privileges denied to others, which are apt doubly to injure the nation making the concessions, by unnecessarily parting with what ought to have been retained, and by exciting jealousy, ill-will, and a disposition to retaliate, in the parties from whom equal privileges are withheld; and it gives to ambitious, corrupted, or deluded citizens (who devote themselves to the favorite nation) facility to betray or sacrifice the interests of their own country without odium,

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sometimes even with popularity; gilding with a virtuous sense of obligation, a commendable deference for public opinion, or a laudable zeal for public good, the base or foolish compliances of ambition, corruption, or infatuation."

"As avenues to foreign influence, in innumerable ways, such attachments are particularly alarming to the truly enlightened and independent patriot. How many opportunities do they afford to tamper with domestic factions, to practice the arts of seduction, to mislead public opinion, to influence or awe public councils!"

After recommending "harmony and a liberal intercourse with all nations," the warning voice proceeds to enjoin on all succeeding generations, "constantly keeping in view that it is folly in one nation to look for disinterested favors from another, that it must pay with a portion of its independence for whatever it may accept in that character; that by such acceptance it may place itself in the condition of having given equivalents for nominal favors, and yet of being reproached with ingratitude for not giving more. There can be no greater error than to expect or calculate on real favors from nation to nation. It is an illusion which experience must cure, which a just pride ought to discard."

These lessons of wisdom were unquestionably intended at the time to restrain and counteract that intense popular feeling in behalf of the French Revolution, which, but for the firmness of Washington, would have plunged the United States into the whirling vortex of European politics, and made them parties in an age of bloody wars, in which they had no direct interest. But, however intended, they are alike applicable to all times and all nations. They stand recorded equally as a warning against French and British influence; against that subserviency to the opinions, interests, and policy of England, which, from the administration of the elder Adams down to the present time, has been the leading characteristic of a party which was at length obliged to change its name in order to escape the public odium it had justly incurred by its course during the late war with England. That party, while affecting to look up to its author as its venerated head, has forgotten or disregarded this warning, and on all occasions displayed a weak, obstinate, and inveterate "partiality for one nation in preference to another."

We have now little to fear from French influence or example, at least in a political point of view, whatever may be said of manners and morals. There is no danger that the sympathies of the people of the United States will ever again be so powerfully awakened in behalf of a nation which has

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thus often proved itself incapacitated for the enjoyment of rational liberty. The recollection of former benefits derived from an association in the cause of freedom is fast fading away, and while we feel grateful to their forefathers who aided us in the struggle for our rights, we recognize in their posterity only a degenerate race who have twice made a voluntary sacrifice of their own.

It is not with French, but British influence, in its most dangerous form, we are destined to struggle, in the future as in the past. That influence, owing to the community of purpose established between the abolitionists of the United States and England,* and the constant communication as well as perfect understanding between them for the purpose of attaining a common object, is every day becoming still more dangerous, because it aims at the peace and union of this confederation. The statesmen and writers of that country are bringing the whole force of the British press to bear against an institution so closely intertwined with our social and political system, that it cannot be abolished without undermining its very foundations. Yet, in this conspiracy of fanaticism and hypocrisy, the abolitionists of the United States are parties with those of England; auxiliaries in their plot, and agents in its execution. There is a perfect understanding between them; they are in constant communication by agents and correspondence; they mutually assist in blowing the great bellows of sedition, anarchy, and disunion in the United States; and if the great English Jurist, Lord Campbell, was right in questioning the legality of a deputation of unauthorized individuals, representing a corporation or society of Englishmen, to a foreign government for a peaceful, perhaps salutary purpose, how much more justly may we ask ourselves if this abolition conspiracy, now carrying on by deputations and embassies, is not only unlawful but treasonable on the part of the citizens of the United States, who thus become active agents in propagating discord, disunion, and dissolution, in conjunction with a rival, if not an enemy.

Well might Sir Henry Bulwer write to Lord Palmerston, "I think I can assure Her Majesty's government, that the interests of England were at no time, before or since the revolution, in a more satisfactory condition on this continent, than

* The following is the caption of a notice of the proceedings of the abolitionists, evidently derived from an official source, published in the New York Herald. "*The American and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society* held their anniversary meeting on Wednesday, at the Tabernacle." It thus appears they are one and the same.

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they are at this moment." * * * "The only national question now is slavery. By a little judicious management on the part of the British Abolition Society, *and in other quarters*, this may be kept up, to our advantage, till the end of the century. While our press and Parliament should do nothing to offend the Southern States, individuals might be usefully employed in agitating the subject in the Northern States. In this respect, Mr. George Thompson has been of considerable service, having not only stirred up opposition to the late 'compromise laws' at Boston, but also in Canada, as I am informed, having done much to mitigate the annexation sentiment there. I take the more pleasure in bearing this testimony to his services, that I am prevented by prudential reasons from taking notice of his presence here. Indeed, I have had to disclaim officially all knowledge of his designs, which, I need not say, I very unwillingly did." After touching on the intrigues of Consul Matthews at the South, the letter proceeds to state: "It is a situation full of responsibility in which I find myself, with a British party at each end of the country, and at each extreme of politics. Fortunately, the journals and public men are too intent on their President-making to watch us very narrowly."

The preceding extracts are from what was stated by the editors of the journal in which it first appeared to be an intercepted letter from Sir Henry Bulwer. It was copied in many of the American newspapers, and finally, after very considerable delay, disavowed by him, or some friend in his behalf. The original, it is believed, was never produced, nor, so far as we know, did the editors by whom it was first published ever retract their assertion of its authenticity. But, as the Italian proverb says, "if not true, it is very like the truth," and whether written by Sir Henry or not, we verily believe it to be a true exponent of British policy in relation to the internal affairs of the United States, and the objects it is aiming to accomplish through its intimate commercial connections, its press, and the combined efforts of the abolitionists of the two countries.

Let us not, however, be understood as vouching for the authenticity of this letter. That remains, and will probably ever remain, doubtful, and we can only form a judgment from collateral circumstances, intrinsic evidence, and the known conduct and character of the supposed writer. It is obvious that many strong reasons may have operated on the publishers of this letter, for not producing it, and others equally strong for its suppression. Had they produced it, they might have

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been subjected to a criminal prosecution, for having possessed themselves of it in an illegal manner; and had they persisted in asserting its authenticity, they might have been prosecuted for libeling a foreign minister—a very formidable person to cope with. In such a position, it may easily be surmised that both parties would be disposed to compromise, by mutually agreeing to say nothing more on the subject.

With respect to Sir Henry's disclaimer, we have not a very implicit reliance on that. The necessity of a disavowal was imperative, and a refusal would have compelled even the passive Whig administration to discontinue all diplomatic relations with him and demand his recall. He would have been placed in a similar predicament with that he occupied in Spain, where his busy interference and unsolicited advice became so obnoxious to that court, that it refused any longer to recognize him as the representative of England. The disavowal was therefore indispensable for "reasons of state," which are a sort of "higher law," justifying political fibs, and was probably a mere diplomatic expedient, or a sacrifice to necessity, which has proverbially no law. With regard to internal evidence, it not only, as before stated, singularly accords with the course pursued by Sir Henry in his management of a late American Secretary, but is precisely such a letter as a busy-body diplomatist might be supposed to write to a busy-body British. Secretary, whose policy came very near embroiling England, not only with the United States, but also with every great power in Europe.

But whether genuine or not, it embodies more than one home truth, specially deserving the serious attention of the people of the United States at all times, and especially at the present moment. It is unquestionably true, "that the interests of England were at no time, since or before the revolution, in a a more satisfactory condition" in the United States than at the period this letter purports to have been written. An artful, intriguing diplomatist was successfully playing his game with a timid or hoodwinked Secretary of State, always shrinking from a manly assertion of the rights and honor of his country, because it might possibly be "dangerous," and who, in his sickly anxiety to maintain a good understanding with England, became little better than a pliant instrument in entangling the United States in the cobweb of British American policy, which had for its objects the dismemberment of the Union, by fomenting sectional dissensions at home, and separating, as far as possible, their possessions on the shores of the two great oceans, by placing England in a position to

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arrest at pleasure all direct intercourse between them, except by land across the entire continent. If, in conjunction with this, we revert to the vast additional influence exercised by England over the northern sections of the United States, by that intimate union and co-operation between the abolitionists of both countries, to which we have previously referred; and when we call to mind, that those of our own have repeatedly declared to the world that they "will give the Union for the abolition of slavery;"—when all this is remembered, no one can question the assurance of the writer of this letter, whoever he may be, "that the interests of England were, at no time since or before the revolution, in a more satisfactory condition" here, than at the time it was written.

Nor can it be denied, we think, that not only then, but now,—though the present delusive calm may be taken as indicative of permanent repose,—"the only national question" was and is that of slavery. All must see, and all who value the peaceful union of their country must regret to see, that it was at that time, and still continues to be, an element of tremendous power in the United States, influencing alike our foreign and domestic policy, the State and federal elections, and in many of the States holding the balance between the two contending parties; a position which makes it in effect the arbiter of both. What but this question of slavery could have made New York an instrument in the creation of a State like that of California, comprising the entire coast and all the harbors on the Pacific, from the mouth of Columbia River to the confines of Lower California; a State which, when we consider its vast natural resources, independently of its hoards of gold, and its geographical position, must in process of time rob the Empire State of its diadem, and peradventure become the centre of a commerce greater than that of the Great Emporium? And what but this same question of slavery could have wrought on Rhode Island, Delaware, and all the pigmy States of the North, to become so anxious to introduce among them a gigantic stripling, who, when he arrives at maturity, may bestride this confederation, or at least wield an influence which will add to their insignificance? This jealousy of the larger States was one of the great obstacles in the Convention which framed the Constitution: it had become a part of the inheritance of the smaller States, an integral element of their policy; and yet we have lately seen them offer up all these apprehensions at the shrine of anti-slavery. Can any one doubt after this that "the only national question in this country is slavery"? or that, "by a little judicious

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management on the part of the British Abolition Society, and in other quarters, this may be kept up to the end of the century, greatly to our (England's) advantage"?

There is one other passage in this very remarkable letter, equally conveying a moral, we of the United States will do well to bear in mind. After referring to the intrigues of the British consul in South Carolina,—who, like all the other consuls of that nation in the United States, is a political as well as commercial agent,—the writer goes on to say, "fortunately the journals and public men are too intent on their President-making to watch us very narrowly." True, too true by half. This business of President-making at all times so exclusively occupies the leading politicians, their toad-eaters and their organs, that little attention is paid to anything else, except vast speculating schemes for dissipating the public money and public lands, either for the benefit of private cupidity, or the purchase of political influence. To make "political capital" is now the highest feat of policy and statesmanship; and whether this is achieved by the assertion or the surrender of the national honor and interests abroad, or by stimulating sectional divisions and dissensions at home, through appeals to private interests or to fanatical excitements, is a matter of little consequence, provided it aids either party in hoarding up political capital for the great "business of President-making." We say it with equal grief and mortification, yet we do not hesitate to say it, that for four years past the foreign policy of the United States has been either entirely neglected, or conducted without the least regard to the honor and interests of the country. Had not the Senate of the United States—which exercises a supervision of the acts of the Executive in relation to all treaties—been so exclusively occupied in tinkering the old compromise kettle, fraught with the precious ingredients of political capital and President-making, it is impossible to conceive that more than two-thirds of that able and respectable body could have been brought to sanction that stupendous achievement of political science, commonly called the Clayton and Bulwer Treaty. We cannot be brought to believe, that but for this they could have so promptly ratified an instrument which is only explicit in its concessions to England, and worse than doubtful in everything that regards the interests of the United States. Most assuredly they must have been entirely absorbed by the great question of slavery, and the great business of President-making.

We cannot take leave of this letter without expressing both our regrets and our fears at seeing this business of President-

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making rapidly superseding all other considerations, in the minds not only of the leaders of the people, but of the people themselves. It augurs illy for the purity and permanency of our political institutions that they are presumed to depend on a single man, who has few other means of influence than his personal merits, and his fund of patronage. If the latter is so extensive and irresistible as to enable the Executive by that alone to give a direction to the measures of government, and purchase the support of those who sway the minds of the people, then indeed are the liberties of the country on the eve of departing to that "bourne from whence no traveller returns." It is on this rock that all elective governments have finally split, and it is here that we greatly fear ours will at last be wrecked. But our head is growing gray, and timidity is the characteristic of old age. We shall only say, that it matters little who governs a country, or whether the people or a king is the sovereign, if they are both equally unprincipled and corrupt. When Liberty has virtue for her handmaid, she is indeed a divinity; but when corruption is her prime minister, she is only a demon in disguise. But why trouble the public with such old-fashioned, worn-out trumpery, instead of declaiming eloquently about railroads and public improvements? There is no money to be made of such second-hand trash. Even the dealers in old clothes won't buy it.

Although the preceding remarks on a letter of doubtful authority may appear to be somewhat of a digression, yet we trust the reflecting reader will perceive their connection with the main subject of this article. The agitation of this "only national question of slavery" has been again commenced, with new vigor and new asperity, under the flag of Mrs. Beecher Stowe, the noble ladies of Stafford House, and what seems a general combination of various influences in all parts of England. It is quite clear that the next presidential election will be greatly affected, if not absolutely controlled, by this "only national question," and it is equally certain that the British press will be brought to bear upon it with all its force and influence. In short, to quote the words of the letter, there is no doubt that "by a little judicious management on the part of the British Abolition Society, and in other quarters, this" (the slavery excitement) "may be kept up to the end of the century." We have, therefore, conceived it to be our duty to warn our fellow-citizens against the influence of a vast power, which is one of the great levers for overturning this mighty confederation. The question of slavery is inseparably connected with the business of "Pre-

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sident-making," and the two combined absorb in a great measure the attention of trading politicians. We confidently predict, for we see it coming, that, as the next presidential election approaches, this great national question of slavery will again become the stalking-horse of the Whig party, and the universal theme of the British press; that the Abolitionists and Free Soilers will again be counted by both parties; and wo to the country if it should be found that they hold the balance between them! The abolition of slavery will be the abolition of the Union, since it is impossible to bring it about without a revolution.

There is another important consideration connected with the influence of British literature of the present abolition school, which renders it at all times very mischievous in this country. Though the English—at least their loyal and orthodox writers—persist in calling England a free country, yet nothing is more certain than that its freedom is as different in degree from the United States, as is the condition of a British subject from that of a Russian serf. The two systems, though in some outward forms bearing a resemblance to each other, are radically different in their great fundamental principles. One is based on the hereditary, the other on the elective principle; one is governed by the accident of birth, the other by the free choice of the people. In one, the right of primogeniture, and the statute of entails apply to almost all landed property; in the other, they have both been abolished. The hereditary principle prevails in England both as to property and honors; and though there are occasional exceptions, it leavens the whole batch, and gives a decided character to the government. The English have no constitution but what may be at any time modified or abolished by a simple act of Parliament, which Parliament, in its only popular branch, represents about one in twenty of these free-born Englishmen.

English political principles, and English precedents, do not therefore apply to the United States. The government is entirely different in its great fundamental principles, and still more so, if possible, in their practical operation. Its grievances require a regimen totally different from that of the United States; and the social as well as political condition of the two countries is so completely at variance, that what might be a partial remedy to the grievances of one, would be a deleterious poison to the other. Besides this, the United States and the United Kingdom are, to a certain extent, antagonistical in various points of policy and interest, and

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the former should be careful how they give way to the mischievous, preposterous delusion of a common political organization, and a common interest in the two countries. At this moment, England is the most malignant and dangerous enemy we have in the world, for she is aiming a deadly blow at the property and safety of one-half the States of this Union, and attempting to stimulate the other half to join in the conspiracy.

If we are right in these premises, neither English example nor English precept are safe political guides to the people of the United States. Yet, with these examples, and most especially with these precepts, coming to us through the medium of cheap republications of English books, our country is overwhelmed. The first lessons of childhood, and the last precepts of old age, are derived from this source, and are, for the most part, imbued with principles or sentiments either directly or insidiously hostile to those, without a sincere devotion to which our freedom cannot be preserved. The children of the United States are rocked in the cradle of aristocracy, and hence there is always a new brood hatching to take the place of those who have gone down to the grave. One great cause of the democracy of that portion of the people of the United States which is stigmatized as ignorant and vulgar in nearly all the books we read, is, that they know less of this foreign literature, and confine themselves to their own domestic organs, the newspapers, none of which, of either party, venture openly to sneer at the majesty of the people. The great majority study less, and, in fact, think more for themselves than our disciples of the Edinburgh and Quarterly, or Blackwood's Magazine, who, for the most part, consult these oracles in order to be able to make up their opinions without the trouble of thinking. These honest, homespun people, who never read foreign reviews, may be called ignorant, if you please; but, for our part, we prefer ignorance to error, as we do the innocence of our first parents to the cunning of the serpent that tempted them. All knowledge and wisdom is not contained in books, nor is all they say true; though we must confess that a lie derives great additional force and dignity from appearing in print. There are many of our most intelligent readers who believe everything they see in books, especially British reviews.

At this moment despotism is riding rough-shod over Europe, and, as respects political discussion, the press is as completely enchained as the people. In England, it may be apparently more free; but those who have watched the course

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of that government, since the first French revolution, must have seen that its press is only free when not considered dangerous. To that extent it may go, but no farther; and if it transgresses this line, the cases of Horne Tooke, Sir Francis Burdett, Cobbett, Mitchell, Meagher, and fifty others, pretty clearly show that the liberty of the press in England, as in all parts of Europe, only extends just as far as the government chooses. There is, in fact, no more substantial liberty of the press in the United Kingdom than in France, Germany, or Russia. Under the "Crown and Government Security Bills," the *habeas corpus* being indefinitely suspended, any man who publishes what may be deemed a seditious article, in the opinion of the home or foreign secretary, may be taken up under his warrant, and put in jail, without having an opportunity of proving his innocence, there to remain so long as the government pleases. Any British writer who should openly advocate the downfall of monarchy, and the substitution of a republic, with a degree of ability that might influence any considerable portion of his fellow-subjects, would soon find himself in the condition of those Irish exiles who have received such convincing proofs of the freedom of the British press. Like every other species of British freedom, it is a mere shadow without substance; a cheat and a hypocrite, whenever it comes to practical application to the great mass of the people.

But however this may be, a decisive combat is now going on in Europe between kings and their people, and the bayonet is not alone the arbiter between them. The press has become a powerful agent in the decision of this great question. The pen, like the sling and the stone of the shepherd David, is destined, we believe, or rather hope, to become fatal to the great Goliah of despotism. Such conflicts, though they may be ultimately decided by the sword, are, in this latter age, and in their preliminary stages, managed by the pen, which is now the pioneer in all political revolutions. To change governments, you must change the opinions of the people, which is not the work of a day, a year, or even an age. What are called revolutions are not now, as in former times, the mere struggles of court factions, intriguing for the choice of a new puppet to play with, and which were begun and ended within the recesses of the palace. They are now the rollings of the stormy wave of excited millions, not striving for the choice of a master, but to become their own masters and govern themselves. They agitate the cottage as well as the palace; the domestic fireside as well as the throne. They

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are not mere puddles in a storm. They throw nations into convulsions, and shake the world.

Opinion is the basis of these great conflicts. Men think, and feel, and reason; and though the press may not be the original source of the opinions of the people, it is one of the most powerful as well as rapid mediums for disseminating them, and producing, not only combined thought, but combined action. It is a magnetic telegraph for the mind, a flash of lightning that outstrips the wind. Hence the contest now going on in Europe may be emphatically called a war of the pen and the sword; and the instinct of despotic power has taught the lesson, that in order to enslave mankind, not only their actions but opinions must be subjugated.

Should the conspiracy of kings against the people be finally successful, as there seems too much reason to apprehend, the European press will in future be the exclusive organ of despotic principles. In fact, it has become so already; for even the free press of England, with all its boasting, is at all times, and most especially since the passage of the "Crown and Government Security Bills," completely at the mercy of a secretary of state and a loyal judiciary. We have seen this exemplified in the history of Ireland during the last half century, which exhibits scarcely a single instance of an attack on the freedom of the press, that did not result in the sacrifice of the man who had the hardihood to call on his countrymen to adopt the only effectual mode of redressing their grievances. The few instances to the contrary are only exceptions to a general rule, and prove nothing.

It must be obvious, that so long as this state of things endures, and confiscation, fine, imprisonment, or exile continues to be the penalty of a free expression of opinion, "we, the people of the United States," who derive a great portion of our mental aliment from its productions, must necessarily be greatly influenced by these opinions. They will be swayed by those of the purchased or voluntary tools of despotic power, whose efforts will be directed against the great principles on which our government is based. That love of liberty, that attachment to their political institutions and social organization, which so well becomes a great and prosperous people, will be in imminent danger of being weakened, undermined, and overthrown, by the constant perusal of books exhibiting only false or exaggerated pictures of the excesses of liberty, contrasted with the dead, delusive calm of despotism.

"The press of Great Britain," says one of our Mentors, "is

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now the refuge of American honor and honesty." We have, it seems, no other monitor, no other teacher in morals, religion, or politics; and so far as respects the influence of that press over the minds of a great portion of our most intelligent reading public, it cannot be denied that this claim to absolute dominion is no empty boast. That press has taught them that "the condition of slavery absolves us from all the obligations of mankind"; that it is their bounden duty "to give the Union for the abolition of slavery, if nothing else will gain it"; that the obligations of patriotism are nothing compared to those of universal philanthropy; that the law of God and the rights of nature impose on them the duty of sacrificing the property, the peace, the very existence of their white fellow-citizens to the imaginary benefit of a race of hereditary bondmen, who are now and have been abject slaves and pagan barbarians in their native land, beyond all history and tradition. Finally, it has attempted but too successfully to undermine "American honor and honesty," by propagating principles which, if they ever attain the ascendency in the United States, will inevitably lead to a disruption of all social relations between the different sections of the confederation; a total disregard of all the obligations of patriotism, of the laws of the land, the constitution of the government, the recognized rights of property, and, to cap the climax, array two races of men against each other in a servile war, a war of extermination. In this way has this burly, arrogant boaster, the British press, become the "refuge of American honor and honesty." Truly, when we consider the inevitable consequences of the practical application of these principles in the United States, we had much better take the history of Jonathan Wild or the Newgate Calendar for our guides.

There is, however, too much truth in this assumption of the influence of the British press over the opinions of a large portion of what is called the most intelligent people of the United States; not, however, in teaching them "honor and honesty," but in drawing them into a servile imitation of a government and people whose example can teach them neither one nor the other. In general, they neither think for themselves, nor act for themselves, most especially when the rights, interests, or honor of the United States come in conflict with British policy. They get their code of universal philanthropy, which England is aiming to substitute for the old international law, in other words, their ideas of their rights and duties as citizens of the United States, from British scribes,

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and seem to have no other criterion of right or wrong, than what they derive from these most disinterested teachers of the new school of moral and political ethics. And here it seems proper, once for all, to premise, that, in deprecating the influence of British literature in the United States, we have no reference to those noble productions of poetry, science, and philosophy, which may be said to belong alike to all nations and ages, embodying and transmitting to posterity those great universal truths having no reference to time or place, and no direct bearing on the great political questions now agitating both hemispheres. To these we owe incalculable obligations, which can only be cancelled by a far different species of literature, the degenerate offspring of slavish principles, corrupt morals, and a vitiated, effeminate taste.

With books of this latter description, the United States are deluged, overwhelmed. A great portion of the current literature of Europe is now arrayed against the people. They everywhere appear at a disadvantage, and are either ridiculed for their awkwardness, despised for their ignorance, or contemned for their efforts to free themselves from the galling chains of despotism. The loyal and orthodox writers of England, it is true, talk eloquently in praise of English liberty in general; but when they come to particulars, we find that this liberty consists in a hereditary monarch, a hereditary nobility, enjoying hereditary rank, hereditary wealth, and hereditary power; an established church, dove-tailed into the state; an exclusion of nineteen-twentieths of the people from the right of suffrage, even in the choice of the most popular branch of the government; and a vast, complicated, inexplicable system of monopoly of wealth, rank, privilege, and power, which renders it morally impossible for the great masses to participate in the national prosperity, as it is called. This is what they mean by that British freedom whose example they are holding up to our imitation, and which, owing in a great measure to their influence, is gradually undermining that attachment to our own government and institutions which is the only sure basis for their security and permanence. If we expect to maintain our republican institutions in their purity, we must have a republican school of literature; and it seems to us, that, in no country that exists, or that ever did exist, is such a school so indispensable to independence in thought and action.

The literary war against the institutions of the United States, and the character of the people, has become a general war, in which the common interest of kings has combined

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them together for common safety, as they united against Napoleon. The press in that quarter, as previously observed, has become exclusively devoted to arresting the progress of free principles and free discussion, which are now called sedition and treason. So far is this cowardly jealousy carried, that we have lately seen, in France and Germany, imperial edicts, prohibiting philosophical studies in colleges and schools. Not only this, but the publication of new editions of the ancient classics has been directed under the censorship of the government, of course expunging all sentiments in favor of liberty—all records of successful resistance to tyranny and oppression. The noble struggles of Athens and Rome in behalf of the rights of the citizens, will be placed before succeeding generations as examples of turbulent sedition, the offspring of popular ignorance or depravity; and the usurpations of ambitious tyrants represented as legitimate exercises of authority. Hence we may expect to see Tacitus proscribed as a libeller of kings, and Demosthenes and Cicero denounced as teachers of sedition and anarchy. Nothing will be tolerated but libels on freedom and homilies of despotism; and thus the golden age of peace and happiness will be realized by repressing all freedom of thought, all the generous ardor of genius, and crushing the people to the earth, under pretence of maintaining internal tranquillity and order. Chains will be called wholesome restraints, and all mankind be placed in strait waistcoats in the apprehension they are going to run mad. There is, we think, great reason to apprehend, that under these instructors we shall be taught to fear rather than love liberty, and brought to a conclusion that it is better for mankind to submit to perpetual slavery, than to encounter the temporary evils, or risk the occasional excesses sometimes committed in the attainment of freedom. When men begin to be afraid of liberty, they are prepared to hug their chains.

But, it will be asked, how is all this to be remedied? *Quien sabe?* as the Mexicans say. To this we reply; first, by a school of writers who will address themselves directly to the feelings of their own countrymen, and secondly, by a nation of scholars who will look up to them as their monitors. While a great portion of American writers look to foreign critics for their reputation, and a great portion of American readers have no other standard by which to estimate them, it must be obvious that our literature will be in a great measure under a foreign jurisdiction. From its decision there is no appeal; for it is believed there is not an American writer,

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reader, or critic, in this independent republic, who would venture on so rash an experiment. Thus, while every other class of citizens is subjected to the laws of the country, our writers, like criminals in the days of colonial servitude, are sent abroad to be tried by a foreign tribunal, consisting of anonymous irresponsible judges. With a certificate from one of these modern areopagites, who are, almost without exception, the notorious organs of a political or religious faction, or a great publishing bookseller, the American publisher fearlessly intrudes the most worthless trash on the American public, after the manner of our venders of quack medicines, who resort to similar expedients to impose on the credulity of their customers. The endorsement of one of these infallible judges is quite equal to the certificate of an old woman who has been cured of a lumbago by some patent nostrum; and the gentle reader, should he chance to fall asleep under the operation of the composing draught, modestly ascribes it to his own want of taste, rather than to the effects of the "great medicine." While this state of things continues, we shall have little if any of what is properly called national literature. We may have native writers, but not native thoughts, native feelings, and native opinions. We shall be always thinking of what my masters the British critics will say, and sighing for "a European reputation."

The almost unanimous voice of the writers of the United States has indicated an antidote to this all-pervading influence in the international copyright treaty lately rejected by the Senate of the United States. That such an arrangement might be greatly advantageous to the pecuniary interests of American writers is extremely probable; and that they have a just claim to be placed on a footing of fair competition with those of England, at least in their home-market, is, we think, still more certain. That such an arrangement would go a great way in ridding us of the daily doses of foreign trash poured down our throats by American publishers, cannot be doubted, since few of these munificent patrons of literature would run the risk of paying a copyright for such worthless exotics. For this reason, and because we think an international copyright treaty might be advantageous both to American authors and American readers, and not from any sympathy with the sordid clamors of the British press, and the imputations on the national character originating in this source, we are in favor of that measure. From the earliest ages of literature nations have borrowed from each other; and it was by this commerce of mind, in a great measure, that arts, science, and

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literature were disseminated throughout the civilized world. Nations thus became the heirs of each other. The Greeks borrowed from the Egyptians, the Romans from the Greeks, the Italians from both, the French and English from the Italians; and thus was constituted the great republic of letters, in which all nations freely shared. To call this universal system of borrowing, "thieving and piracy," is in perfect consonance with the licentious ribaldry which England indulges in towards foreign nations on all occasions where her interests are concerned. She supplies us with a great portion of our clothing, and is ambitious of feeding our minds for the double purpose of picking our pockets and governing our opinions.

We ourselves have no sympathy with these sordid disciples of Messrs. Dickens, *id est genus omne.* Were they actuated by a generous and noble incitement, the natural, we might say the invariable, concomitant of true genius, they would be proud, as they ought to be, in seeing their works becoming familiar to millions of people in a new world, and having an additional sphere of circulation as well as influence, as wide as that among their own countrymen. Their hearts would riot in the contemplation of their thoughts being one day read and admired by countless millions of free, intelligent people, yet unborn, by whom they will peradventure be quoted as their illustrious predecessors now are. We have given them a new world for their fame, and they should be ashamed to be whining about their copy-rights. We can tell these gentlemen that an international copy-right law or treaty would be an act of oblivion to most of them, at least in the United States.

But however essential may be an international copy-right treaty to the establishment of a national literature in the United States, that alone will not be sufficient. While American writers depend in a great measure for their reputation at home on the verdict of foreign criticism, they will naturally write to please their judges, instead of appealing to their countrymen; and that they will do this is morally certain, so long as their countrymen continue to be governed by the decisions of these tribunals. The most patriotic soldier cannot always fight without pay, and those who devote themselves to the pen must, with few exceptions, live by their profession. They will not work and starve, like the English operatives; and still less can it be demanded of them that they shall be condemned to depend for the still higher rewards of fame on a people who have neither tastes nor opinions

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of their own. They will appeal to the fountain-head; to those from whom these tastes and opinions are originally derived, and write for England, not for America. This is the true key to that want of originality—that absence of all nationality—with which American literature is too justly reproached. It is not so much a want of talent in our writers as of an independent national jury, to which they can appeal with a perfect confidence that they will be judged by their peers, and not by a foreign tribunal.

There is a fund of unexhausted genius in the United States, and a vast field for its exercise, while the old world has become little better than a worn-out, fallow field, reduced to barrenness by over-cultivation, and every succeeding crop only exhibits a more stunted vegetation. Its superiority over the new is in the past alone, and its greatest exploits are those of the dead. The glory of Europe is in its graves, its ruins, and its monuments. In literature as well as empire, there is a world before us in which the mind, unfettered by the shackles of grasping despotism, may expatiate at will; and there is no region of thought where it cannot roam without limit or restraint. We ourselves have therefore not the slightest doubt that the native writers of the United States are at this moment fully capable of entering the lists on terms of perfect equality with their cotemporaries of Europe, not only in science and philosophy, but in poetry and every other species of polite literature.

They want nothing but that manly self-reliance everywhere displayed by their countrymen, except in this one single instance, and without which genius, instead of taking the lead in the march of mind, becomes only a humble follower in the great caravan of life, picking up the crumbs, and aspiring only to successful imitation. A great portion of the literature of the United States is emasculated by this inveterate propensity for copying the faults of fashionable foreign writers, aided by the equally inveterate habit of deferring on all occasions to the decision of foreign critical tribunals, which are among the most successful experiments on human credulity in the present age. American writers must think less of a "European reputation," and aspire to the far higher honor of being "prophets in their own country"; while American readers must become equally independent in their feelings, tastes, and opinions. Since the invention of letters, every great nation has had its own national literature, and without it no nation ever became really independent. At this moment the press of England is one of the great elements of her

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power. Let it be our highest ambition to furnish a counterpoise to that power, for thus alone can we become the foremost nation of the world. While the British press continues to be "the only refuge of American honor and honesty," our only guide in morals, manners, and politics, there is too much reason to fear we shall become prematurely old in iniquity, and rotten before we are ripe.

THE BRITISH SPY;

OR,

THE THREE GOOD MEN AND TRUE.

A Ballad.

Written on occasion of laying the corner-stone of the Monument now being erected on the spot where André was captured, near Tarrytown.

'T was in the Autumn of that year
  Remembered well this day,
When Freedom, on her bloody bier,
  All pale and gasping lay.

Dismay, disaster, and defeat,
  Around like bloodhounds drew,
With cunning scent, and footsteps fleet,
  And instinct staunch and true.

The enemy, with ruthless ire,
  Strode o'er the prostrate land,
Marking his steps with blood and fire,
  With sword and burning brand.

The women trembled in their beds
  Whene'er a leaf was stirred;
The frightened children hid their heads
    At every sound they heard.

The Tree of Liberty no more
  Bloomed in the pride of Spring;
Nor leaf nor blossom now it bore;
  In frost 't was withering.

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The strong arm of our Washington
  Our guardian sword did wield:
The stronghold of West Point alone
  Was left our cause to shield.

But there there lurked a traitor knave,
  Who plotted, with the foe,
A scheme our country to enslave,
  And work its overthrow.

The plot was ripe, the train was laid,
  The mine was all prepared;
A few hours more had all betrayed,
  And ill the land had fared.

But there was One enthroned above,
  Who watched o'er Freedom's child,
And, with a kind, parental love,
  On its rude cradle smiled.

To save her in his mercy, He
  Three humble peasants chose,
And sent them forth unwittingly,
  To baffle her proud foes.

As David laid Goliah low,
  Armed with a sling and stone,
So did they baffle that proud foe,
  By honest hearts alone.

For well and truly is it said,
  Wherever man has trod,
An honest man, however bred,
  Is the noblest work of God.

Three young Westchester lads were out,
  To catch cow-boys and skinners,
Who scoured the country round about—
  A band of desp'rate sinners.

They scourged the land, above, below,
  In darkness and in day;
Robbing alike both friend and foe,
  When they came in their way.

At Kingsbridge lay the British ranks,
  In many a bristling band:
On Croton river's woody banks
  The patriot soldiers stand.

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And 'twixt the lines no safety was,
  No violence restrained;
There was no gospel, and no laws,
  For boundless license reigned.

The churches lay in ruins round,
  The windows broken all;
And ne'er was heard the anthem's sound,
  Or pious pastor's call.

His flock was scattered far and near;
  Some battling with the foe,
And some dispersed in exile drear,
  Whither no one might know.

Where erst was heard the noisy crew,
  Babbling their lessons o'er,
Old cobwebs o'er the threshold grew,
  And voice was heard no more.

And in the darkness of the night,
  When Daylight shut her eye,
Oft might be seen a lurid light
  Shooting athwart the sky.

From some poor farmer's roof it came,
  Or barn that held his store:
His all had perished in the flame—
  He had a home no more.

The skinners and the cow-boys reigned
  Lords of each man's abode;
And ruthless Yagers, unrestrained,
  Like blighting tempests rode.

To catch some of this lawless band,
  Three lads were out one day;
With steady step, and steady hand,
  They kept their cautious way.

John Paulding was the leader's name,
  Van Wart and Williams too;
Striplings, they were unknown to fame,
  But their hearts were stout and true.

Their bosoms throbbed in Freedom's cause,
  Their arms were at her will;
And whether up or down she was,
  They were her vot'ries still.

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It chanced, or else 't was Heaven's high will,
As thus along they strode,
They came to where a purling rill
Glided across the road,

Spanned by a rustic bridge of rails,
Without a nail or pin,
In crossing which the teamster quails,
Lest horse and man fall in.

Here, peering forth towards the north,
O'er a long level space,
They saw a horseman pricking forth,
With brisk and hurried pace.

And, swift as thought, the striplings three
Hied to the wood hard by,
Where each, behind a friendly tree,
Kept watch with eager eye.

For seldom in that border land
Was such a figure seen;
Gaunt Poverty there took his stand,
And Hunger, pale and lean.

Rags were the livery they wore,
Such as we scarecrows call;
And never horse a rider bore—
The cow-boys stole them all.

As to the bridge the horseman drew,
His horse came to a stand;
The rider hotly urged him through,
With spur and whip in hand.

Aut still he would not budge an inch
Across the bridge so frail;
No wonder that a horse should flinch
From riding on a rail.

'T was then that John, from out the wood,
Dashed forth with might and main;
Before the startled rider stood,
And seized his bridle-rein.

"Stand, and dismount!" the stripling cried,
"And tell me quick your name;
"And why in such hot haste you ride,
"Where go, and whence you came!"

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The horseman from his pocket drew
  A folded paper scroll,
And holding it full in his view,
  Cried, "This will tell you all."

It proved a pass from that foul knave,
  Abhorred by every one,
Which full permission freely gave,
  To one John Anderson,

To come and go, 'twixt friend and foe,
  From let or hindrance free,
And ride above, or ride below,
  Just as the case might be.

"My business, friend, requires despatch,
  "Beware of what you do;
"Lest you, belike, a Tartar catch,
  "And burn your fingers too."

John stood a little stump'd a while,
  Then let the bridle go;
When the horseman asked him, with a smile,
  "What news from friends below?"*

Now, friends below meant enemies
  To friends of liberty;
So John again the reins did seize,
  And hold right lustily.

"Excuse me, Sir," the stripling said,
  "Your friends are none of mine;
"And you a secret have betrayed,
  "That marks some deep design.

"Dismount! be quick! dismount, I say,
  "Or you and I'll be two;
"And if we come to cudgel-play,
  "That play mayhap you'll rue.

"Your horse and you are too well fed
  "To come from above, I trow;
"And you, with cheeks so plump and red,
  "Are a spy, for aught I know."

* This strange question, for which André has been charged with the most extraordinary folly or indiscretion, is accounted for very naturally. Paulding had only a few days before escaped from the old Sugar House in New York, where he was a prisoner, and on his way home encountered a party of cow-boys and skinners, who stripped him of his clothes, and gave him in exchange an old uniform coat of a British soldier, which, having no other, he wore on this occasion. This led to the question which proved so fatal to André, and so fortunate for our country.

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"Spy!" quoth the horseman, in low tone,
  And pale his cheek became.
"Dismount!" cries John, impatient grown,
  His bosom in a flame.

Unwillingly he touched the grorn d,
  And did as he was bid:
They sought the wood that spread around,
  Where John's co-mates were hid.

And then their pluck he sorely tried,
  And like a trooper swore,
That speedy vengeance would betide,
  For Arnold's pass he bore.

"Pass or no pass," quoth John, "I swear
  "You stir not from this spot,
"Till we have closely searched your gear—
  "For Arnold I care not."

They searched within, they searched without,
  And sought with much ado;
They turned his pockets inside out,
  But nothing came to view.

Quoth David Williams, "Let him go,"
  And so said Van Wart too;
But John as stoutly cried, "No, no,
  "There's something yet to do.

"We have not yet pulled off his boots,
  "And boots sometimes tell tales;
"So, if John Anderson it suits,
  "We'll cut his ten toe-nails."

But Anderson hung back outright,
  When it came to the pinch;
"Without a boot-jack, they're so tight,
  "They will not budge an inch."

Quoth John, "I'll be your boot-jack, then;
  "Sit down, sit down, I say;
"You have not had such serving-men,
  "I guess, this many a day."

And first the left boot off he drew,
  Only his foot was there;
But when the right foot came to view,
  The man was in despair.

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Inside the stocking, next his skin,
  A packet there was found,
That told a tale of horrid sin,
  And mischief most profound.

How Arnold, bought by British gold,
  Unmindful of his fame,
His country and its cause had sold,
  And damned a glorious name.

West Point and its defenders bold,
  Its cannon and its ball,
Its strongholds and its strong hearts sold,
  Redoubts, and forts, and all.

'T was but to come, and freely take
  What freely would be given;
And freedom then might quail and quake—
  No hope left but in Heaven.

John Anderson, when thus he found
  His plot was brought to light,
Up started quickly from the ground,
  All pale with sore affright.

And from his pouch his watch he drew,
  His watch of glittering gold,
And to the stripling's wondering view,
  The tempting prize did hold.

"This, and a thousand guineas more,
  "If you will let me go."
But John and his bold comrades swore,
  By Heaven, 't should not be so.

"A thousand guineas ten times told
  "Your freedom will not buy:
"If Arnold has his country sold,
  "By Heaven, so will not I."

To the nearest post off did they skim,
  Where Jameson held rule,
And there they straight delivered him
  To that old doting fool.

He let him write to Arnold straight,
  Who swift away did fly,
And thus escaped a traitor's fate,
  All on the gallows high.

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Second to none but that high name
  That dims all names beside;
Second to none in guilt and shame,
  The traitor lived and died.

And though he 'scaped a traitor's doom,
  The death of infamy,
His memory, in all time to come,
  A byword aye shall be;

As one, and one alone, who stands
  Amid a host of honored names;
A blot on freedom's patriot bands,
  The glorious list that shames.

But André—for that was his name—
  The famous British Spy,
Soon died a death—the soldier's shame—
  Upon the gallows high.

His last words at the fatal tree,
  Just as the knot was tied,
"Bear witness all that hear for me,
  "I like a soldier died."

And so he did—and well he might
  Die like bold Briton's son;
For when his spirit took its flight,
  Two worlds were looking on.

Now Freedom, from her bloody bier,
  Upraised her drooping head,
And straight began a new career,
  To victory that led.

The land was saved, the cause was won,
  A prostrate world arose;
A race of glory was begun;
  Pray Heaven it never close!

An infant had this day its birth,
  A star of Bethlehem shone,
To light the wandering sons of earth
  To Freedom's hallowed throne.

Honor to those who fought and bled!
  Honor to those who bribes withstood!
Whether in court or cottage bred,
  They smack of noble blood.

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May future times new honors bring,
Long years their fame renew;
And some more lofty minstrel sing
THE THREE GOOD MEN AND TRUE.

SUPPLEMENTARY VISIT TO THE MOON.

BY PILGRIM PROGRESS, JUN.

GENTLE, or rather genteel reader, for I covet no others, congratulate me! I have got out of my "corner," not only without being a lame duck, but with a beautiful addition to my plumage. I have feathered my nest pretty handsomely, and fairly cornered my adversaries, two of whom have gone limping off to California, a third to Australia, and a fourth to Washington to see if he can pick up a crumb or a crust among the loaves and fishes. I have given the latter a strong letter of recommendation, as he owes me a few thousands, which I have no expectation he will ever be able to pay except through Executive bounty.

If I could spare time, and calculate on the patience of my readers, I would initiate them into the mysteries of this fashionable game of "cornering," which is very different from puss in the corner; but, on second thought, that is quite unnecessary, as, thanks to the electric telegraph, the Collins line, and the locomotives, the most ignorant persons may be said not only to know everything that has happened, but everything that will happen in a reasonable time to come, at least in this mundane sphere. Having so completely succeeded in "annihilating space and time," those two great enemies of progress, all we have now to do is to make the most of the fact, and pass our newly acquired eternity in travelling from Dan to Beërsheba, and back again, picking up news, wisdom, and money by the way. I shall therefore proceed with my journal without further preface.

Having pretty well exhausted one horn of the moon in my late excursion, I determined, by way of variety, to proceed to a different quarter, and accordingly landed on that horn which was exactly opposite to the one I had previously visited. And here I must digress for a moment to expose the ignorance of the astronomers who have decked this respectable planet with a pair of horns, as if it were a Durham bull, a mountain goat, or a Parisian husband; whereas, I assure my readers, on the veracity of a traveller, that the moon is as des-

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titute of horns as any single gentleman of my acquaintance. This is one of the many calumnies invented by the telescope-philosophers to impose on the credulity of their learned readers, who believe everything they see in print, or that takes refuge under the respectable mantle of science and philosophy.

My first obstacle on landing was my utter ignorance of the language of the people of this part of the moon, or rather, their utter ignorance of mine, which, though not generally deemed of much consequence by travellers, is, I assure my readers, a very considerable impediment in the way of obtaining accurate information. I soon, however, discovered that, like the Indians of the prairies, among whom I once spent a hunting season, they were very expert at signs, and had, in fact, arrived at that great desideratum, a universal language, by which they communicated through this medium. We accordingly soon came to understand each other, so far as that they comprehended me when I requested to be provided with a teacher to aid me in acquiring a thorough knowledge of the universal language.

I should not omit to state, that, on first landing, I was surrounded by a crowd of the most polite vagabonds I ever saw, each one recommending his carriage as the best possible vehicle for speed, safety, cheapness, and convenience. A decent-looking bystander, however, cautioned me by signs against these fellows, who, though prohibited by law, were accustomed to welcome strangers, as mosquitoes do, by bleeding them pretty freely. I thanked him for his kindness, but informed him, through my dragoman, that I came to see the country, and make acquaintance with the people, and that, as fast travelling was, in my opinion, incompatible with the attainment of these objects, I had determined to prosecute my journey on foot. On hearing this, the crowd began to exhibit decided symptoms of hostility, and I verily believe would have mobbed me, had not my friendly adviser, who, I found, was a police officer, succeeded in dispersing them by breaking some half dozen of their heads with his shillelah. He, however, earnestly advised me to give up my pedestrian plan, it being the universal opinion among the better sort of people in this part of the moon, that a man who made use of his legs in walking was little better than a four-footed beast.

As expense was no object to me since my triumphant escape from "the corner," and as I was willing to pass for a traveller of some distinction, I requested my dragoman to engage a vehicle, premising that I did not care much about the

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carriage and horses, but was very particular about having an intelligent driver, ftom whom I might gather an accurate knowledge of the people and the country, after the manner of our most intelligent travellers. My dragoman complied to the very letter by engaging a confounded rickety concern, drawn by a pair of horses that, after making several desperate attempts at a trot, soon tapered off into a snail's gallop. But the driver turned out a gem, as I soon discovered, for he not only knew the name of the owner of every house in sight, but amused me with all the scandalous stories connected with them, and their ancestors, as far back as the fourth generation. I found this mode of acquiring a knowledge of the country from stage-drivers and tavern-keepers, whom I never failed to question, saved me a vast deal of trouble, and confidently recommend it to all future travellers.

I soon found I had made a judicious selection of carriage and horses, for we travelled so slowly that I had ample opportunities for seeing the country; and, as if to afford still greater, my vehicle broke down, or required repairing at least once a day on an average. The country in which I commenced my travels was called the Empire of Progress, where, as I soon discovered, nothing was stationary, for even the houses ran on wheels, the milestones were striving to get before each other, and it was against the law for any man to stand still a moment. As it was a received maxim that everything in the country was more or less wrong, and therefore required to be corrected, the whole body politic was in a state of confusion, and my driver informed me that there was neither religion nor government, law nor gospel, as all were undergoing such rapid changes, that no man could possibly keep pace with them. The whole country, he said, was directed by the philosophers, who, however, differed so much in their theories, that there was no general rule of conduct, and every man did pretty much as he pleased, provided he did not violate "the higher law," and acted according to his conscience. I, however, afterwards discovered that they were not totally destitute of religion, as they had a tutelary saint called St. Rumbold, who died two days after he was born, and was, consequently, free from all taint but that of original sin. It was considered the highest proof of being behind the spirit of improvement for a man to resort to experience in the direction of his conduct, as that was only going back to the dark ages; and conseqently I found that the great object of these people was not so much the acquisition of knowledge as to unlearn all they had learned before. Though their chronology consisted of so

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many figures as to be in their own peculiar idiom "unspeakably inexpressible," they maintained that the inhabitants of the moon had made little or no progress during all that time, and that it was reserved to the people of the Empire of Progress to bring everything to perfection.

Having so much business on hand, it may well be supposed they could not afford to be idle a single moment, and accordingly I never in all my life saw such a set of busybodies. If a man had no business of his own, he considered it his bounden duty to interfere with that of others, as every soul of them, without exception, believed himself wiser than his neighbors, and, indeed, all the rest of the world put together. As to the old maxims, "There is no accounting for tastes," and that "What is one man's meat is another man's poison," they scouted them as obsolete errors of that stupendous old blunderer, Experience, who, they asserted, had led mankind into more mistakes than all the profound inexperience of the present age could rectify. The great maxim of the philosophers of the Empire of Progress was, that the good of the whole being the same as the good of all its parts, it was incumbent on every man, instead of minding his own business, to interfere with that of others, by which means all would be properly attended to. Not only this, but every man considered it a point of conscience to undertake the direction of that of his neighbor, in which term he included the entire human race, for whose present and future welfare he considered himself strictly responsible. Nay, they went still further, and undertook to prescribe what their neighbors should eat, and what they should drink, and to cap the climax of their presumption, having, as they boasted, "overcome both space and time," they were at this period busily employed in conquering the elements, and reducing them into instruments entirely subservient to the general happiness of the entire human race.

Their great lever for reforming, or, in fact, remodelling society, according to first principles, was the organization of societies for every conceivable purpose. These had multiplied to such an extent, that it might be said there was no such thing as community among them, as it was split up into an infinite series of conflicting or opposite opinions, interests and objects. Although professing to make no distinctions among mankind, and to be laboring for the general benefit of the entire human race, they agreed in no one single purpose, and so far from co-operating, were animated by a bitter spirit of jealous rivalry to perpetual interference with each other. At

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one place, where my carriage broke down, and I was delayed three days, I was surprised to find every body in a state of great excitement on the occasion of a horse throwing his rider, and breaking his collar-bone, in consequence of being frightened by a boy flying his kite. After several public meetings, and most eloquent and thrilling speeches, a society was forthwith instituted to prevent boys from flying kites.

On another occasion, and at the very next stage where my carriage broke down again, the community was in a state of great excitement in consequence of a poor man having been choked by a fish-bone, and in like manner a society was got up to prevent the eating of fish. Thus, wherever I went, I found the good people of the Empire of Progress making war against every amusement and every enjoyment of life, which, by any accident or abuse, might in rare solitary cases produce disagreeable consequences. The only exception I noticed was in every man making a reservation in favor of that indulgence to which he was exclusively addicted. Their own peculiar tastes and appetites, I observed, were always either wholly exempted, or handled with gloves, while those of all others were scourged with nettles without mercy. This appeared to me somewhat strange, where all professed to be laboring for the equal benefit of the entire human race, and I applied to my driver for a philosophical solution. Whereupon he replied, stopping his horses at the same time to let them gather breath, of which they had very little of their own to spare.

"You must know, stranger," said he, lighting his pipe, "we of the Empire of Progress hold it a bad rule that won't work both ways, and that as the good of the whole is the good of all its parts, so the good of all the parts is the good of the whole. If every man in the world is happy, it follows that all the world will be happy. Argal—as we say—the great object of every true lover of his species, is to attend to his own happiness; and, consequently, in making war against the vices or crimes of his fellow-creatures, he should always treat to his own as a sort of neutral in the contest. By this means he reforms the rest of the world at the cheapest rate, and without the sacrifice of any portion of what he considers essential to his own enjoyment. This is, as it were, killing two birds with one stone, and harmoniously combines the good of the whole with that of all its parts. It is rather a difficult matter to bring about, but we expect to accomplish it by the aid of societies, which will make exterminating war upon every indulgence or recreation for which they have no taste themselves,

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and in which they consequently feel no temptation to indulge." I thought this a most excellent mode of reforming the world, most especially as it may be done at the expense of other people. To restrain the freedom of action in others, and preserve it for ourselves, is what may be called the perfection of modern philanthropy. On one occasion I attended a meeting, called for the purpose of establishing a society for the prevention of war, presided over by a venerable old Quaker lady, where I found them discussing a motion to include pestilence and famine. It was objected that the latter was impossible, but a zealous philanthropist maintained that the impossibility of a thing was no objection to its being attempted, and accordingly pestilence and famine were included.

Among the people of the Empire of Progress, it is becoming the prevailing opinion that capital punishments are, notwithstanding the authority of holy writ, unjustifiable on any principle of humanity or of natural law. They think that, though one man has a sort of natural discretion in taking the life of another, the same privilege is not inherent in society. Accordingly, every man condemned to death for murder, is considered as a sort of martyr to the severity, or rather injustice of the law, a victim immolated on the altar of a cowardly apprehension for the general safety. This sect, or society, has great faith in what the members call "*moral suasion*," and is fully persuaded that the best way to prevent crime is to afford every criminal an opportunity of repeating it. The probability, they think, is, that he will get tired at last, and resort to some other mode of amusement. For this purpose, the chief magistrates are invested with the prerogative of mercy, which they exercise in pardoning a great portion of the delinquents.

I remember, on one occasion, arriving at a great city, I found the people in a state of feverish excitement, as indeed the Progressives always are about something or other. It is the great instrument of lunar action, the *primum mobile* of all moral and political machinery. If any one wishes to carry a point with the people, he never appeals to their reason, but gets up an excitement, which, like a tornado, carries all before it, and overcomes all opposition. There are members of these societies, whose special business it is to "get up excitements," as the phrase is, some of whom are so expert in the business that they can make a great excitement out of the bursting of a beer-barrel, and set a whole community in a blaze by the explosion of a Chinese cracker. I saw one of these at work one day. He was rolling a tub about with great vigor,

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and, at first, I took him for a disciple of Diogenes. To settle my doubts, I, as usual inquired of my driver, who explained the matter to my satisfaction.

"Stranger," said he, "next to a drum, an empty tub is the best possible agent in getting up an excitement, because in rolling it over the pavement it makes a great noise. Some prefer a series of lectures; others calling a public meeting, others getting up a society, and others by spiritual knockings; but after seeing all these tried over and over again, I am clearly of opinion there is nothing like rolling an empty tub for getting up an excitement."

I found the present excitement was occasioned by the approaching execution of an "unfortunate man"—nobody is guilty among this new school of philanthropists, who depend altogether on "moral suasion." He had committed a series of atrocious crimes, among which was the murder of his own father. In short, he had reached the terrible sublime of guilt, and it was the universal opinion that, if he had only taken the right course, he would have been one of the greatest heroes on record. Owing to the fag end of the ages of barbarism that still maintained itself among the old fogies of the Empire of Progress, this unfortunate man, who had taken a wrong turn, had been found guilty by a jury of old fogies, and sentenced, by an old fogy of a judge, to be capitally punished. In deference to the feelings of the moral suasionists, his execution was to be private, in order that the example might operate more powerfully upon the public, it being held as a received maxim, that what people read, or heard of, made a much deeper impression than what they saw with their own eyes.

The execution was therefore to take place in the yard of the gaol, which was encompassed by a high wall, and only a few select amateurs were to be admitted by tickets as a special favor. It was truly surprising to see the eagerness with which these tickets were sought after, insomuch that I was credibly informed some of them sold as high as from fifty to a hundred dollars. What was still more surprising, as I thought, all sympathy for the victims of this man's atrocities was entirely absorbed in pity for himself and his sufferings, and the women more especially lamented his hard fate. Some of them made great interest to get a lock of his hair, and one in particular had procured a button of his coat, which she cherished with as much devotion as if it had been a relic of St. Rumbold himself.

All hope of pardon having been extinguished, the "unfortu-

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nate man" had, the night previous to his execution, made a full confession of a series of crimes that would have been deemed most revolting to the feelings of mankind in the dark ages, being assured by his spiritual guides, that by so doing he would make ample atonement, and insure his future happiness. To make short of my story, the "unfortunate man" became the universal theme of the public papers; his person, dress, and behahavior were chronicled with the most minute and scrupulous veracity; his last words and his last looks were not forgotten, and the public was comforted with the assurance that, having died a sincere penitent, there could be no doubt of his now being a saint in heaven. A certificate to that effect was signed by three clergymen who attended him in his last moments. Having very serious doubts on the subject, I inquired of my driver whether he did not think this course of proceeding might not have a tendency to encourage crime by thus making it the object of universal sympathy; whether, in fact, it might not operate to give a wrong direction to that sympathy by enlisting it in behalf of the perpetrator rather than the victim of the crime, and, what was still more dangerous, leading men to the commission of crime, only that they might insure not only pardon but reward hereafter, by a timely repentance at the last moment. To me it seemed very much like offering a premium to crime, by making it a sort of short-cut to the regions of eternal happiness.

"By no means, stranger," replied he; "we consider the subject in this point of view; we don't believe the fear of punishment deters any one from the commission of crime, because, in that case, there would be no crime in the world; but that, as crimes still continue to be committed in spite of the fear of punishment, punishments are entirely unnecessary, and, being unnecessary, are an outrage on humanity."

"But," replied I, "though all crimes may not be prevented by the fear of punishment, how can you tell to what extent it may prevent them? It is no valid objection to any law, that a thing will sometimes be done by somebody or other that is forbidden by the law. It may still operate as a general restraint, though ineffectual in particular instances."

"That is not what we want, stranger," said my philosophical driver. "We require some preventive of crime that will operate in all cases without exception. This can only be found in 'moral suasion,' which, if it could only be brought to bear with equal force on all mankind, would, doubtless, bring about that state of perfectibility which would obviate the necessity of any punishment, either here or

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hereafter. We believe this to be possible, and are aiming at its accomplishment."

"Very well," I replied, "the project is no doubt very feasible. But don't you think, my friend, that, by this mawkish sensibility for the most abandoned criminals, a false direction is given to human sympathy, as in the case of the man who has just suffered the penalty of his numerous crimes? It seems that he has in his time made more than one widow, and many orphans; that he has defrauded many persons of their property, and reduced them to beggary; and that in various other ways he has created a great mass of human suffering. I did not hear a word of sympathy for these poor victims, nor can I learn that any efforts have been made in their behalf. It seems to me that these are the proper objects of sympathy. Where are they—what has become of them—and what has been done for their relief?"

"O, we leave these to Providence, which never fails to take care of the unfortunate."

"Very well—drive on, coachy."

After travelling a few miles over very bad roads,—it being a maxim with these people that, as it was impossible to keep all the roads in good condition, there was no use in attempting it with any, as that would be a violation of the great principle of equality,—the carriage, as usual, broke down just as we entered a large village, which, like the city we had just left, was also in a state of intense excitement. On inquiry, I soon learned that the sciences of mesmerism and spiritual knockings were making great progress towards perfectibility, and that a famous professor, accompanied by several first-rate mediums, was just about delivering a lecture, to be followed by various experimental illustrations.

Being what is termed an inquisitive traveller, I determined to attend on this occasion, and accordingly, after paying entrance-money, took a seat among the amateurs of the celestial science. The lecturer was a sleek, oily, round-faced little man, whose face bore a decided expression of roguery and sensuality. He began by explaining the first principles of the science of spiritual knockings, which he did to the great delight of his hearers, not one of whom could understand him. This, he said, was his great object, since in this age of progress one of the greatest recommendations of a science was its being altogether incomprehensible. It required, he said, no better proof that the science he was about to unfold to them was of a much higher grade than any hitherto propounded, than that it was above all human capacity, since what man-

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kind could readily comprehend, could lay claim to no higher dignity than that of earthly origin. He talked a great deal about electricity, made himself merry with Franklin and his kite, which he called a bird of ill omen, and gave it as his confirmed conviction that it was destined to become, at no distant period, the medium of disclosing all the hidden mysteries of matter and spirit. In short, he completely succeeded in not only stultifying his readers, but himself; and, though I have always flattered myself that I could see as far into a millstone as most people, I am obliged to make the mortifying confession that he succeeded in convincing me I knew nothing of the matter, and that he himself was equally ignorant, the latter of which conclusions in some measure reconciled me to the former.

After this, he set the mediums to work, who performed various slight-of-hand tricks, but not with half the dexterity of Professor Anderson, or Professor Blitz. I shall only trouble my readers with one example, as they were all without exception much more rationally to be accounted for on the supposition of a combination of the different actors in a scheme of deception, than by a resort to spiritual agency. Some specimens of poetry of deceased poets, and of passages from the Hebrew Bible, were produced as proofs of spiritual agency; but I must confess that, if genuine, the transition from the corporeal to the spiritual state is not very favorable either to poetical inspiration, or biblical learning, for I never heard more tame or lame poetry, and the specimens of Hebrew would have broke Priscian's head to a certainty. In short, I soon grew tired of this gross mummery and imposture, and, the carriage being now repaired, proceeded on my journey, in the full conviction that the people of the Empire of Progress, if they became perfect in nothing else, were in a fair way of becoming perfect noodles.

Leaving the Empire of Progress, we crossed over a small arm of the sea, and entered the confines of the Isle of Engines, as it was called, where the men were all machines, and everything was done by "Power." My driver was enthusiastic in praise of this country, which indeed exhibited all the outward indications of prosperity and happiness. The meadows were green and luxuriant, the fields in admirable order, and crowned with redundant harvests; but, somehow or other, the people did not seem to enjoy the blessings around them. They displayed none of that brisk alacrity of body and hilarity of spirit which are the usual characteristics of a happy people; and I saw nothing of those rural

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sports and relaxations which might be expected where all were apparently in possession of every comfort of life. Almost every man I saw appeared discontented with his lot; and if gayety is one of the indications of happiness, they were the most miserable people in the world; for I never heard a good hearty laugh all the time I remained among them.

"Strange," observed I to my driver; "these people seem possessed of all the constituents of happiness, yet do not seem happy. What can be the reason?"

"Why, stranger," replied he, stopping his vehicle (as he always did when about to philosophise), "why, stranger, the fact is that men are at a discount in this country. As almost everything is done here by machinery, there is little or no use for human labor, and men are wanted only to attend on steam-engines and spinning-jennies. These labor-saving machines do pretty much all the work, and at a so much cheaper rate, that, unless merely for the purpose of attending on them, men are of no use whatever. Wages are therefore so low, that everything can be done cheaper than elsewhere; and the consequence is, that the Isle of Engines supplies almost all the inhabitants of the Moon with everything they want."

"Ay," said I, "by diminishing the wages of labor among themselves, curtailing the means of comfort among the laborers, and decreasing the demand for their employment."

"By no means, sir," answered he; "you are all wrong. The result is exactly the contrary. The introduction of labor-saving machines has produced none of those consequences; none, I assure you."

"How do you make that out?" said I.

"Why, stranger, you see that, after all, these labor-saving machines are not exactly labor-saving machines, and consequently do not in the least interfere with the demand for human labor. Take the steam-engine, for example: First, there is the labor of erecting the furnace and other necessary buildings; the digging of the ore; the melting, smelting, and preparing the iron for use; the task of adapting every part of the engine to its proper object, and finally fitting it up for practical use. All these operations require the labors of men; and if we combine the whole together we shall find, that as much of human labor is required in constructing an engine, as that engine can afterwards perform with the assistance of its superintending officers."

"Then, if no labor is saved by these labor-saving machines,

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where is the use of expending so much labor in constructing them? It all comes to the same thing at last."

"Why, don't you see, stranger," exclaimed my driver, impatiently, "don't you see that their construction gives employment to a great number of people?"

"And don't you see, my friend, that it afterwards deprives a great number of people of employment?"

"Not at all, stranger. It makes everything so cheap, that, as I told you before, the Isle of Engines supplies the whole Moon with its manufactures."

"And how is this cheapness produced? Is it not by cheapening human labor by the substitution of machinery? My good friend, you have got into a dilemma, I think. Either these labor-saving machines must supersede human labor, or they answer no purpose whatever. But it is plain, from your own showing, that this cheapness of its products is owing entirely to the inadequacy of the wages of labor, and that this country is thus enabled to supply the rest of the world, at the cost of those who furnish the means of so doing: in other words, it grows rich at the expense of its own people, not others."

Hereupon my driver impatiently lashed his team into a desperate trot, and I overheard him grumbling, in an undertone, "You'd better go and study a little political economy, and then you might learn something of these matters."

In truth, the more I saw of this country, the more I became convinced that all is not gold that glitters. One day, while dinner was preparing, I strolled into the fields, as is my custom in travelling, when I met a farmer getting in his harvest, in one of the finest fields of wheat I ever saw. I told him so, and congratulated him on his prosperity.

"Ah! sir," replied he, "I should be prosperous indeed if this were all mine. But I pay two guineas an acre rent to my landlord, besides one-tenth of its produce to the tithingman, and taxes to the government on light, air, and almost every other enjoyment of existence. I am obliged to labor incessantly, and incur perpetual expense in buying manure, in order to make the land sufficiently productive to pay these rents, tithes, and taxes, and, when all is done, I every year find myself poorer than I was the year before. There is little use in exerting myself, for I am only working for the landlord, the church, and the king. I think of giving up my lease, if I am not turned out soon, and going over the water yonder to the Untied States, where I hear I can do much better, and perhaps escape the poor-house."

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On another occasion, I entered a cottage to ask for a glass of water. It was one of the prettiest and most tidy I had ever seen, and everything without and within bespoke comfort, if not competency. The only occupant at home was a respectable middle-aged woman, who received me courteously, and in handing a glass of water said—

"Ah! sir, I am sorry I cannot offer you a glass of milk or beer, as I have heard my mother say was the custom when she was young. But we cannot now afford to drink even our own milk; and before we swallow a mug of beer we must pay double price to the king."

Seeing me look round the comfortable room, as if rather incredulous of her poverty, she continued—

"You may think, sir, I am only making excuses. It is true, as you see, that we are comfortably lodged, and that everything looks decent, for it is the pride of the women of this country to preserve decency and cleanliness, even when they can do nothing else. But, though comfortably lodged, we are miserably fed, and what seems very strange, while everybody says the country is growing more and more prosperous, and the land flowing with milk and honey, neither milk nor honey falls to our lot."

I inquired if she were a widow, and she replied—

"No, sir; my husband sprained his ancle a few days ago, and cannot work just now. He has been forced to go to the poor-house for the present, as I cannot support him and the children, who are too young yet for the factory. But you will excuse me, sir; I must not neglect my work, or we shall all starve together. I should not mind working, if we could but earn a living. But to work and want is rather too much for human nature." On taking leave, I offered the good woman a small modicum of my gains in Canton stock, which she modestly, yet firmly, declined, saying, "We are not yet so poor as to sell water."

I next visited a cotton manufactory, where I saw scores of little human machines tending various portions of the machinery. Some of them were not more than six or seven years old, and I was told this was their constant employment, during the whole of their natural lives, from morning till night, from day to day, week to week, year to year, till the machine is quite worn out. They looked pale, sickly, witless, and vacant, as if both mind and body were sinking together for want of proper exercise and food, and, together with their mothers and fathers, who were likewise employed in the factory, seemed equally undergoing the process of moral as

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well as physical deterioration. I was told that a whole family thus laboring, father, mother, and children, with very short intervals, from sunrise till sunset, could, with great difficulty, earn sufficient to keep soul and body together.

In the course of my journey, I made myself familiar with the condition of this nation of men machines, and found that, with the exception of the privileged orders, and the more wealthy of other classes, this island, said to be the richest in the Moon, contained more miserable people than any country I had ever visited. On making this remark to my driver, he coolly replied—

"Yes, stranger, so you might suppose, but the fact is not exactly so. They are educated, or rather brought up—for few of them can read or write—to believe themselves the freest, happiest people in the Moon, and there is scarcely one among them who cannot be persuaded that a crust of bread is a shoulder of mutton, and that all the nationso n the continent are little better than beggars and slaves. All that is necessary to the happiness of mankind is a belief that they are better off than their neighbors. They must be very unreasonable if this don't satisfy them."

Wishing to avoid being tedious, I shall omit a variety of curious particulars concerning this very remarkable island. There is one, however, which I cannot avoid mentioning. They are very charitable, since, as my driver assured me, no one knew how soon he might come upon the parish himself, and thus their charity may be almost said to begin at home. They are also a people of great gravity, and so slow in their motions that, though they get through a great deal of labor, they always appear to be standing still. One of their peculiarities is their always shaking each other with the left hand, as my driver assured me, but this I could hardly believe, until it was confirmed by the tavern-keeper, who charged me pretty handsomely for his testimony, in his bill.

Leaving the Isle of Engines, we crossed over another and broader arm of the sea, and landed in a vast country, called the Untied States, consisting, as my driver told me, of a great number of separate communities united under one system of government, though, as I aftewards heard, they seldom agreed in anything. This country was in what is called the growing state, and everything in a course of such a rapid transition, that I every day found the notes I made the day preceding had become obsolete before the next morning. It was impossible for me to keep pace with the march of mind, and the progress of improvement, and my driver assured me that

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the only way I could do so, was by anticipation. "You must not only look ahead, but go ahead," said he, "or you will be left behind, out of sight." I shall, therefore, confine myself to a few particulars of a more general character.

The government of this great country, which comprehended a considerable portion of this quarter of the Moon, was totally different from that of the surrounding nations, and I soon found that my driver, in spite of his universal intelligence, and clearness of perception, only involved himself in obscurity when he attempted an explanation. I, therefore, applied to a very intelligent citizen, with whom I formed an acquaintance, who undertook to supply the deficiency. He informed me that the government was established on the same principle as the solar system, and depended altogether for its action on attraction and repulsion; in other words, the centripetal and centrifugal force. Thus each member of the confederation, like the planets, revolved round the central government, which represented the sun, by the operation of the centripetal force, while, at the same time, it was protected by the centrifugal force, which repelled it when it came so near as to be in danger of becoming absorbed in the great vortex of the central power. Thus the entire system was kept in harmonious operation by these two entirely opposite forces, which, though in perpetual conflict, never interfered with each other so long as they preserved a proper equilibrium.

"But," coutinued he, "the great difficulty is to preserve this equilibrium, and prevent the centripetal from getting the upper hand of the centrifugal force, and *vice versa*. There is much diversity of opinion on this subject, which has resulted in the formation of two great parties, one called the Centripetal, the other the Centrifugal, which are in perpetual conflict, and disturb the equilibrium of the system as one or other attains the ascendency. The consequence is, that it runs into great eccentricities, and is liable to perpetual changes. When the Centripetalists get the upper hand, every member of the confederation tends to the centre, and there is great danger of all the members being consolidated into one; on the contrary, when the Centrifugalists rule, there is equal danger of their flying off in a tangent beyond the reach of the power of attraction, and instead of being parts of a great system, aspiring to be independent of it altogether. On one or other of these rocks we are in danger of being wrecked, and it requires great skill in the pilot to avoid either, as the channel between them is very difficult."

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I inquired how the system worked, and its effects on the general prosperity and happiness of the people.

"Hitherto," replied he, "it has performed wonders, and called forth the admiration of surrounding nations. The progress of the country in the attainment of all those advantages which are supposed to constitute the sum of human happiness is without parallel; and though other causes may have assisted in bringing it about, there can be no doubt the great cause of all must be sought in the principles on which the government is based. The rivalry of the States, so long as it does not degenerate into a base and exclusive selfishness, is one of the greatest incitements to exertion; and the freedom of the citizen in the exercise of his mental and physical powers, as well as the enjoyment of their fruits, is one of the most powerful of all stimulants to activity and exertion. The consequences you will see at every step you take into the country, and you will be compelled to acknowledge that, if the proof of the pudding is in the eating, this is, beyond doubt, the best government in the world."

Thanking him for his information, I proceeded on my journey, and, wherever I went, realized all that my friend had boasted. Every body and every thing was in motion, all going ahead, as the phrase was, and all striving to overtake each other. Each one was puffing to get before, and not a few had tumbled down, and broken their heads in going ahead. I saw no milestones, and remarked this to my driver, who observed that single miles were of no consequence here, as the people reckoned by hundreds, and never thought they were going ahead under fifty miles an hour. I asked him if such rapid travelling was not rather dangerous.

"Why, sometimes it is, sir," said he, "but the people of the Untied States don't mind trifles, so long as they can go ahead. Every now and then, and, in fact, almost every day, some fifty or a hundred are killed or maimed in their eagerness to save time, especially those whose time is of no value, and a great public excitement is created. Meetings are called to denounce the captains and engineers of steamers, the conductors and flagmen of railroads; courts of justice and legislative bodies are invoked to punish the delinquents, or make laws for the prevention of such accidents; and the newspapers become most indignantly eloquent on the occasion, though the very next day, perhaps, you will find them puffing a steamer or railroad train for having travelled faster than any ever did before. What is equally remarkable, there is not a soul of

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the community, that will not, when about to take a journey, prefer the most speedy conveyance, neck or nothing, in a railroad car or a steamer, in order to arrive at the end fifteen minutes sooner."

"Then you think," said I, "that, after all, it is the people's own fault that they meet with these terrible accidents?"

"I do, indeed, stranger. But it is a great comfort for people to have somebody to blame besides themselves."

But, in spite of this inveterate propensity to fast travelling, which is here called "annihilating space and time," the two great obstacles to progress, I found the people had leisure to read newspapers and talk politics, besides looking out for a good speculation in the interim. In fact, they seemed equally divided between politics and speculation; so much so, that in many cases these seemed one and the same thing, and politics resolved itself into a good speculation in the loaves and fishes. As in a season of epidemic every disease resolves itself into the prevailing one, so everything becomes politics in the Untied States. Religion, Fanaticism, Teetotalism, and every other *ism* is gradually infused into the great menstruum of politics, and converted into political capital, insomuch that if you ask a man to what church he belongs, ten to one he answers, "I am a Centripetal, or a Centrifugalist." And yet, what is very remarkable, every man finds time to attend to his own business, especially those who make politics a profession.

The people of the Untied States lived under what was called a free government, or rather, as they said, governed themselves. They chose their own rulers, and made their own laws; but it would seem were seldom fortunate in the choice of the former, since they generally changed them the first opportunity; and in regard to the latter, they appeared hardly ever satisfied with their own work. They were continually mending, or making new ones, insomuch that I was assured they had multiplied to such an extent, that neither lawyers nor judges, much less the people, could tell exactly what they were. It was, however, generally believed they were always in favor of the client having the longest purse. But still the people were justly proud of their prerogative of law-making, not having yet discovered that communities, as well as individuals, may sometimes make a bad use of the power of self-government, and that men may become fettered by chains of their own forging.

Happening, one day, to stroll into a court of justice, I found it engaged in an appeal case, which had been six times decided in favor of one of the parties, in the inferior courts. It

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seems the people had lately called a convention to alter the constitution, principally with a view to simplifying the practice of the courts, and obviating the delays and expenses of lawsuits. For this purpose, they had established the right of appealing from an inferior court to a superior one, to the number of at least half a dozen, if I remember right, each one of which had the power of reversing the decisions of the others. I thought this rather a strange way of rendering the administration of the laws more simple, cheap, and expeditious, since there was little doubt that, in almost every case of any moment, the party, against whom a decision was given, would assuredly appeal, so long as there was a court to appeal to, and he had money to pay lawyers. Thus, out of one case, there would arise half a dozen, and every suit be lengthened in proportion.

On making this remark to a person who sat beside me, he replied, "That may be true, sir, but it cannot be denied that this right of appeal is highly favorable to the administration of justice, for, as in the multitude of counsellors there is safety, so is there in a multitude of judges and tribunals."

"I am not sure of that," I replied; "in almost every suit at law, the decision necessarily turns on human testimony, and it is of the utmost consequence that the court, and most especially the jury, should not only see, but hear that testimony. It is not merely what a witness says, but how he says it, that gives weight to his testimony. His appearance and manner are of the greatest consequence, and these circumstances are decisive, especially where there is any contradictory testimony. I have, more than once, seen witnesses I would not believe on their oath. Now, sir, if I understand the matter, these courts of appeal decide altogether on the record of the testimony, which merely gives the words of the witness, or the substance of what he said, without the slightest reference to those collateral circumstances that should give weight to his testimony, or deprive it of any weight whatever. For my part, I confess, if I was conscious of having justice on my side, I would greatly prefer trusting a county court, or even a county justice and jury, who had heard the testimony, and seen the witnesses, to a higher tribunal, that had done neither one nor the other." My friend did not seem to agree with me, and I don't wonder at it, for I found he was one of the counsel for the appellants.

On another occasion, I visited a court, where a trial was going on which involved a case of most stupendous fraud, accompanied, as was charged, by a complicated system of forgery and perjury. A witness had just been sworn on the

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Holy Evangelists to "tell the truth, *the whole truth*, and nothing but the truth," but it seemed to me that he was not permitted to tell anything. Every question that was asked, especially if it bore materially on the case, was objected to by the counsel on one side or the other; and in by far the greater portion of these cases, the court decided the objection to be valid. I really suspected his Honor was not a little biased in favor of the prisoner, but I may have done him injustice. It appeared to me evident, however, that, if it became the practice thus to arrest or garble the truth, it would be next to impossible to convict any criminal. A very respectable witness became irritated and impatient at these perpetual interruptions, and at length respectfully addressed the court: "May it please your Honor, I came here to tell all I know in relation to this case, and have solemnly sworn to tell not only the truth, but the whole truth. If I am not permitted to do this, my testimony, by being perpetually arrested before I have got half through, may be made to substantiate a falsehood, and involve me in perjury. Unless permitted to tell the whole truth, as I am sworn to do, I shall answer no more questions." Whereupon the honest man was forthwith committed for contempt of court; and as, though the most important of all the witnesses, he had not been permitted to testify to any material facts, the jury could not make up their minds; and thus ended a trial that had lasted for months, and cost the country vast sums of money.

My further researches into this remarkable country were unfortunately arrested by the breaking down of the carriage, by which accident my right leg was so seriously injured, that I suffered much pain, as well as a confinement of some weeks, at the end of which I returned to the Earth, a lame duck, I fear, for the rest of my life, notwithstanding my successful speculation in Canton stock.

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A NIGHT IN THE CLOUDS.

Doctor Sidney and I, had spent the evening together, as usual, in the enjoyment of a pipe and the discussion of a favorite theme. The supernatural engrossed our attention, and we rapidly brought to each others mind, the experiences of eminent persons, who believed they had super-mundane visitations, or were attended by apparitions or familiars. Pythagoras in the infernal regions; Socrates and his demon; Simon Magus, who bewitched the people of Samaria; Elymas, the Sorcerer of Cyprus, whom Paul struck blind; the beautiful phantom, which sounded Cæsar's advance across the Rubicon; Nero, haunted by his mother, Agrippina; Merlin, who

"In the pale navies of the chartered wind,"

carried those immense blocks of stone from Africa to Ireland, and afterwards to Salisbury Plain, and laid out the temple known as Stonehenge; Macbeth and the Witches, as chronicled by Holinshed; Joan of Arc, and her colloquies with Saints Margaret and Catharine, of Fierbois; Benvenuto Cellini, in the magic circle, in the Coliseum; Mozart and the apparition for whom he composed his Requiem; Swedenborg, solving the questions of the Queen of Sweden; these, and many other narratives, in a historic panorama moved through our brains.

We paced down the centuries together, with the magic mirror of history, which, like Banquo's, showed us a line of superstitions and wonders, stretching out to the "crack of doom." Farther than wonder, we could not, at many of those spectacles. They were so perfect and unaccountable: the machinery that moved them was so distant from the effect produced, that the mind was rather satisfied, as it always is, to take refuge in the supernatural, when it is tired on a thought-journey. Some instances, were plain as the work of the imagination, which in itself is something supra-mortal, or not to be classed among the general gifts of man, but few of that family being enriched with such wierd and self-sustaining potency. In others, we plainly discovered the earnest audacity of bold spirits who held the ignorant and superstitious as subjects. The age in which they lived demanded, and your Paracelsus, Cardan, Doctor Dee, supplied.

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"Oui, Monsieur, a barbe de fol on apprend à raire," said Sidney, aptly quoting the French proverb—"Yes, sir, men learn to shave on the chin of a fool."

"No doubt," responded I, "but the memories connected with those celebrated barbers are deeply interesting. They are 'representative men,' and if we contrast their lives with the times they made famous, we have the truest history of those times, their beliefs, superstitions, and necessities. A sea-shell found on a mountain top, is more eloquent than all the Evangelists, in preaching the ingratitude of a world, which caused a deluge, and hunted it from the gurgling mouth of the Red Sea, to the summit of the Andes. So the name of a Dunstan is sufficient of itself to brand the tenth century, in England, with profligacy, with the mistaken confidence of a stupidly superstitious people, who believed without reason, and reasoned without belief, with a zealous prejudice which not only made the people most abject tools, but made the King Edred grandson of Alfred the Wise, by the way, a sign-post on the path to the ambition of the Monk of whom he was a dupe, and forced another king (Edwy) to discard his beautiful wife, who after several noble attempts to escape, fell a victim to their branding irons and most Christian tortures. 'Dunstan' is synonymous with all that's bigoted in 'religion,' knavish in misused talent, unscrupulous in ambition, and unconscientious in all, yet he was not only tolerated, but by the exercise of his arts on the people, and by using the talismanic word 'Christ,' with an earnest debasing villany, was supported, revelled in disorganization, cried sacrilege against everything he was not consulted upon, gave a pleasing penance of licentiousness to all who became his dupes, ended his life in tranquil despotism, and was canonized."

"Amen!" devoutly ejaculated Sidney with one of his quiet smiles, "The history of the world might be written in a few names, as a single small bone found in a forest, can tell the anatomist what race peopled or passed it."

"It is true, these great men (for they were great if not all good men) are the keys by which we may unlock the ages—true!—the clock. One—two—three"—and counting the strokes, first in a clear tone and lowering as he proceeded, Sidney rose from his chair as he just audibly said "eleven."

"By the demon of Socrates how the time flew—eleven—I must apologise my dear Johannes—I did not intend to keep you from your work so late—your day is commencing, and by one o'clock, I dare be sworn you will be leagues from the earth. Imagination revels in the small hours. Good night—

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I would wish you a demon if the company of such would make you as good a philosopher as the Athenian. You will find some delightful tobacco—Orinocco—in the skull on my bureau. Good night."

"Good night."

I turned the key in the door, and trimming the fire, threw myself into a rocking chair before it.

My greatest pleasure, my supreme happiness when not in the companionship of that one soul from whom I can hold no secret, because it is of me, a part of me—myself!—my only solace when *her* warm breath is not making my cheek feel that it lives—when she is not sending joy and light into my brain, as oil into a student's lamp, is to sit mute and in self-abnegation of all around. To raise whatever of spirit that is in me from the body, and let it wander as the Air over the Earth; in some moods, as the perfume over the material flowers; in others, as the wild flame over the volcano it has discarded. In success or misfortue, this Spirit is my philosophic angel. In the former, it keeps me temperate and all-satisfied, for no success can equal its glory and its influence; in the latter, it comforts and equalizes my temperament, naturally hopoful, by showing in itself how little really of good is the influence of an earthly fame, at the same time that it judiciously encourages me still to glory in surmounting obstacles to attain the ideal it preaches. In both extremes, it is the equalizer. And from it all I do has its impetus. From some determination made to myself in such reveries, all my actions spring—do I live.

Some circumstances—struggles and glooms of student-life, which, however, like the night, have their starry hopes—unnecessary to detail, visited me in my solitude, and depressed me. I should have been at my pen for hours, but such strength does procrastination, and a giving-way to depression create in itself, that I continued in a deep reverie until the echoes of the mystic twelve from the time-piece in Sidney's room, woke me to a sense of my necessities.

Shaking myself, as uprising from an unsoothing sleep, I hastily arrayed my little table opposite the fire-place, took some requisite books from the shelf, planted my pen as a leader, a battalion of writing paper, and a magazine in the presence of an ink-bottle, all ready for active service in a midnight campaign. So far, good; and with a self-satisfying smile, I sought the skull of tobacco to perfect the commissariat department, which was to set all my forces on the march. I smoked! The tobacco *was* really delicious, partaking of

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the flavor of well-roasted coffee, and a slight aroma of cinnamon. Such was either the perversity of my temporary nature, or the new and absolute devotion to the tobacco, that I was perfectly callous to all the indicative monitions of pens, ink, and paper. Twice or thrice my eyes falling rather sharply and fixedly on the autorial implements, I slowly and would-be vacantly removed them to the books, and thence to the bowl of my pipe and the curling smoke, persuading myself that I did not see the paper at all, in fact, that there was no such thing in the world. I revelled in the smoke. That seductive tobacco! As the contents of the bowl diminished, a struggle between it and writing, crept by degrees into a very belligerent, though at the same time passively belligerent, attitude in my mind. Knowing that I should be wielding my baton, the pen, and marshalling the forces of my imagination, I was growing more unwilling to do so, and still mutely and tamely argued against such unwillingness. My imagination was very active, and I had a flood of thoughts ready to let lose, but cared not to unleash them. In fact, while the smoke excited and expanded the mind, it chained the body, and I found that I had not energy enough to fix my thoughts on paper. But then, what of my orignal resolution to commence my work that night? Time was short, and the day announced for publication, but scarcely affording printing room. Money too, gold, the "yellow earth" which rules all others—and buys books and bread, (for I could not think of living on my good friend the Doctor,) must be had. *Must*—yes, must be got. Truly, the time was *short*, but imagination was swift, and to commence that night I determined.

With all this energy and argument of mind, still did my body refuse. "Ha," thought I—"like the Chronothermalists, I will cure the disease by creating a greater—another pipe!" and rising with the thought, I refilled the bowl from the skull, mixing, however, with the tobacco nearly one-fourth opium, the power of which was to annihilate the weakness of the weed, and excite me into a marvel of industry. Putting some coals on the fire, I relit my pipe, and sat as heretofore in the chair to collect and arrange my thoughts, that they might come with the more ease in writing. The smoking *did* annihilate my lethargic state, but produced an excitement just as overpowering in an opposite degree.

A wild, fantasque light broke in upon my brain, and a weird, but delightful melody, filled my ears, now trembling with a plaintive, but not sorrowful strain, anon crooning a full-toned, but dreamy and sombre chorus, in which several

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tones enwreathed their mystic vibrations; and again, breaking off into the most impish notes, like laughing and mimicry set to elfin music. All were pleasing, and the ear was on a perfect stretch to keep pace with it. I felt it expanding, and feared that should the music cease, my head would collapse in the rushing out of the sounds that filled it. Presently all subsided into a seething mellowed hiss which one hears when he applies a conch to his ear. But the music came again and went, and came and died off to the hiss, and came again, and again, and never disagreeably.

At the same time that the melody ebbed and flowed upon my ear, myriads of dwarfs, and elves, and miss-shapen beings, leaped from every crevice, from the fire-place, from the bowl of my pipe; and from my mouth, as I puffed the smoke, thousands of things, which seemed all wings at first, sprang and grew as they ascended. A whole group of those danced round the edge of the candle, in turns darting into the flame, which grew blue and purple at each sacrifice. The larger devils, of all colors, demolished everything. The walls disappeared, the floor, the table—paper, skull, everything in fact, save the book shelves which grew into the interior section, as it were, of some vast library and pantheon, and with this only on my sight I sat in the air smoking and gazing into the illimitable blue mist which circled me. I saw storms gathering, and the air in gusty battalions, anon careering and surging like mighty billows all around. They swept the pantheon from my sight, and I sat alone.

I felt that I was not on the earth; I knew it, for before me, as the black storm cleared off, a ponderous ball lived in motion. My eyes were capable of grasping a world in their vision. As the ball moved, I felt each moment, or each century rather, for centuries are but seconds to those not of earth, that I would give up all being for one glance more. Presently the ball unrolled itself, as a map before me, and I was bewildered. Shadows and sunshine paced the great, magnificent space, and it warmed, and multitudes arose, and every portion had a likeness in the shape of man. But the sun was not equal in benevolence, for it scorched some unto the color of itself, and when it went, it brought back no day to the skin of others, and others yet it tinctured with its reflection, the moon. The creatures seemed to be typical of Time, for their hues were those of morning, noon, evening, and night, or, as the seasons, clear spring, red summer, dusk autumn, and black winter, and all necessary. And anon, one multitude became to my gaze more obtrusive than the others, and with their

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growth the earth grew into unearthly shapes, and every gaze brought solitary multitudes to my view, who walled themselves in, and piled up earth, striving to rival the mountains, and the sun cast unbeautiful shadows over these places, and hid the multitude in the shadows of the works of their own hands. The shadow of no man could be seen, for when the sun stood strait at noon they gave no shadow, and when to the east or to the west he went, the shadows of these mounds wove a pall across them. And they sunk into the earth, and their inheritors were multitudes. And when I looked again, from distant places countless thousands were rushing like streams from mountains to the place of shadows and darkness. The human tide bore on its highest crest a mighty and a radiant emblem, by which all swore. I knew the emblem to be a Cross, and never stopping, they sped eastward, and flung that burning Cross upon the masses there, who fell scorched before its light, and all the West sang Allelujah! and sang it for centuries. When, lo! among those rejoicing some sang it in a different tone, and all the rest were wrathed, and fought with them, and others fought with *them*. The mighty Cross which all had lived for, disappeared, and there were a thousand ghastly imitations, and so many various crowds wrangled with, and befouled each other. And this continued and begat tortures, and loathsomeness, and hypocrisy through centuries. All the space from the east unto the west was black, blacker than the forsaken and desolate place of shadows. But through the darkness, struggling lights appeared, and they were beautiful, most beautiful from the contrast, as silver upon ebony. Like veins of love from the heart of humanity, they struggled to pulse all the frame, but no sooner did they emerge fairly into the day, than implements of devastation and coward might drove them back. But I saw them rise into immortality, and their struggles still were behind them, and before them, for they were immortal when on earth, of all time. And from altars and pulpits fat visaged men, and meagre creatures, spoke defamations and sacrilege, calling it religion, and humble scribes and thoughtful students spoke religion, and they were devoured, and immolated, and cast out. I shook in the fulness of misery and pity, for I knew now that I was in the *Present*. "Great God," I cried, in anguish, but inwardly, for I knew that I need not shout aloud, as the Almighty ear is ever on the heart waiting to baptize each thought by recognition—"Great God, is there no hope," and an echo, which left me dumb and quivering from the intensity of its vibration, answered, "Hope." And my eye fell upon an ocean, for a less great

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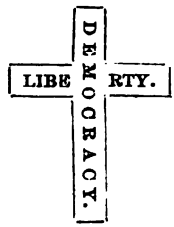
conductor of sound could not have nursed such an echo, and thence to a wide, fair, buoyant land, whose history was written in the motion of the waves which led my gaze thither, and I felt relieved. Each man's heart in this fresh, living, active area was uncovered, yet beat warmly. This land was far to the west of the land known before as west, and here, again, I beheld that great radiant Cross which had disappeared. The light from it embraced seas beyond even the west of this western land, and also sent its pure smile, full of confidence, over the seas leading to the countries of gloom. The great emblem of fraternity had found its righteous defenders, and as it glowed over them, two powerful shibboleths were acknowledged of all, the Incarnation of which suffered on it for both. On the trunk of the Cross was the word "DEMOCRACY" —on the arms "LIBERTY!" thus



And on the face of this lovely land, many of those bright lights which struggled for life in the realms of darkness and turbulence, arose, and bathed themselves in the greater light of the Cross with the talismanic shibboleths, and their presence created much commotion. And, behold! divers multitudes went across the great sea to the old land, even as formerly the then west made a crusade to the place of shadows, and they bore the great Cross with the wondrous words, and exorcised the old land with it. And O, glory! peoples hitherto unseen, crawled out like moles from the earth, and stood upright, the streams bathed all their banks into fertility, vineyards hung their heavy heads as drunk with wine, and the volcanoes burnt holocausts for freedom. "This—*this* is the future, for it is not *now*," thought I—"I will preach it to all men, that it may not be distant." With the divine delight which suffused me, I grew weak, my eyes quivered, and almost burst their sockets to fix their vision on the great space, the map before me, as it began rolling itself up. The music, which in my anxiety I had not heard for some time, grew loud and

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more loud as the wondrous panorama resumed its round shape; and with the music storms gathered again, amidst which I stood, like a divine thought immovable. Clouds of every teint chased each other in wild gambols round the pendulous ball, and the weird music returned in all its first mingled strangeness, fulness, and deviltry, on my ear; to the strains of which also crowds of spectres, gaunt, many-formed, winged, webbed, elfin and foul, laughed, flew, and sprighted about me.

One of these carried an hour-glass, which it twisted so rapidly that the sands never reached either end. "The faster time flies the more stationary is it," screamed a fiend into my right ear. Round the hour-glass several sprights flew with all their speed, but failed to keep pace with its volutions.

"Time to spare is the most difficult to fill," roared another imp into my left ear; and a freakish group, clasping their skinny digits together, trod the air nimbly around me, chaunting—

There's no time—
There's no pain—
There's no sorrow—
There's no gain—
For they're clay—only clay,
Who know but night and day.

The Spectre with the Hour-glass.

Time the swiftest is most still—
Empty time is hard to fill—
Mortals are immortals, yet
That they're either they forget.
Swiftest mortals stop at death—
Slowest mortals waste their breath;
For no longer,
Nor no stronger,
By a slow pace may they crave
Any favor from the grave.

Several Elves.

Ha! ha! ha! after that—
After that!

A leading Imp.

They live without breath—
Without fear of death,
In the rocks, and waves, and clouds,
Amid crowds
Of jolly spirits, such as we,
Eternally!
Ha! ha! ha!

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But if 'tis their desire
To go higher—
Ay—in vanity go higher!
Where they'll have no midnight sprees,
On the wild melodious breeze,
No storms, lightening, thunder,
To part the stars asunder,
So the spirits all may wander
Without starlight in the air!—
If they wish to go up there,
Where all is pale and white
With the light,
Where every ghost may ken,
As they did when mortal men,
What all the others do,
They may go!—but they shall rue.

And one from the fiends sung out:—

"Ay—I was going up
Had I tasted not the cup
Of pleasure among ye
Jolly fellows!—Jolly fellows!"

To which they all gave wild and fearful approval. And another in a passionate tone:

"On earth I died for bliss
And I came so far as this
And, ye hell-dogs, here ye stayed me,
Ye waylaid and delayed me,
Ye say that 'here's' no dreariness—
A lie! I'm foul with weariness.
I pine, and thirst, and yearn;
I madden—sicken—burn
For the fellowship above,
In the halls of light and love.
Oh! I'm tortured, blasted, cursed,
Every hell the furies nursed
Is upon me—I *must* go!"

I lost the rest of this spectre's protest, for the impatient crowd, with wildest gestures and hellish yells, darted upon the complainant. He was soon lost from my sight, amid the cloud of sable wings which circled him. As if joining in the one thought, they suddenly were silent, and their movements were the more hideous to me, for that, in all the commotion there was not the slightest noise created by their action. Tongue could not describe, nor fancy ponder on the wild sight. Presently, a voice in great agony, cried,

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Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Aid me—save me, or I 'm lost:
Wrack me, devils, but ye never
Break the faith I held for ever!
In the Father of Creation,
And the Cross, I crave salvation,
By the Cross that 's on my heart.
Branded there by Turk and Tartar,
And for which I fell a martyr,
I defy ye.

And that moment a white light sprung upward from the ebon group, as lightning from a heavy cloud. And the light travelled afar, till sight was weak to follow its speed and distance. Raging with defeat, the devils for a second were still, when with a yell that might have "tore hell's concave," they rushed on me, the sole witness of their imbecility. They tore me madly from my seat, and almost rending me asunder in the anxiety of each to grasp me. They whirled me up—up—up—dropping me every thousand miles over some star, and picking me up again, when I prayed they would let me be dashed to atoms on it, and so end my misery. I cannot dwell on the agony, the fearful agony, I endured. I strove to collect my senses into the prayer of the triumphant spirit, and cried

Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Aid me—save me—or I 'm lost—

Thus far I have a dim recollection of saying. I became senseless. How long I remained unconscious, I know not. With a returning sense of waking also came the knowledge that I was alone, speeding downwards with frightful velocity. I longed, but feared to open my eyes. After what, at the least appeared to me, the lapse of an hour's dreadful desire, and as dreadful delay, I unclosed my eyes, when all hope, if I could have had any, vanished.

Below me, not more than a hundred miles, lay the serried icebergs of Greenland. I knew it was Greenland—why I believed it, more than that there were icebergs I now nor then could not say; but the icebergs, glistening in the moon-light, looked like thirsty spears eager to impale me. Mingling a prayer for my soul, and a curse for the demon of curiosity which prompted me to open my eyes, when it was madness to hope, I swooned as the cold breath of the ice came upon me, giving me a foretaste of the death-chill.

I lay in a scarcely conscionable state. Time, I thought, went swiftly by. I felt that I had ceased to fall, that I was

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resting on something, and gave myself up as being in a new state of existence. That I could survive the icebergs I did not dare to imagine, I felt that if I was not dead, I should be; in fact, that it could not be natural for me to be dashed on the ice-rocks and live. With these dim, but apparently reasonable ideas, I thought not of opening my eyes. It appeared to me ridiculous to do so, and I lay as one might be imagined to do after death, waiting a call into some new sphere of action. I felt the mind, the *soul* living, but had no confidence whatever in the body, and was quite convinced that when perfectly relieved of its encumbrances, I should wing myself to some new existence.

I was in a transition state. Though dead to the world, I imagined the soul not yet freed from its responsibilities with regard to the inert flesh, which, however, was rapidly becoming decomposed; the ratio of which decomposition gave an impetus to the activity of the soul.

In this state I lay patiently, and in great hope. Death, thought I,—is but a name—a schoolboy's terror, a miser's hell—a true man's apotheosis. The great source of fear, it should be our great hope of happiness. Pain is imagination; clay cannot be tortured, it is the mind that suffers, and that alone through its education. Chloroform pacifies, sophisticates the mind, then the body is mere clay, and we no more feel the surgeon's scalpel, than the earth does the farmer's spade. In the midst of such happy reflections, if I dare call the untrammelled and instantaneous conclusions, or rather intuitions of the mind, reflections, for it is only when the mind has an attendant body, and its necessities to provide for, that it *reflects*—however, in the midst of those thoughts I was disagreeably startled by what I never cared to hear again—the clock, striking ONE, and awoke momentarily to the fact that I was not dead, nor dying; but sitting quietly in my rocking chair in my study. As I became conscious, however, a strange noise, as of bats flying in the air, struck upon my ear, and from about me a number of imps made off in several directions, vanished in the fire, up the chimney, and in the air.

I do not remember ever to have had such angry feelings as at that moment, when I discovered myself alive. After the first few moments of the fact, I became perfectly bewildered. All my cloud experience rushed to my mind.

Was it possible?

Certainly, at twelve o'clock I lit my pipe, its contents now were a bowl of ashes, which must have been out a long time, for it was cold as though never lit.

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One short hour of earth, what centuries of clouds. Truly, Sidney, by one o'clock I *was* leagues from the world.

I did not know whether to glorify over the magnificent, for it was magnificent, though appalling, vision, or condemn my procrastination that left the work undone, which the blank paper, and the unstirred pen, but too plainly were the evidences of. I gave way to the first, and shuddered as the wild panorama passed swiftly before the eyes of memory. Their effect on me was weakening bodily, and so took my thoughts away from what I intended to write, that I could not gather the forces of my brain in the direction I needed, when, after some time, I sought to do so.

"Ah! old tobacco brain," said I, turning to the skull,—"can't you aid me? You have already driven me from the earth, why not make amends for the deed? Would that I had some supra—ay, or nether mundane familiar who could write my thoughts—some angel,—some *devil* amanuensis! Ah! you are only a mere skull—a nut without the kernel. Perhaps the spirit that once made thy *os frontis* powerful, and played on all the organs of thy polished cranium, a tune to make all earth reel, was amidst those weird shadows that lifted me into the clouds—perhaps it held the hour-glass and made a fool of Time—perhaps it was the believing Christian soul that defied the devils. Whether the one, or the other, it was more potent than I am—it was my master—at all events it *is*, and I needs must reverence its earthly home, as I would the tub of Diogenes, the dungeon of Galileo. Old skull, thou'rt a glorious dummy!—an eloquent bone!—handsomest of bowls!—most sublime crockery ware! The Chinese vase—the Indian urn—the Sevres porcelain, is more fashionable clay, but thy yellow-umbered polish has philosophy on its surface. Besides, thou were fashioned to hold brains, though thou seldom gettest any worth the count, while all other clayey concavities bastion green teas, and liquified turtle. Thou art a clock case without works—a goblet without wine—a harp-frame without wires—insensible as thou art, thou held'st immortality once—let me kiss thee."

And kissing the globular bone, I hastily unclothed and threw myself on my bed, for I was incapable of writing a line.

I slept.

Worn out by the excitement of the strange occurrences during the night, I slept soundly for a time. A very little sleep at any time, or under the most fatiguing circumstances, is sufficient for the regeneration of my energies. Years of

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student worship has made me excessively watchful, and at the least, I could keep an open eye for ten or twelve nights, if exigency demanded it, without feeling rest necessary. At all events, two or three hours' rest, and that on a deal board, a sheltered rock, or a feather bed, under ordinary exertions, is a sufficiency.

I slept soundly for some two hours or more, before I began to feel any restlessness. Then slight dreams disturbed me, and fancying that again I was tumbling downwards through the air into some dark abyss, I made some exertion, an attempt to spring up, and half awoke to the fact that I was happily in bed.

Nestling my head comfortably on the pillow, my eyelids kissed each other again, and I lay a satisfied victim to sleep. But it did not think me worth the capture, and I remained in a state of drowsiness. On my first half waking, a noise like the scratching of mice among the newspapers under the desk, fell on my ear, but with a "whish—whish," to frighten them off, believing the noise to be made by mice, I disregarded it. Failing to fall asleep, the noise grew upon me. It continued with a regular pace to run across my ear. "It is not the mice," thought I—"it sounds very much as if made by some one writing." Quieting my thought to listen well, the noise grew louder from the stillness of myself, and I opened my eyes.

It must have been about four o'clock. And by the uncertain light of the coming dawn, I rather indistinctly outlined a figure sitting in my chair, and bent over the table. The candle had burned out, a few faint sparks were in the fire-place. The scratching noise was unabated.

"Curse that Opium—am I in bed?—surely no one can write in the dark—I'm dreaming still, and I rubbed my eyes, and became satisfied that I was in bed, and that some one was zealously engaged in writing at my desk. The fact of there being no light to write by, gave me some unpleasant ideas. Any gleam of the breaking dawn which came in through the windows, was completely hidden from the paper, in consequence of the position occupied by the writer, his back being to the windows, and his shadow covering pen, ink, and paper. "Some trick of Sidney, thought I," calling to mind his remark about the attendant spirit of Socrates, "he is pretending to write"—and with this idea, I determined to remain still and laugh at him for his pains in striving to frighten me.

I was not, however, kept long in suspense, for the light grow-

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ing brighter, and bringing with it faint echoes of the waking city, the figure stood up, and discovered to me the back of an evidently lean, lanky person, on whose frame the mysty black garments hung careless and loose. The light fell on the top of his head, and showed it bald and shining. He rolled up the papers and put them into a pocket in the folds of his tunic, for his dress was not of the present day. During this movement, a very unpleasant sensation made me hold my breath, as a sound like the creaking of bones accompanied the action of the figure. Before I recovered sufficiently to speak, he raised his arms, the loose sleeves fell downwards, and I beheld two fleshless yellow skeleton arms, with the thin hands of which he lifted his skull off the spine, and placed it on the table.

Curiosity will make a man courageous. I leaped up with the intention of grasping the figure; but before I reached the chair, it had glided towards the hearth, and then disappeared as the last spark fell from the grate.

* * * * * * *

I did not breathe a sentence of this to Sidney.

I had some unaccountable prognostication that the apparition would visit my room again, and determined to make some preparations therefor. I did not write any during the ensuing day. My mind was one whirl of the night previous. Several times I took a book up, hoping to change the current of my thoughts, but in vain.

After many times recounting to myself my cloud experience, I ended with the vexatious query—"Have I really seen an apparition?"

The night came. I placed the paper, and ink, as before, indeed, I believe I had not disturbed them. I raked out the fire, lest there might be any connection between it and my imagination; locked the door, as well as that leading to Sidney's room; fastened down the windows, and lighting a fresh candle just at five minutes before twelve, went into bed, bringing with me my pipe, determined to remain quietly awake, and watch anxiously for something which I *felt* was going to happen.

With many thoughts in my head I smoked away, stretched at full length, half on my side, and my eyes wandering on the smoke fumes, and resting principally, but without any intent, on the ceiling. The clock had long since struck twelve, and I began to chide myself for giving way to such ridiculous expectancy.

At this moment my thought was silenced by a knock at the

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door, which had just the same effect upon me as a knock on the head. In a moment, however, recovering myself, I laughed at my childishness, for Sidney often came to my room at a later hour. "Come in—come in," cried I—"but stay—the door is locked—I will get up."

"It is unnecessary—I *am* in," spoke a mild, but clear voice, and a headless figure, which I instantly recognized as the apparition of the previous night, or morning rather, walked with rattling noise to the table, when it seized the skull, from which the voice came, and planted it between the collar-bones known as the *clavicles*. So adjusted, the skeleton, for it was a skeleton, with a pall hung loosely, but picturesquely on it, took from one of the folds a scroll of paper, and leaving it on the table, walked towards me.

Coming to my bedside and bending over me, he grasped my hands in a cold bony grip, and pressing the phalanges of his thumbs against mine, as mesmerists do, he turned the front of his skull straight to my face.

I fancied there were eyes, large, deep, liquid, but dark eyes, in those capacious sockets. I knew they were there, and momentarily expected them to drop out. They were irresistably beautiful, and painful with a strong sorrow. Their fascination was killing, and beneath their steady gaze, I felt my consciousness vanishing.

As I strove to fathom their seductive depths, a light shot from them through my brain, scorching every thought out of it, save *one*, that of piercing the visual magic before me. I strained my eyes till they pained. A heavy weight oppressed my breathing, and by degrees, I was only conscious that my eyes possessed vitality, at the same time that I was perfectly aware I was the victim of fascination, and could not help myself. Presently my eyes grew watery, and in that flood all my reason and recollection were drowned.

* * * * * * *

I awoke to the sound of that pen, scribbling as before. The dawn was struggling in. The apparition arose, and folded his paper. Looking straight at me, a voice came from it, saying, "be silent once more," then took off his skull, placed it on the table, and made his exit through the door, as he entered, without unlocking or opening it.

* * * * * * *

The next night I did not go through the mockery of fastening the doors, but I determined to speak with the ghost if it came.

It was already after one, and I sat by the fire, smoking as

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usual, and trying to remember if it was before or after this time, he made his appearance, when amid a slight cloud of smoke which arose from the bowl of my pipe, a tiny figure in black arose.

I immediately recognised it as the skeleton scribbler, for the figure was without a head. As it left the pipe it grew in dimensions to its usual height, and walking deliberately into Sidney's room, returned from it almost instantly with the skull on.

He approached me. I trembled lest I should be put through the ordeal of those wondrous eyes. I arose as he neared me. He beckoned me to sit down, and in the warmth of my imagination, or flattered by his action, I thought the skull grinned with a strange benevolence.

"Well?" I ejaculated, not rightly knowing what to say.

"Sit down."

I sat down, and the skeleton did likewise, on the edge of the table, his bones making strange angles, over which the black mantle hung in graceful drapery, from the points at the shoulders and knee pans.

"In the name of Heaven or Hades—who are you—what are you—why come here?" I energetically cried.

"I am nothing—every thing—to serve you." Was the laconic reply: and after a pause—

"I am a mere link of bones as you see, but there is that about me which rules everything—Spirit!"

"Why do you come to me?" said I.

"I have told you, to serve you. There is a sympathy of soul between us. Quake not lest I mean death, as mortals do in presence of mortal bones. Soul has no sympathy with Death, for the soul knows it not. Your hour is not written on the shadow of the dial yet. You pine after an idea. So did I. You burn your heart out on uncertainties. So did I. You dash your brains out to get bread for your body. So did I. You see no sin in being poor. So did I. You are a student. So was I. An author. So was I. The flesh was starved off these bones, for all these reasons. I was with Homer when he begged; with Socrates, when Athens immolated him. With Diogenes, when he craved the sunlight. With Demosthenes, when he harangued the waves! I have been in the clouds with Ossian, and under the pall with Sheridan. Echoed the sonnets of Petrarch, and caught the Declaration of Independence from Jefferson's brain, ere it reached paper and immortality. Have worn Tasso's death chaplet, and gave up a mortal life with Shelley, when the wild waves of Geneva sung his

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death chaunt. I have heard Otway's last choking, spasmodic groan, and dreamt philosophy with Coleridge to the grave. My eyes have grown dim with Milton, and I have dictated the *Raven* to Poe. I have loomed through the best thoughts of Goethe, and beamed through the pale face of Mangan. Fought with Washington, hated with Byron, loved with Moore. Gave Schiller his noblest aspirations, and sung the Marseillaise before it heated a second mortal brain. I lived for truth, starved for authorship, died for Freedom! Am I not thy Friend?"

"*My* friend? The world's friend!—But oh! Spirit of Hope, of Love, of Truth, mock me not to insanity—flatter me not into a belief in such companionship. I am unworthy. Those Spirits were for all time. They were *men*—men? *Gods* of earth. I am but a worker, a toiler in the shadows of their brains. A poor student—mock me not."

"And are not students men, thou poor philosopher, and may not such men be gods, for only such men are cast in the image of the great mould and omnipotent model. What have they to rely on, or to comfort them, but that. Surely they cannot rest on the world they are so far above. Cannot live, though they may love, where they are unacknowledged."

"Angel—ghost, or fiend—feed not my ambition—'twill wrack—burn me like a curse."

"If thy ambition is not tempered with the true love—if it lives like an unmouthed fire-mountain, in itself, thou art no student, nor man, nor god. And if thy wings are not natural, but waxed, the eternal sun will melt them, and thou shalt fall into the sea of obscurity, as did the son of Dedalus into the Ægean. You have a free will: be not its despot. You have a heart, be not its seducer. You have a soul, let it not fall from Heaven. Face the rocks of life which thou are amongst, for there you have chosen your path—face them as the water-spring, which becomes purer by being opposed. Die—but bend not, and you will live and die not."

"I have heard such echoes in my soul ere now. Heavens! I have drank in such thoughts with the air I breathe, as the flowers and fruits drink in the invigorating, ripening sunlight, and the solitude of the moonlight, with its thousand calm voices, have cheered me; yet I pine, I labor unrewarded. Day brings no joy, night no rest, to the thinker who is "faithful to his trust."

"I have seen thee toil—thy burdens and thy heavy fate, and came to aid thee and lighten them. I have been working for thee, when thy tired soul was lifted for a holiday into

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the clouds. I have exchanged centuries of the spirit-life, for a few earthly hours to help thee. Here, take this—it is as good as bread to thee."

And drawing from under his garment the scroll of paper he handed to me, while the eyes in the capacious sockets beamed with all their mystic beauty. I took it with a feeling of doubt and dread, which he noticed.

"You need not fear. I will come again—thy hand, brother?" and he offered his bony digits.

A wild feeling of fascination grew upon me, and slapping my hand into the extended bones, he pressed it once—once, only, but I could have shrieked with pain, had not the electric spasm spread over every portion of my frame, even to the contraction of my tongue.

"I go—but I shall come again," and he glided swiftly into Sidney's room.

"My friend—thoug hostly philosopher—immortal shade—brother of the Wise—Friend of the Centuries—leave me not," I cried, bewildered to find a suitable title for my visitor, "leave me not—go not yet, *not* yet," and I darted after him.

As I reached Sidney's door, the apparition was in the act of placing his skull on the bureau where it usually stood. I sprang in. The light coming in between the half-open doors from my room, threw a dim path into Sidney's study, mystic at all times, but now excitingly so. The ghost receded in a measured pace towards the looking glass at the end of the apartment. In a moment I was there, and making a grasp at the waving garment, it disappeared through the mirror, leaving me confronted by my own reflection, and so pale, ghastly, and disordered, that but for the fact of my being opposite the glass, I would not have recognized myself.

I was lost in amazement.

And a clear voice, as if coming from the skull on the bureau, spoke:—

SHADOWS—SHADOWS—SHADOWS—
POETS FIND THEIR SOUL'S DORADO'S
GRASPING AT THEIR OWN THIN SHADOWS.

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A LEGEND OF WAMPANOAG.

When Mr. Chislum, and his estimable lady, decided to establish a "watering-place," on the shores of Wampanoag Bay, which, as my readers will remember, indents the southern side of the fertile state of Connecticut, near the celebrated village of Wampanoag, I do not think that they imagined for an instant the extent of the reputation with which this project would invest them. They estimated with extraordinary pains the cost of building the contemplated mansion, of adorning its inside walls, and of carpeting its floors; they calculated the price of maintaining table and servants, they reckoned the number of guests necessary to cover all expenditure—but it never once entered their heads that Wampanoag House was to make the name of Chislum famous and familiar to so large and enviable a body as the readers of the United States Review.

Wampanoag House—and I would not describe it but that many of my readers have never seen it—is a very tall and very white structure, built of wood, and ornamented with Venetian blinds, that stands on the shore of Wampanoag Bay, shaded by trees in the rear, and having its front guarded by a row of bath-houses reaching into the sea. It is a five story edifice, and its top is surmounted by a sort of cupola, in which, of a summer's day, when the sun is not too bright, you can sit and survey with a spy glass the coast on either side for twenty miles. The smiling waves of the sound meet your eyes in front, dotted with sails, and constantly furrowed by passing steamers, or, if you choose to turn your gaze inland, you may behold a rich and verdant panorama of hill and valley, watered by numerous streams, and checked with many patches of woodland. Descending, you wander through a variety of corridors, carpeted the more beautifully as you approach the lower floor, at first, a single strip of home-made, then a breadth of ingrain, then a finer pattern, reaching from wall to wall, then an actual brussels, gorgeous with flowers, and bright with red and crimson dye. On the ground floor, an oil-cloth of an unbounded figure takes the place of carpets, except in the ladies' parlor, in which sacred retreat the Chislums had exhausted the powers of Wampanoag upholstery. Beneath your feet is an amazonian forest of dazzling colors, which you can scarcely believe to be a carpet, and ranged

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about the walls are sofas, into whose boundless depths of cushion you seem to be destined forever to sink. Gay prints ornament the sides of this wonderful apartment, and the whispering breezes are admitted only through the choicest of lace-edged muslin curtains. The inhabitants of Wompanoag hold their breath when you mention the ladies' parlor of the Chislum mansion in their hearing. I fancy they would disbelieve you, were you to assert that Northumberland House, or the St. Nicholas Hotel contain anything finer.

Wampanoag House, as we have seen, was no vulgar place. The Chislums were no vulgar people, and, as a natural consequence, they received no vulgar company.

It was on account of the combination of these three circumstances that Mrs. Tulip and her four daughters went down to Wampanoag. Mrs. Tulip abhorred vulgarity. If there was anything which this egregious female would rather die than do, it was to "demean" herself by associating with those unfortunate persons whom she suspected of being affected with this characteristic. It was a great trial to her feelings to discard friends and relations here and there, on her march through life, on account of their failing to come up to her standard of gentility, as she found herself obliged to do, but a sense of duty conquered. If the law had allowed, I fancy she would have separated from her husband, whom she could never persuade to be "genteel," or to live in any other manner than that in which he had been brought up. Mr. Tulip was a quiet, inoffensive little fellow, as fond of his wife as she would allow him to be, and so much attached to peace that she could never persuade him to quarrel, and could never provoke him into having a mind of his own. Except that he resolutely refused to be genteel, Mr. Tulip was quite at the service of his lovely and fashionable better half.

Fortune had given to all the Tulips money. It had also given to three of their four daughters very disagreeable faces, and very sour tempers. To the remaining one of the flock, Miss Mary Tulip, it had given a person and face so pretty and engaging, that I actually once made her an offer of myself; and a disposition so tender and amiable, that at the very time of refusing me, she made me more her friend than ever. You may judge from this that she must have been uncommonly well-looking, and wonderfully good.

Fortune who had denied lovers severally to the three elder Misses Tulip, had blessed the younger with an unusually large number, from whom she had at last selected one, as much, I believe, to his own astonishment, as to that of the rest of the

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world. "Such a bashful fellow as Rodney Upjohn!" exclaimed Miss Sophronia Vox, to a coterie, whom she had informed of Mary Tulip's preference. "Such a bashful fellow as Rodney Upjohn," echoed the coterie, in chorus. "So," said I to myself, as I stood before my glass shaving—and the exclamation had well nigh caused me to damage my unequaled face with the razor;—"So, my dear fellow, you have been refused after making a point-blank offer of yourself, all for the sake of that bashful fellow, Rodney Upjohn!" I felt the razor edge;—glanced at my neck in the glass;—'twould be a pity to spoil so fine a neck on account of a woman," said I; as I laid down the implement and sighed.

"A genuinely bashful man is the soul of honor," says a clever writer. For my part, I am not disposed to contradict him. Ill at ease as my bashful friend Rodney had hitherto been, in the society of women, the presence of Mary Tulip seemed to act on him like a charm, giving greater dignity to his person, and freer utterance to his voice. Wherever she went, his eye was on her, not in jealousy nor in distrust, but with unconcealed admiration and pride. It was at Wampanoag, that I was added to the army of the great Rejected, and it was at Wampanoag that Rodney Upjohn came down to see his Mary, and present himself to the scrutiny of Papa and Mamma.

Now, had Mamma approved of Mr. Rodney Upjohn—for in a matter of this kind Papa was, of course, a mere cipher, I should not have been at the trouble of penning this chronicle, and you, my dear reader, might not have heard of Wampanoag. But Mrs. Tulip did not approve, and manifested her disapprobation in the most emphatic manner possible for so dignified and genteel a personage. For when Mr. Rodney Upjohn sought the maternal presence, and having made known the fact of his engagement, asked Mrs. Tulip's consent thereto, she not only refused it point-blank, but after ordering him never to speak to her or any of her family again, demanded to know how, being nothing but a Cedar street jobber, in a small trade, he could have the impudence to propose for her daughter, for whom the greatest match of the Avenue would not be one whit too good!

All Wampanoag heard of this next day, and was immediately divided into two factions: the Tulipians and the Upjohnians. The breeze passing through the gorgeous parlor which I have already described, wafted to me, imbibing cobblers on the porch, strange sounds of female argument, and wordy war. The young ladies all took sides with Mr. Rodney Upjohn:

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their mammas approved the sagacity and resolution of Mrs. Tulip. The young men said they were quite certain what they should do, if they were in Mr. Rodney Upjohn's case: and this gentleman received, during the day, numberless offers of horses and vehicles, to aid him in any project of elopement which he might resolve upon. To the astonishment of all, Mr. Rodney Upjohn declared that he would not wrong Mr. and Mrs. Tulip so far as to elope with their daughter. But notwithstanding this determination, he did not look like a man who had given up all hope.

The reason of this was, that Miss Mary had held a very interesting conversation with her mother, shortly after Rodney's dismission.

Brunetta Tulip, the eldest of the Tulips, had long entertained a passion for one Snagsby d'Or, Esq., a young gentleman of rather limited understanding, but of great wealth, and the most distinguished dancer of his set. He had seen something of the Tulip family, and was immensely awed by the dignified and intense manners of the mother, and the stern graces of Miss Brunetta. His accomplishments had quite endeared him to Mrs. Tulip, and I have already said that he had inspired Miss Brunetta with feelings of a rather tender nature. But as he was quite afraid of making propositions where the least uncertainty seemed to attend them, he had never done more than squeeze Miss Brunetta's hand, and send baskets of flowers anonymously to her father's mansion. He was also, oddly enough, a devoted admirer of Rodney Upjohn, whom he quoted as his authority in all matters where common sense was at all involved, and who could, at any time, by the force of a strong will, sway him hither and thither, just as he chose. Such was Snagsby d'Or, Esq., who formed the subject of conversation between Mrs. Tulip and Mary. "For," said Mary, "Mamma, if you will but listen to Mr. Upjohn, sister Brunetta shall have an offer from Snagsby d'Or this very week,"—and whatever might have been Mrs. Tulip's answer, Rodney went up to town that night, and Miss Brunetta discovered quite suddenly that she had been too unsocial of late, and having made an irruption into the parlor that evening, talked with a vivacity, and danced polkas with an energy, that made her the talk of the evening. And meanwhile Mrs. Tulip's dismissal of Mr. Rodney Upjohn, and that young gentleman's sudden disappearance, made fresh argument for female voices, and stirred up the wordy war. And revolving all these things in my mind, I betook myself to a cobler, and studious meditation.

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But when, a week afterwards, Snagsby d'Or, Esq., danced six polkas with Miss Brunetta Tulip in one evening, and the fair Mary by her mother's consent walked in the grounds with Mr. Rodney Upjohn, during the same entire evening; then all Wampanoag exclaimed, "I told you so!" Never was there a more discerning body of individuals, than that assembled at Wampanoag House; for somehow each one had seen through the whole affair from the beginning, and had written home exactly how it would result, and nearly all agreed that never did a couple promise to live so happily and genteely as Snagsby d'Or and Miss Brunnetta Tulip; and that Rodney Upjohn, although by no means so desirable a person, would make a good match for Miss Mary. In reference to the matter, I heard Mrs. Tulip make this profound observation, that where a great good can be secured, at the expense of a small evil, it was best to make the sacrifice. "I judged it best," said she, "to make sure of my dear Snagsby, even though I was forced, by so doing, to put up with Rodney Upjohn."

Reader—this is not a very exciting story, but it is well, occasionally, to fall in with a tame elephant. Another time I will roar you more loudly, if you wish.

A REMINISCENCE OF THE RHINE.

WRITTEN ON THE OHIO.

I RECOLLECT—'tis long ago, the day was calm and fine,
As now I steam down Ohio, I steamed it up the Rhine,
Invited to a house, below the Drachenfels, to dine.

Ten years are past; the fiery blast of fierce ambition, since
That day, has given me-a *past;* but *then* I felt a prince
Of airy empires, doomed to last, till Time himself should wince!

And as I steamed it up the Rhine, two figures met my gaze,
Two forms and faces superfine, of beauty's sun, twin rays,
To burn all hearts; they flashed on mine, and straight 'twas in a blaze.

The "castled crag of Drachenfels," we long had left behind;
I knew it not, for something *else* pre-occupied my mind,
All thought, to my sweet pair of belles, religiously confined.

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They had the softest, silkiest hair, yet smoothed by lover's hand,
And skins more dazzling pure and fair there were not in the land,
Or on the river—no, nor where the oceans' breasts expand.

Alike were they of noble height, in azure muslins clad,
Alike their eyes were blue and bright, twin rosebud-lips they had;
They were so equal to the sight, it made me semi-mad!

I fell in love! O! I was *then* a poet-student wild;
The sombre vice of bearded men my soul had ne'er defiled:
At seventeen, my heart and pen were worthy of a child.

I had not moralized in France, in England learned to sneer,
Or strove my fortunes to advance by speculating here;
I yet was full of live romance—not "printed" to "appear."

But, lo! my mind was in a fix! the sister-maids were like
As half-a-dozen is to six, or as two coins, which strike
The self-same dies, or as two bricks, close neighbors in a dyke!

I'd fallen in love, nor was I loth to cherish Cupid's flame;
But *where* to plight my secret troth? *which* choose between the same?
Of course I could not marry both, nor *two* my heart could claim.

O, had there only been but *one*, I'm very, very sure
Some daring deed I should have done, an *echo* to insure;
But, as it was, my future sun shone doubled and obscure.

On sped the steamer up the Rhine; and still I vainly strove
To separate the form divine from quasi-Mormon love;
Till, emptying my flask of wine, I ceased to think or move.

I slept—*that* bottle of champagne, and divers *other* "drinks",
Had triumphed o'er my youthful brain. I just took forty winks,
And, starting, strove to join again thought's disconnected links.

Where were my twin-born beauties?—*Gone!*—What magic change was this?
A *single* maiden sat alone; and when I asked, "Where is
The *other* lady?" at my tone the waiter's stare was bliss!

There *was* but one! that *second* sight, of Bacchus was the deed;
And now, once more, I felt "all right," my heart could freely bleed,
And freely Love could I invite upon my life to feed!

But where was I!—Upon the Rhine. And whither led my fate?
I knew not, cared not; my design was simply to migrate
Wherever that pale star might shine, my torch to heaven's gate.

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That torch is quenched, that star is set! I've pitched my wanderer's tent
In many a clime since there we met, and many a fortune spent
In seeking for the magic net, whose meshes hold—content.

And ever where great rivers flow—the mighty veins of earth—
I float along, and seek to know the riddle of our birth;
E'en now, of yellow Ohio, I ask—what life is worth!

My love is cold, my youth is pale, my hopes are weak and dim;
I look on life as through a veil, 'mid dreams of Seraphim,
And *That*, before which mortals quail, appears in gala trim!

And yet I laugh, and yet I quaff the wine-cup, whilst I glide,
As in a dream, adown the stream that ever grows more wide,
Till to the sea it beareth me, upon its sleepless tide.

ANTI-SLAVERY MAY-MEETINGS IN NEW YORK AND LONDON.

No. 2.

In right of seniority, chronology has precedence of courtesy; and rightfully does charity begin at home, or this second number of notes should commence with the Exeter Hall gathering; though for tact, talent, and truthfulness, less noticeable than ours of the Tabernacle. Begin we then here, and end there; in the reasonable and real hope that no more such sayings and doings will ever again offend our taste, try our charity, or tax our pen. Yes, a real hope have we, that there will be no more such fanatical meetings in either the Tabernacle or Exeter Hall. It seems to us well, therefore, and right, that these be duly and truly noticed, so as to preserve some of their most prominent characteristics, their vanishing features, and visionary forms.

If not vanishing and visionary, then, indeed, frightful is our prospect! If we are in a real progress towards a condition of safety from calamitous vicissitudes, then soon must the genial sun of ancient truth so rarify our moral atmosphere, that it will become no medium of sound for even their

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chief orators,—rivals before the public,—Mr. Frederick Douglass, and the Earl of Shaftesbury:—both, in their way, great; though in the late demonstrations, our own Fred. stands a full head and shoulders above his worthy competitor for anti-slavery fame, and oratorical preëminence.

Instructive and valuable are memorials of the peculiar phases of the philanthropy and witch-prayer piety of our fast age; and they must not be lost or forgotten, if a clue we would ever find out of the dark labyrinth in which they have involved our once clear-sighted common-sense.

When our Juggernaut car of modern reform shall have reached its goal, it must be of vast benefit to a succeeding age to be in possession of some of the edifying leaves of its journal. Let them be conned carefully, and there will be left no room to wonder how it has come about that all prayers are said backwards; that no logic is tolerated that does not establish the identity of abolitionism with christianity, that no system of morals is taught, or allowed to be, which conflicts with the reformed theory, that crimes are but acted poetry in the drama of life; that perjury is often but another name for piety; that the higher law of philanthropy may sanction murder, and that whoever denies any of these conclusions, except fools and madmen, deserves to be shot.

THE TABERNACLE.

The "Abstract of the Annual Report," and the "resolutions," as made plainer, were it needed, by the officers and orators, show conclusively that a bloody crusade against the South would meet with more than their mere approval, though every institution of the country should be trampled under foot by the motley hosts of abolitionism. And, if so they impress the cool and reluctant reader, how must they affect and infuriate the excited and approving hearer, surrounded by a sympathising multitude of passion-moved dupes and myrmidoms.

Appeals are solemnly made to the deity, and with almost the zeal of the priests of Baal to their gods, to sanction their denunciations and anathemas. Steeped in blasphemy, they hiss most serpent-like, with the furiousness of a fanaticism which knows no piety, and has neither ruth nor conscience, save such conscience only as by their higher law is enjoined.

These malign agitators say they are not fanatics. Who has ever confessed himself a fanatic? Who even has ever imagined himself to be a fanatic? Fools and lunatics may

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be even wise in their own conceits; the bigot claims exclusive piety; and the true fanatic abjures, as accursed, all who do not heartily sympathize with him.

Read, if you can, the reports, resolutions, and speeches of these meetings; and then cool off gradually and thoughtfully, until you shall be able to judge soberly, and to decide honestly and discreetly;—and then, if you can, clear them of the deep stain of fanaticism, without convicting them of the deeper criminality of hypocrisy, you will deserve a medal of merit from the Archbishop of Dublin, and a professorship in a college of trancendentalism.

With a single eye to the immolation of negro-slavery, heedless of consequences, they can see nothing evil in the whole world besides; and all who are not equally blind they abjure as traitors and apostates. But we have before given proofs with illustrations, in their own avowed words, of their proclaimed principles and peculiar positions. Their doings and designs have no need of further exposure. Their own hands have well helped to let the light in upon their dark doings; and there is left to us now the less irksome task, to consider briefly how their orators discuss the interesting topics of anti-slavery.

The annual report enumerates many green spots in their last years' passages; recommends *strongly* more energetic action; and sixteen resolutions are adopted fanatically expressive of their confidence in God's blessing upon their impious measures, and seditiously vilifying the institutions and laws of the land; and then, an ode or hymn, introduces Mr. Frederick Douglass, *the* orator of the occasion.

Frederick Douglass offers a "few remarks on the present condition and future prospects of the colored population of the United States;" and he makes it to be clearly enough discerned through the glitter of his rhetoric, that whatever he may *say*, he *feels* that the abolition movements of the age are of the very first class of its numerous humbugs. Fred. is an orator worthy of his name. He conciliates his audience by a seemingly genuine expression of diffidence and humility. In a mortified tone and manner, retained long enough to define his peculiar position in relation to the audience, he speaks thus, and well, on his unfortunate somersault, by his own showing, from the frying-pan into the fire:—

"I am a colored man, and this is a white audience. No colored man with any nervous sensibility, can stand before an American audience, without feeling the immense disadvantages under which he stands."

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They do these things better in England. So Fred. means, and so we shall see. But let the orator proceed:

"The ground which a colored man occupies in the street or on the platform, is disputed inch by inch, by a cold, flinty-hearted, and unceasing prejudice, against his color."

Poor Fred., though a lion, he wishes he was a white man—anything but a half black—then he would "find a home; and willing ears would be lent him, and open hands proffered him; and the greeting of warm hearts. For others of all nations—Hungarian, Irish, French, Italian; the Jew and the Gentile—Americans have principles of justice, maxims of mercy; sentiments of religion; and the feelings of brotherhood in abundance; but for my poor ruined race, they have neither feelings of justice, of mercy, or of religion."

So, not excluding even his associate abolitionists, he speaks of the flinty-heartedness of the North as not found in the slave states. Eloquently and too truly does he say, there are "no scales here in which to weigh the free negroes' wrongs, no standard by which to measure their rights. They are scourged," he says, "beyond the range of authorities human and divine. In running hither for protection, I supposed I had left a cold and corrupt world; but it was to take refuge in a hollow and corrupt church. I fled from the hungry bloodhounds to the angry wolf; from the agonies of earth to the flames of hell."

Poor Fred.; he said well and truly, that he spoke for no anti-slavery society; nor will any of them thank him for his speech; but we do, and heartily. Go on, Fred., and show them up, as agents of unmingled mischief. Cut loose from them, and make the best of he "anomalous position," of which so feelingly you complain; and act your part as well as you can in it; and though you may not be as happy as you had once hoped to be, yet if you will cease to condemn the Constitution and laws, they will protect you in any honest vocation. You had a home once, Fred., and willing ears were doubtless open to all your real needs and just complaints; and more than reason enough have you to feel that the abolition agent who beguiled you to leave behind your birth-right and blessings, had indeed a "flinty heart." Ah, Fred., you did not know it, but you had no right to expect to find any other sort of heart among fanatics. Had you acted well your part as a son of Ham, and remained quietly, and worked faithfully in your allotted condition, less, far, of the evils of life would have beset you, than falls to the lot of many of the children of Japheth, with all their boasted immunities, so unwisely

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envied by you; and in that, your former position, you would have found less far of the "lash and sting of public neglect and scorn, your complainings of which are so feelingly eloquent.

"Twenty years of my life," said Fred., "were passed in slavery—fifteen years have been passed in *nominal* freedom; and were my words never so bitter, they would be less bitter than the bitterness of my experience."

Poor fellow! our heart bleeds for him! May he find other refuge than the common one for such sufferers of his race in *nominal freedom*—insanity!

Has any one ever kindly told Fred. wherein lies his great difficulty?—the stumbling-block in his way to contentment with his condition? Fred. is a genius: a proud, ambitious, and fiery genius, of that peculiar and doomed class which can never be happy but in a lowly and obedient submission to truth and Providence. And most unhappily for Fred., he is sometimes so greatly wanting in respect for truth, as not to be able to resist a strong temptation to turn his back upon it. This proclivity to romance is a great misfortune in Fred.'s case. His romancing propensities and practices may have something to do with the public neglect and scorn of his bitter lamentations; and if he happen to know that it has quite as much to do with it as has the color of his skin, it is no wonder that Fred. is not very happy.

Once on a time Fred. was in England; and his romancing abilities made a great personage of him there, for awhile—as since such abilities have for awhile of another romancer. Fred. was on the full tide of successful experiment on the elements of British credulity, when the felicitous thought was somehow suggested, that, to his high character, so easily obtained, as a theologian and political economist, he might as well put in a bold claim to legal knowledge and accomplishment; and so Fred. astonished and delighted the natives with a lecture on the laws of Maryland.

Fred. is sometimes very happy in his episodes; and specially so was he in this law lecture. He introduced an interesting tale of his successful evasion of a barbarous law of Maryland, which made it a criminal offence to teach a slave to read and write. It was a bold stroke; but English credulity was so fully equal to its weight, as not even to be at all staggered by it. The little romance was well got up, and well delivered; for Fred. is a rare genius, and he threw his English audience into a perfect delirium of delight. Now, this ingenious affair of Fred. was an entire invention. As they say, in the country,

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it was a lie made out of whole cloth. There is no such law in Maryland, nor was there ever; and well enough did Fred. know, that in Baltimore, where he lays the scene, there are great numbers of slaves who both read and write well, and have other useful accomplishments, which they learned in schools of long standing, and taught by colored instructors. In one of these schools, which are not kept in a corner, Fred. may have learned the rudiments of his own poetic eloquence.

To this successful experiment of Fred. it is suggested, that the world may be so largely indebted for its two volume developments; as by it, the authoress was taught, that drafts on English credulity to any amount would be promptly met, and therefore there could be no danger in drawing largely. As Fred. had made a code of laws for Maryland out of his own fertile brain, so Harriet made laws out of shadows for the whole south; and English credulity takes them all for gospel. But, though reluctantly, we must part with Fred. for the present: and yet, a word more of friendly counsel we would give him. Don't, Fred., abuse the President of the United States again; it don't look well. Better let the Colonization Society alone. If you do not choose to go to Liberia, and be made attorney-general, some of your friends may like the office. The democracy, which you so unsparingly abuse, wishes you well, Fred.; if not as a runaway-negro, nor as an abolition orator; yet, as a human being, the democracy would do you good. One thing more in your speech, Fred., and we must leave you. Be consistent, Fred., and never again bring into the same short speech such humiliating and bitter complaints with the so ill-fitting declaration that you are not ashamed of being a negro. You should not be, Fred.; but as all know now you are—as much ashamed as Lord Byron was of his club foot. Finally, O Fred., throw off your bad habits, and your talents may help you to an honest living.

Doctors Smith and Pennington, colored professional gentlemen—neither of them an orator as Fred. is—the Tabernacle lecture room, at a business meeting of the Society, was made resonant with repeated complaints of unreasonable and unkind prejudices against the colored races, which they exemplified quite satisfactorily by humiliating facts in needless abundance. Every body knew before that prejudices, not more unreasonable and unkind than strong and stubborn, are entertained by our race against theirs.

For anything yet discovered to the contrary, even in our palmy days of anti-slavery, such prejudices seem likely to remain so, as long as the distinction of colors remains. Com-

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plaints, however just, will not alter the case; nor will denunciations of vengeance, however loud and threatening. It is both lamentable and shameful, for prejudice against the black man to take the form and character of injustice, or of unkindness, as often it does with both the great and small vulgar; and by the wicked, whose chief pleasure is in doing wickedly: yet endured it must be, for cured it can never be. It is a permanently fixed fact, and the sensible portion of the colored races will make the best of it; and sensible and considerate white people will be watchful of it, to prevent its working ill to the black man.

Indeed, pity is it, that this prejudice of color (if prejudice it must be called) were not even stronger than it is sometimes found to be; that such unhappy mixtures of the African and Anglo-Saxon blood might not produce such unhappy geniuses as poor Fred. The far-seeing and wise old puritans of New England had so strong a prejudice against the mingling of their pure blood with any darker shade of color, that they passed an early law, in anticipation of the apprehended evil, to put any man or woman to death that should marry an Indian.

In speaking of this law, Theodore Parker says the pilgrim puritans "exterminated all the red men they could find. The Spaniards, on the contrary, freely intermarried with the Indians; but the Anglo-Saxons would not stoop to this." What a pity, as a first step to the full development of amalgamation. Strange, is it not, the pilgrim fathers of New England made it a capital offence for a white man to marry an Indian? and yet so many of their descendants of this generation are ashamed of, and condemn the prejudice which intervenes between their principles and instincts to prevent their marrying negroes! Perhaps, (let them be hopeful) perhaps their powerful and revolutionary fanaticism may do for them what centuries of time have not yet been able fully to accomplish.

In Theodore's lecture on the Anglo-Saxons he says, "they are famous for exterminating their enemies." And is it for this that his party are so zealously employed in their work to make them the enemies of the negroes? Did the northern States and the British nation emancipate their negro slaves because enemies of the race, and desirous to exterminate them in a way less revolting, if not less cruel (certainly not less ultimately successful), than that adopted by the forefathers, for the extermination of the Indians? Acting on their professed knowledge of the Anglo-Saxon character, are the abo-

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lition leaders secretly kindling and publicly blowing the flames of fanaticism, in order to the final extermination of the negro race in this country? For this do they prevent their emigration to Liberia?

At this business meeting in the lecture room several very characteristic incidents transpired, which it would require more space than we can spare to do but common justice to; and as they were marked by no new feature in abolitionism, we shall pass them without individual *special* attention.

Mr. Arthur Tappan, President,—the long known and widely celebrated financier for all the modern reform societies—opens the proceedings with the death-list in hand for the past year. One name he finds among the departed, worthy of notice; and he is a foreigner, a suggestive circumstance. He regrets the unavoidable absence of the Hon. Wm. Jay, who is occupied with another of the decoys of fanaticism. Our reformers have a great deal to do. The President has received "encouraging letters from various parts of the world; from *every* district of the United States;"—this is not the first allusion at these meetings of *Southern* auxiliaries to abolitionism;—"and from the Sandwich Islands." Four Hundred dollars have been remitted thence, to be given for an Essay on American Slavery; and a Thousand more will soon come to help on the abolition cause. It would be interesting to know how much of these sums was contributed by the native *teams*, employed by the anti-slavery missions.

The foreign friend whose death was announced by the President was a great modern reformer. Dr. Pennington met him many years ago, at the Great Peace Congress in Paris, and again in London, at the Peace Convention. What wonder that Europe has since enjoyed such undisturbed tranquility at home, and done so much for the peace and quiet of Asia and Africa.

Mr. Tappan explains to the meeting how these modern reforms are financially good for their friends. He knows by experience; but lest some of the members may not, he tells them of a clergyman, who, at least, lost nothing by refusing to cease from anti-slavery agitation in the pulpit.

Something might properly be said, perhaps, of the society's law-suits on hand, criminal and civil; existent and expectant; one of which is to send Rose Porter to the State's prison; and others to compel the State, and the city, especially, to open all their "Palace Schools and Colleges," to all the blacks; and every other place and privilege which they may choose to enter and enjoy: but well may we leave these mat-

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ters in other hands. May ample justice be generously extended to the colored races, without forgetting what is also due to white folks.

But what has this to do with anti-slavery? Why talk of the evils incident to the free negroes' condition, at a meeting of abolitionists, whose watch-word and motto—"*Anything but Slavery*,"—would seem to preclude all such foreign matter? Orator Fred. has thrown light on this subject; and Dr. Smith declared at this meeting, that, "in what are termed the 'free States,' the men of color are yet *partial slaves*. Sixteen years ago," says Dr. Smith, "I said in this building, that one of the effects of our freedom should be to become really free, which we are not yet." True enough. And yet, as demonstrated in "The Planter, or Thirteen Years in the South," before noticed in this Review, many tens of thousands of Southern slaves, are *really free*—"FREE INDEED;" as defined in God's own word.

Abolitionism, then, is not the good and blessed thing which its friends would have us believe it:—not "the one thing needful" to negro happiness.

As we have to take a look across the water, though some things worthy of note may remain unhonored as they merit to be, we must leave the Tabernacle in the discussion of the financial scheme to raise the last half of forty thousand dollars, to establish and prosecute a new system of agitation. By this new system, pens, presses, and preachers, are to be secretly subsidized; colporteurs and lecturers employed, and anti-slavery literature, permanent and periodical, liberally paid for and extensively circulated, in all the languages of our country and of Europe.

A word to the wise. To what purpose is all this expenditure of wisdom and wealth to be applied? It is to give complete efficiency to an already numerous and powerful combination, domestic and foreign, of the deadliest enemies of our country's institutions and laws.!

ANNUAL MEETING AT

EXETER HALL—LONDON,

OF THE

B. and F. A. S. SOCIETY,

MAY 16, 1853.

The Earl of Shaftsbury in the chair. Present and assisting, Prof. Stowe, C. Beecher, and many others, like-minded, of various colors and nations.

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Tremendous excitement on the appearance of Mrs. Stowe. The same when she retired. Why? She had abused the government and institutions of this country, as not even one among the most abusive of British travellers had ever done. Such is reason enough for their glorification of her, and for the suspension of their own common sense.

The stultiloquy of the Lord Chairman, on this occasion, is remarkable, even in the annals of abolitionism. If we had not known something of his antecedent intellectual exploits, and had not the London Times indorsed its genuineness, we should have no doubt of some mistake in imputing to the noble Earl, of boasted enlightenment, the farrago of arrogance, ignorance, and fanaticism, which make up the speech standing to his *credit* in the proceedings of the British and Foreign Anti-slavery Society. But the man who could say, in the British Parliament, that the admission of a Jew would destroy the Christian character of a body, already leprous with all sorts of infidelities and debaucheries, may well be allowed the paternity of this speech, a few passages of which we will give as specimens of the whole.

The Earl of Shaftesbury, who was received with applause by the great assembly, thus opened the proceedings of the meeting:

"We are assembled to protest with the utmost intensity of principle, and with all the force that language can command, against the grossest wrong which the wickedness of man ever perpetrated against his fellow men [cheers]—a wrong which, great in all ages—great in heathen times, and in heathen countries—great even under heathen sentiment—is indescribably monstrous in Christian days, and not unfrequently is exercised over Christian people." [Cheers.]

And this wretched tirade is cheered by Englishmen, perhaps not one of whom has not his iron heel on more than one of his own country and color! Yet perhaps few of their oppressed starvelings are Christian people; for so thoroughly is their humanity pressed out of them, that by thousands have they lost the capability of becoming Christians, were the means allowed them; instead of being, as notoriously they are, withheld from those thousands, until, as even British writers confess, they are degenerated by oppression below the common level of the savage state, to almost the condition of brutality! Did it enter the head or heart of any one of that frenzied multitude, to ask himself the question, worthy of a thoughtful answer, 'How came slaves to be Christians?' Had all our Southern negroes been treated with the neglect

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and cruelty which are exercised over many millions of British subjects, Lord Shaftesbury had been cut off from the precious privilege of taunting our country with the possession of Christian slaves.

One thought more is suggested by this passage, which must not be suppressed. It alludes to the subject of our Southern system of servitude, not only as if it were as oppressive as the cruel system of British servitude, which starves and maddens the poor, but its language is all unsuited to the subject, and applicable only to the worst abuses of the African slave-trade, which is so cunningly and cruelly protected by British connivance, or to the heartless despotism of an English press-gang.

Again hear the NOBLE speaker :—

"It is surely remarkable, and disgraceful to this century and generation, so boastful as it is of its progress, that after the institution of so many Bible societies, after so many professions and preachments of Christianity, and after so many declarations before their fellow men, that they should be assembled at this time to protest against the conduct of a mighty Protestant people [cheers], who, in the spirit of the Romish Babylon, had resorted to her most abominable practices—namely, *making merchandize of the temple of God* (this from an English peer in a frail house of glass ?)—trafficking in the souls and bodies of her people." [Cheers.]

Cheered, of course, would be such an indictment against our country by a British audience, so strangely ignorant as the people of England usually are of our institutions and character; but how difficult to imagine even, such unreasoning and rabid rant proceeding from the lips of an educated nobleman —a British senator!

Leaving the residue of this specimen of ridiculous rhapsody, the whole of which might be, and justly too, scorchingly retorted, we will give a single passing word to one of its phrases, —"*trafficking in people's souls!*" If this has any meaning not positively blasphemous, or at least mystically enthusiastic,—if we are not mistaken in what his lordship would be at—we may be allowed to say in reply, that the souls of our Southern slaves have been trafficked in to very great advantage to themselves, when compared with like traffic in other countries, of which his lordship wotteth well. Again:

"We are not assembled to proclaim our own purity, nor to stand forward and say, 'We are holier than others.' We confess the heavy share we had in by-gone days in this *vilest of wickedness!*"

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Thus the purblind fanatic everywhere confounds the vile wickedness of the African slave-trade, out of which England has made many a lordly fortune, and many a lordly name, with the Christian benevolence of our Southern States, which retains the poor negro in his comfortable condition, instead of turning him off to perish, or to fall back into the, at least, semi-savage state of the free negro, as daily found in our own North, and also in the Britsh West India Islands.

"We declare it again and again," continues the eloquent earl, "and add our deep remorse for what has passed; but we now sympathize with the *preponderating bulk* of the American people."

Pretty heavy fellows, certainly, must be the abolitionists of our country, if they outweigh all the rest of the people. Let it pass. We have become so accustomed to outbursts of English ignorance of our country, that nothing should surprise us. But for what, in this matter, does the English nation claim the credit of feeling *deep remorse?* Is it for having stolen African savages that it induced or forced its dependencies to purchase? or is it for having turned loose hordes of half-civilized negroes in the islands, and still keeping them at bay by the point of the bayonet, again to fall into savageism, or to be hanged for crime? Aside from these national sins, a *deep remorse* may well become the rich men of England, whose gaudy palace-homes are founded in blood! —the blood of the captured and the abandoned negro; and, far more, the blood and brains of their own miserable laboring poor!

A morsel more, and we shall have given our readers quite enough for once, of the Earl of Shaftesbury:

The pious earl has "no patience with the misleaders of the people who blasphemously rest slavery on Holy Scripture, and who in this way desecrate their pulpits with doctrines better suited to the synagogue of Satan." [Cheers!]

That such a man as this earl should use such horrific words,—an innocent, as he plainly is, with regard to their true meaning and import in this connection,—is nothing, perhaps, to be wondered at; but that he should be *cheered* for using them, by an assembly composed in part of learned ministers of the gospel, and of many others who could hardly be ignorant that his language was that of the profane rant of an ignorant enthusiast, or a furious fanatic, might well surprise us, were not the explanation at hand in his nobility; and also in their considering him as "a licensed libertine" in a mental paroxysm.

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That none of our readers may be led by this *cheering* of such stuff, into the error to suppose the whole English nation run mad absolutely with anti-slavery, it seems needful, that, in preference to aught that we might say, we quote here what the London Times—an important English print, which is sometimes right in some things— says of this rude rhapsody.

"Lord Shaftesbury spoke, as he is too apt to speak, when he has discovered what he *thinks* a religious principle. He spoke as if he had never read of slaves in the Bible—as if slaves had not therein been told to remain content with their lot—as if compulsory service was incompatible with social laws or moral obligations; and as if three millions of slaves could be safely emancipated by a single vote of the American Congress, or any State Legislature, any more than all the infants in the Union could be summarily invested with the rights of full age. Indeed, he did not altogether blink the adverse testimony of the Bible, but he disposed of that testimony by the summary expedient of declaring all who rested on it were of the synagogue of Satan. Numerous texts of Scripture with a definite meaning he resigns to the synagogue of Satan."

Very well this for the London Times, which in this very article lauds Mrs. Stowe to above the skies, and professes respect for her husband, who, in a short speech, called on God to witness to a false fancy of his own, besides committing himself to an absurdity in morals, of a very unbecoming character for one of the peculiar friends of the whole human race.

Having thus incidentally alluded to Professor Stowe, we will leave the earl to settle the question with himself and the "Times," whether the professor's distinguished wife should be more properly likened to Deborah the prophetess, or to Jael the murderess; while we devote a passing thought or two upon the professor himself.

Professor Stowe's short speech from the platform of Exeter Hall is replete with that exact information, and with that far-seeing and philanthropic wisdom, which so eminently distinguish the pious sages of the High School of Abolitionism.

He tells his British audience, that, "in the early part of the Republic, it was *universally* acknowledged that slavery was a sin, and ought to be abolished. That black children were freely admitted into the same schools as white, up to about thirty years ago, and that the reason that it had changed, was owing to the profitableness of the cotton trade. That

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made the change, and *he took God to witness, and nothing else.*"

At the early time indicated by the professor, the blacks were slaves in the North as well as in the South. Black children are not now admitted into all the schools, if any, though no longer slaves. Their freedom has therefore proved a curse to them in this too, as well as in many other ways. How the profitableness of the cotton trade has excluded the free negro children of the North from the schools, the professor does not explain, nor can we at all understand; but with transcendentalistic solemnity he calls God to witness, that so it is; and there's no more to be said.

Poor Professor Stowe! the popularity of his wife—Deborah or Jael, as the decision may be—has turned his head; and he unconsciously takes God's name in vain in a very profane style.

He did not "undertake to dictate to England, but merely brought before them the solemn truth, that she sustained four fifths of the American slaves by her cotton trade."

The professor had somehow learned that she could not sustain herself without it; and so he suggests a magnificent plan to preserve her cotton trade, and still abolish the slave system; which, with true Yankee boldness, he tells them they cannot do, either by Acts of Parliament, or by speeches in Exeter Hall. This is the most humane and very practicable plan of the professor. England must employ her marine in flooding the cotton-growing regions of our country with Chinamen, who will work for sixpence a day; and they must purchase no cotton that is grown by slave labor. Ingenious, exceedingly! is it not? and so plainly and perfectly feasible! And, besides, the English folk know all about cooleyism. They have tried it in their own islands, to supply the place of the negroes driven from happy labor to the wretchedness of vagabondism and crime; and, together with the tender mercies of *emancipadoism*, they have introduced it into Cuba.

In this way, the professor would make slave labor worthless, and so free the negroes from *slaving*, by introducing a million or so of Chinese to slave in their stead for sixpence a day.

What a needless labor of love Mr. Verplanck took upon himself, some years since, to vindicate the character of Las Casas from the charge of introducing negro slavery, for the humane purpose of sparing his favorite Indians! Professor Stowe makes it a mere matter of taste in philanthropy, to prefer one race to another. At the behest of his wife, he loves the

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negroes more, and wishes to take the burthen from them, and bind it on the coolies, for whom he has no pity. Unless Mr. Verplanck be right, and history wrong, Las Casas had no sympathy for the negroes, but loved the Indians. That was the taste of an abolitionist,—this of a Jesuit. As to their philanthropy, it is manifestly of the same family of virtues with that steady and steadfast charity which never roams but through the faëry lands of the world of fancy. It may be, or not, of a better kind of philanthropy than that of the noble order of the Sutherlands and Irish landlords, who love cattle and sheep better than men, women, and children; and than that of the Jewish aristocrat, who fed his dogs on the fat of the land and the larder, and denied the crumbs of his table to a fellow man. And yet, if it be resolvable into a question of taste, as it would plainly seem, then, to be sure, the odds only is the difference,—six of one and half a dozen of another; and Dives,—the Duke, the most heartless of Irish landlords,—and Professor Stowe, all belong to the same class of philanthropists; and together we leave them.

The resolutions made and passed at this Exeter Hall Convention are not, by any manner of means, unworthy of notice, any more than are the eloquent speeches which it delights us to honor. They show an equally nice and discriminating knowledge of our institutions;—of the condition of the slaves of the South, which they *resolve* to be the most miserable of any of God's creatures;—of the awfully despotic and cruel tempers and habits of the Southern masters, whom they evidently suppose to be considerably in advance of Nero's style of barbarity;—and indeed, of everything connected with us and our affairs, black and white. But as they introduce no new phase of the subject, and are of the like spirit and intelligence with the speeches, and stereotyped besides, we will leave them alone in their glory. We had intended to make a little panoramic recapitulation of some of the scenes and sayings in the great drama, but neither time nor space may be allowed sufficiently so to extend this article as to carry this intention into effect. We must therefore content ourselves with the duty and privilege of calling the heedful attention of our readers to some of the salient angles of the enemy's fortifications.

That the abolition party, properly so-called, is the declared and determined enemy of peace and truth,—of the institutions, religious and political, of our country,—and of the Palladium of both, the Bible and the Constitution,—it may be quite supererogant to go into a formal proof of; but as it is our high

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duty to know, and, so far as we may be allowed, to make the true friends of the truth and of the country to know, where their danger lies, and who are their foes, that they may oppose their machinations and assaults, and be heedful of all such as countenance and succor them, we deem it right and proper to recall special attention to some things, to which little if anything more than passing allusions have been made, and to some persons, who are to be reckoned as the men of mark in the army of sedition and anti-republicanism.

To the yet uncommitted to the party, and to the young men especially, on whom depends the perpetuation of our institutions, we would address a few concluding remarks for their earnest and honest reflection.

For the benefit of all such as will look it fearlessly in the face, and by the steady light of truth, with unshaken soul, examine its features and character, abolitionism presents a very instructive instance of the development of error in its fearfulest form and color;—the enemy of peace and truth, bathed in the blood of the innocent and the unoffending. In the mature partizan of this frightful faction may be seen what the scarcely discernible error of a too bold and irreverent look into God's word and Providence may lead to, religiously, socially, and politically. Radical error in religion is the cause, social and political error the consequences, and ruin the result. Such religious error always, in the end,—if pursued to the end, as in this case,—is sure to find its full development in the rupture and confusion of all social and political order.

The French philosophy of the last century, starting from such error, which at home so rapidly and so long since arrived at its full and fearful development, is but now with us, in a large way, showing the metal of its make. Our ultra reformers, of all sorts, are but the grown-up children of that French philosophy which early ignored the Bible, and began the successful demolition of all order and authority, by the denial of that even of parents over their own children. Their right to train them in the ways of truth and virtue, above all, they condemned with scorn and scoffing. In the early days of our national existence, that monstrous progeny of all evil was found skulking about in our land and sowing seeds of mischief, not without success.

In the scoffing ultraism of anti-slavery, as shown in its boldest and honestest champions, who would strike down the Bible, the Constitution, and the Union, at one blow of its baton, that destructive philosophy has here found its development;

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and, fearless of God, and regardless of men, thousands are flocking to their standard who entered upon the course of this ruinous error by toying with the monster for his smiles, instead of turning away from him with indignant hatred and abhorrence. Many are the men in our country now steeped in political abolitionism, that, not many years ago, would have replied to any such apprehension of their downfall, in the scornful language of one of old,—"Is thy servant a dog, that he should do this thing?" Despising the prophet's warning, the dog did it. Let our young men take our warning; and let their elder friends be as watchful to keep them from the evil, as the infidel and seditious disorganizers are to decoy them into it; for tendencies towards the full development of that atheistic philosophy are rife all over our land; and if allowed to rise into effect, it may do for us worse far than it did for its native France.

Every government on earth is at this moment reeling and staggering under this load of sin and folly—ours not less than others. And should the disorganizing elements preponderate, our incomparable Constitution will be broken down, never to be repaired, and our glorious Union will be sundered into fragments, never again to come together; and then, on the ruins of everything held sacred by the *yet* uncorrupted, a revolutionary anarchy will be found in rampant power, the evil works of which will put to shame, as a puny affair, the most sanguinary revolution of Europe for the last hundred years and more! And so may be lost in despair the last hope on earth of a government of laws.

Thus believing, we speak; and another word we have to say, which gladly would we leave unsaid, if at liberty to do so, without a compromise of a solemn sense of duty. It is well known to many, and to all it should be known well, that there is a large and multiform, and, in many points, discordant party, who make professions of strong dislike of the really consistent abolitionists, and yet afford them countenance and comfort, and supply them liberally with arms and implements of offence; that, in the possession and control of these auxiliaries of the thus armed faction, are many widely circulated newspapers and other periodicals, which are far more efficiently subserving their cause, than is their own avowed literature directly serving it.

What, then, other is it, or can it be, than the plain and bounden duty of all the true friends of the country and its Constitution, to be as heedful of these, and to withold from them countenance and support, as if they were in full frater-

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nal fellowship with the sworn enemies of the country and Constitution? The time is surely and fully come, when there is, in effect, a line drawn—however yet invisible to the general eye—between the true friends of the Constitution, as it is, illuminated with the blood of the fathers, and all others, of whatever name or mark, who are not such true friends. And if the Union is ever to be taken out of the market, as not to be sold at *any* price, then this line must be made so broad and bright, that he who runs may read its meaning. On its one side are all the unqualified friends of the Constitution in all its provisions; on its other, are all the remainder of the nation, from the inveterate abolitionist who lauds the British Government and decries our own, down through all the grades of political dissent, to the tamest neutral on the lookout to see which is to be the stronger party; together with the great and dangerous mass who care for none of these things, and are fully satisfied with the only ethics of ignorance—indifference to consequences.

We are not alarmists; for we are not ourselves alarmed. We have entire faith in the justice of our cause, and firmly believe that the yet sleeping friends of the country, both North and South, will awaken in time to save it; or we should have spared ourselves the labor of this article under the blaze of an August sun. But full of faith, as we are, in the ultimate conquest of truth over error, of a true humanity over a false philanthropy, and of patriotism over *treason*, yet we feel it to be our duty to warn our countrymen, that the Anti-slavery faction, with its foreign allies, is not a mere *thing* to make fun of, as the boys say.

Had we the power to put in abeyance all sense of horror and indignation, it might be pleasant enough to recall some of the risible scenes and persons of the late meetings.

But when we think of the great financiers, the Tappans, raising 40,000 dollars, to begin a new and elaborately contrived campaign against the peace and safety of our country, and of the boundless wealth of the aristocracy of England, who are the sworn enemies of our Constitution and laws, which on many accounts they hate with a mortal hatred, —when we think seriously of these and like circumstances, our sober thoughts very materially contravene any disposition we may have for indulgence in the ludicrous, and we cannot laugh.

Some years ago, when we were younger than now, and when abolitionism was looked upon as an absurd and evanescent monomania, we could have enjoyed exceedingly the

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ridiculous figure of Garrison,—Lucy Stone in hand,—and lustily kicking away at three dead lions in turn. And the mad pranks of Phillips, Parker, Quincy & Co., would once have forced us to laugh most healthily; but when we think of their most extravagant things as being so powerfully sanctioned, of their flagitious, treasonable, and infidel doctrines, as being so widely received as the true creed, and of the means so amply supplied them to make proselytes to their false faith, desire itself fails, and we cannot laugh.

We came near the enjoyment of a good laugh at Mr. Edward Quincy's so completely out-Heroding Sir John Falstaff on his own ground, in that unparalleled burst of gratulation,—"We have unchurched the Church! We have excommunicated the State! We have stood up before the American people and defied them! We have trampled their laws under our feet!" But we thought—besides that his name is QUINCY—how greater and sadder are the ruins of the human mind, and of human virtue, than all ruins else besides; and we could not laugh.

The broad farce of Wendell Phillips' seditious and infidel extravaganzas might have forced at least a smile from any but the soberest of saints; but we were too deeply delighted even to smile, that the man who had in Boston denounced the Constitution, the Union, and the Bible, should say also, on the New York platform, that he did not thank God for giving us a WASHINGTON.

Shocking would it be for that illustrious name, to be praised by such lips!

In the London Hall, the Earl of Shaftesbury stands out conspicuously, and ridiculously enough, but that he is—strange to say—an influential member of the British senate. He is one of the modern reform fuss-makers of the age. He is principally employed in the agitation of fancied evils abroad—things at a great distance—as if in the delusive hope that it somehow may do something in the way of removing or smoothing down bad and rough things at home. Poor man! in his nightmare life, he seems to be constantly on the rack of a torturing apprehension that the political and social institutions of his country are about to be disrupted and dissolved before his eyes! It is impossible not to imagine him awaking from a troubled dream of being in a poor-house, sipping soup-meagre, and longing for roast beef and plum pudding. To banish from his scared little mind and heart the frightful remembrance of the horrid dream—worse than any that haunted a former Earl of Shaftesbury in the Tower—he hies away to Exeter

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Hall, to pronounce a panegyric on Mrs. Stowe—a dignified task for a British lord, and to fanaticize her husband, and all others of the few present who yet required to be fanaticized. With the professor, as seen above, he succeeded excellently, almost to the point of dementation.

But all these men, how ridiculous soever they may make themselves to sober and truthful eyes, still, with uncounted associates, and nameless means in possession and at hand, are men of power in their way; and disastrous may it be to us and our country, when we lose sight of the fact, that the great army of Xerxes was not more numerous, nor half so well drilled or organized.

FANNY FERN.

We have the greatest respect for a fact.

It is a fact that the lady who calls herself Fanny, and scatters leaves from her "Portfolio," is a popular writer, and a quoted.

Let us examine the causes of this popularity impartially.

We have Fanny's book before us. The title-page tells us that our copy is one of the "twentieth thousand." We believe it. There will be a fortieth thousand in due time. There is great talent in the book. *There always is* in books that become popular. *Vox populi, vox Dei.* No cause, no effect; without *force* somewhere, no motion anywhere.

Now, what is Fanny?

Reader, she is—and we intend this as a compliment—she is a charming little humbug. She ought to have married Barnum. A more suitable queen for that emperor of gammon-and-spinach, and great magnetizer of humanity at large, could never have been found in this most republican Atlantis.

Barnum is a true poet, and Fanny is very near being a poetess. Barnum is a creative genius. The arch-conjuror waves his wand; he says impressively, "Let there be a woolly horse!" and there *is* a woolly horse. He is capable of calling into being a feathered crocodile, a bearded lady, a living mastodon. If he took it into his head to turn spirit-rapper, he would raise more ghosts for twenty-five cents than you would care to count. The other day he declaimed a spell, uttered

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aloud a few cabalistic phrases—"Barnum's Illustrated, forty thousand dollars, price sixpence"—*presto*—a paper was established, that sells from one end of America to another.

Let us give the devil his due!

If Barnum *be* a humbug, he gives the people their money's-worth in amusement. If it were only in laughing at him, they are well paid for their contributions to his fortune. Let those laugh who win.

Now, Fanny is a literary Barnumina.

She is an ideal Phineas.

The fern leaves of Fanny are, of course, not leaves of laurel, neither are they leaves from the tree of knowledge. They are, as it were, the scatterlings from the tree of life, which she has picked up and flattened between the sheets of her portfolio aforesaid. Some are in good preservation, others are torn and dirty, and scarcely seem to belong to the tree of life at all.

All have been slightly painted with colors, not quite true to nature, from a want of transparency and reflex. However, why criticize too closely? Even the daguerreotype more or less distorts every countenance it copies. Why ask Fanny to be more correct than the camera? The sun is true, and the camera but a medium. Genius is the sun of intellect, and Fanny makes no pretensions to genius.

She does not set up as rival of Dickens and Hawthorne; she wonders how she came to write a book at all. Like Mrs. Stowe's Topsy, "she 'spects it growed."

So it did. It grew by a natural process. The printers wanted copy, Fanny wanted money; and bit by bit the contents of her kaleidescope were collected.

Fanny is not an inspired Pythoness. She would laugh at such an accusation. Two-thirds of her passion and pathos is mere gas. Nine-tenths of her humor is sheer nonsense. But there is feeling in Fanny. She *has* a heart, though she *is* said to be N. P. Willis's sister.

Need we remind our readers that that great writer and illustrious man is the author of sundry fern-leaf books—"Pencillings by the Way," "People he has met," and other *nugæ*?

But Fanny whips her brother on his own ground. He is nowhere in the race. Agreeable as he may be in private life, in print he is a conventional bore; a fifteenth-rate Washington Irving, varnished over with vulgarity and dandyism, and sadly minus that natural nobility which breathes beneath the vest of the great biographer of Columbus.

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We, who have studied Balzac, Dickens, Thackeray, smile inevitably at Fanny's crude attempts at *art.* Ambitious to be popular, she is always common-place; when she would be easy and reckless, she is too often outrageously vulgar; and where a bold defiance of conventional absurdity is intended, a jarring coarseness is too often the apparent result.

But Fanny writes for newspapers.

O Malebolge of that many-circled Inferno called American literature!

Reader, do you know what writing for newspapers means?

It means writing in haste, against the inclination, without opportunity for reflection, correction, or chance to get information. It means dressing for a ball in the dark; painting a picture, with a single brush for all colors; answering questions in science from memory, and questions of fact from imagination. It means attempting the impossible, and making fools believe you have done it. Worse than—worst of all, it means writing quantity in place of quality; diluting flasks of fragrant wine with pails of tasteless water; passing off hollow tubes for bars of solid metal; selling your soul to the devil—the printer's—for a mess of pottage; sacrificing future fame to present necessities.

Alas! how many millions of hollow columns support that Crystal Palace of mediocrity, in which so many fettered genii are hopelessly imprisoned!

We have said that Fanny had a heart. We repeat it. She means well. If she occasionally cants, it must be for want of ideas, in despair of finding matter for the copy so inevitably demanded. But religious cant is always painful to read. We advise Fanny to drop it for the future. Flippant piety is as offensive as rude profanity.

The book is, as may be expected, of the slightest materials; a totally disconnected string of sketches, scenes, and reflections. They owe their popularity to a certain dramatic smartness of form. Some may almost be called *tales;* and to write a good tale is the acknowledged acme of art in prose literature. But Fanny cannot, apparently, write a tale, in the proper sense of the word; she seems to want sustaining power or concentrativeness. Her tales are mere anecdotes, or fragmentary incidents.

On the whole, Fanny is amusing and readable, if not altogether a writer for philosophers to pore over.

Yet, whilst wishing success to Fanny, we regret to see her easy popularity. We can say this to *our* readers without hesitation, since it is precisely to the thinking and the

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educated that the circulation of this Review is naturally limited.

Why do we regret Fanny's popularity?

Because we naturally ask, when we see such a book *the* book of the day, where is American genius? Where are the original, the brilliant, the noble works, in whose publication we might take a lasting and national pride, from whose perusal we might derive delight, instruction, and elevation?

Where are the men to write them?

We will tell you.

They are in the law courts, in their counting-houses, or in the editorial rooms of daily papers, or, in fact, anywhere but in the student's sanctum, composing works for their own and their country's glory.

It is easy to write a book. But who is to publish it? who is to pay the author for his time, and defray the charges of printer and paper-maker?

We boast of our Declaration of Independence, and England yet triumphs in its sovereignty over our intelligence. When will that greater declaration of independence arrive, and American men demand American thoughts, in harmony with the present greatness and future glory of this, of all republics, the most glorious?

Are a few paltry and unscrupulous reprinters of pirated English copyrights to fetter the American mind forever? Most assuredly not! American authors, be men and heroes! Make sacrifices, deny yourselves a thousand luxuries and many comforts, but *publish books;* publish them at your own hazard, for the hope of the future and the honor of America. Do not leave its literature in the hands of a few industrious females. Print, publish, aspire; and the Press, the great Prometheus of the age, the Titan power, before which all others are fading into shadows, will stretch forth its strong right arm, and lift you upwards, though Harper should rival you with English novels at a cent a dozen, and English flunkey-magazines at less than the cost of their postage. Arise, ye mute, inglorious Miltons! Awake! arise! or be forever fallen!

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THINGS IN GENERAL.

AN ANTI-MAINE LAW RHYME.

OPEN the mystical bottle,
There's a simoon in my throttle:
Could I to gold but convert all
Pepper I took in that "Turtle,"
I should be richer than Crœsus,
Or than the canters who fleece us;
Proving all nonsense so clearly,
By selling philanthropy dearly.
Let the champagne fly or burst, I
Am so tremendously thirsty,
I could drink up the Euphrates.
But the worst thing that I hate is—
Watery worship of Croton,
Which Greeley pretends so to doat on.
God gave us wine to be joyous,
Surely, and not to destroy us.
P'raps a tee-total adviser
Had made his omniscience wiser!

NEGROMANIA.

A CERTAIN man of letters arrived in the Empire City with a letter of introduction in his pocket. It was addressed to one of the editors of the "Daily Socialist," and recommended the stranger to his attention in the strongest terms. The stranger, who was one of the most active and ardent of the republican philosophers of Europe, having, by many writings, and in many lands, labored to spread the faith of liberty, long awaited some acknowledgment of the books and letter which he forwarded to the editor aforesaid. But no answer came. He met with absolute and utter neglect from the Daily Socialists, who were to have welcomed him with open arms; whilst he found himself honored and befriended on every side by those to whom he brought no recommendation but his reputation, and his desire to labor on in the cause of human intelligence.

This conduct, on the part of professed philanthropists, somewhat puzzled the emigrant philosopher. For a long time he could not arrive at any conclusion upon the subject. Was it because he had exhausted his fortune in Europe,

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and, being professedly poor, sought to work for his living? Was it because his philosophy soared above the petty crotchets and narrow systems of the supposed philanthropists? Was it because he was a man of study and science, and therefore terrible to half-educated and fanatic teachers? Was it because he was evidently in earnest, that he seemed suspect to men whose sincerity was at least questionable?

No! all these causes might have had their weight, but the real fundamental reason of the contempt with which he was treated was—strange as it may appear—because *he was a white man!*

That was the "head and front of his offending."

Had he only been a negro, how they would have hugged him, these literary Desdemonas, so eternally fascinated by their Uncle Tom Othello!

But he was *only* a white philosopher.

The Daily Socialist disdained to notice him.

Strange to say, he outlived their disdain, and the misfortune of his color also.

EPIGRAMS.

I.

Fear not the man who talks of fighting;
Read not the book that tells of writing.
Good authors sink the author when they write;
The brave, in silence, wait the hour to fight.

II.

Let not the care of health your moments fill;
Who apprehends disease is ever ill.

III.

Whate'er betide, be up and doing;
Mere thought's a cat its tail pursuing.

IV.

When all is done, we now conceive,
Infinity with thought will heave.

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THE

UNITED STATES REVIEW.

SEPTEMBER, 1853.

PAMPHLETS FOR THE PEOPLE.

NO. I.

"There is nothing more important to the well-being of a nation, than that the laboring man should receive wages sufficient to support his family in comfort."
H. D. E.

"Would you succeed? Accomplish good ends by good means.

"Think of your brethren. Let their cause be yours.

"There can be no life without labor; and labor is every where the destiny of the people."—F. De La Mennais.

"What will the poor do? Why they will only have to do as the poor do in England and other countries,—learn to live without eating meat."—"Rent Roll."

"We want public souls. We *want* them."—Dr. South.

"See yonder poor, o'erlabor'd wight,
So abject, mean, and vile,
Who begs a brother of the earth
To give him leave to toil;
And see his lordly fellow-worm
The poor petition spurn,
Unmindful, though a weeping wife
And helpless offspring mourn."
Burns.

Says the author of one of our pregnant mottoes, "Consider, O people, whether it be not time to justify the Author of beings, by attaining for thyself a condition more consonant to His justice, to His goodness."

"Thou sayest, I am cold; and, to warm thy attenuated members, thy masters bind them with triple chains of iron."

"Thou sayest, I am hungry; and they reply to thee, Eat the crumbs swept from our festal halls."

"Thou sayest, I am athirst; and they answer, Drink thy tears."

"Thou faintest under the burthen of thy toils, and thy

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masters rejoice;—they call thy fatigues and thy exhaustions the necessary curb of labor."

All this, however, is from a little book written for a European peasantry; and *we* have *no peasantry*. But has it no meaning—no application under the genial sun of our glorious Republic? Though we have no peasantry ground down by hereditary grandeur and lordly pride of birth and station, yet have we multitudes of eaters of the bitter bread of poverty, who even now and then starve for the want of even bitter bread, when they can no longer work because no man will hire them, or because no longer able to work if some man would hire them.

We will however leave for the present this question of meaning and application, to add, in the spirit of the author, what belongs to our own country and times, indisputably; and which goes fearfully far to show that our state of servitude is also *established by law;* as not less clearly defined on a late occasion, than is the law which binds down the peasantry of other countries with "triple chains of iron."

Our operatives and laborers say, "we will make a united stand and struggle to free ourselves from our comfortless thraldom, and to save our children from the bad condition of their parents, and from the still worse condition which so fiercely threatens them;" and they are told by a council of great men learned in the law, that such a struggle is "*illegal and indictable as a crime.*" You must not therefore run the risk of the stand and the struggle, in order to stave off the starvation that may threaten you.

Then what will you do, people? Will you still bear the iron yoke of such a legal bondage, nor call such law in question? Will you, sovereigns as you are for one day in every year, succumb under the dominion of such a despotism? You may succeed in clipping the claws of the law by a judicious use of your day of sovereignty; but you have no solvent for stony hearts. The millionnaires of mammon, who spurn the laws of love, know well how to evade and trample on all human enactments. What then? Will you cast on the dark prospect before you a defiant look, and doom your offspring to penury and uncompensated servitude?

Uncompensated? Aye, uncompensated. For when an industrious and honest man of good habits fails to procure by his labor the needful comforts of life for himself and family, he is essentially in the same miserable condition of uncompensated servitude which has reduced and ground down the poor of the old world, *more than* half the population of the

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whole world, into an inferior caste—a degraded race! Should not such a deluge of evil—the extremity of evil—fill all hearts with consternation?

But until all the laboring men and women of our country "receive wages sufficient to support themselves and families in comfort," and to keep their little children from the hands of taskmasters, nothing else will be found to impede their downward proclivity into the wretchedly worse than death condition of the millions of the eastern continent. And,

Let us think for a little as patriots—as American republicans—how long can our beloved and lauded institutions of liberty bear up in their fair forms and unbending integrity; nay, even exist at all under such a load of evil as the spirit and the institutions of Mammon are laying on them? Long ere that time shall come when ours shall be as the peoples of Europe and Asia,—though rapidly that period may seem to approach,—we shall have no political institutions to lose which shall be worth an effort to save!

Until as much heed and skill shall be given to the distribution, as to the production of wealth,—until what now are called *high wages for labor*, is the established and common rule, and not as now the exception,—there can be reasonably entertained no hope of permanence for our free institutions; no prospect of the continuance of the peace and happiness, and prosperity of our nation.

Starving, or even uncomfortable millions, can never allow a nation to be happy, and ought not. Institutions which conduce and contribute to such a state of things, and to perpetuate them as though framed for that very purpose, ought not to be permanent. They will not; for they cannot be. May they be allowed peacefully to pass away, or be quietly divested of their oppressive character; that they may be found only in that character on the blotted pages of their history, before the people shall be aroused in their wrath to assert the inalienable right of revolution and violently sweep them from the face of the offended earth!

Should that day come to our country,—which Heaven forbid!—then will some remember, too late for any good to them,—some who now flout the doctrine of our first motto, the sentiment of a great and good political economist, and no ultra modern reformer,—that "there is *indeed* nothing more important to the well-being of a nation, than that the laboring man should receive wages sufficient to support his family in comfort."

Our young men travel in Europe, and knowing little of

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home, come back with sad and sickening tales of the distresses of the people abroad—the very people by whose labor, the men who bind the "triple chains of iron upon them," live in pomp and luxury. They fatten beef and mutton for their lords, and are denied even the heads and feet. They are wanted for the dogs. They grow wheat to make bread for their masters, and they are thankful to be allowed to share with the cattle in the oat and barley crop, or even for the bran of the wheat to make bread for their children. They raise grapes; but they must not eat them. They make wine; but they must drink no wine. Their peasant lips would pollute the whole vintage. For the washings of the wine-vat, they are expected to be grateful.

A terrible condition for human beings, certainly. And well may our young women weep over the young travellers' books; and well may our philanthropists declaim against such cruelties and oppressions; and well may we all laud and magnify our country's better condition at all times, and on all occasions; and, especially on the fourth of July. And yet,—and yet,—would it not be better and wiser, to learn from it some other lessons than of home laudation? Should it not rather admonish us to circumspection? To *our* old simplicity, it seems to say to us all, "*Be discreet.*" "*Judge not lest ye be judged.*" *Look at home.* Peer about carefully in all by-corners, and see if you can find nothing like this eastern despotism, under the protection of our republican institutions. It may be that some even of our hard workers would not reject the barley bread or the oaten cake, nor their poor wives and children even the wheat-bran porridge!

Look about among the high places of money, and the low ones of misery; and you may see what it may be good to see, and you may learn what it may be good to learn. Should you discern behind some glittering pile, the "Monster Ingratitude," decorated with gems and gold," think of it only as a *modern* paradox; and pass on.

"INGRATITUDE"?

A.—"One of the most revolting phases of the oppression of labor by the rich, is that which presents it in the character of *ingratitude.*"

R.—"Ingratitude of the rich? Why, that is a quite new combination of words! We hear enough, and true enough, of the ingratitude of the poor; but what is to be understood

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by the ingratitude of the rich? Some newfangled notion of some theory of modern reform, I suppose."

A.—"You may have heard, perhaps, or read in books, expressions implying the *gratitude* of the rich for the poor? From Abraham's day, to our own, an occasional glimpse has been discerned of this virtue; but mostly where the relationship of the rich to the poor, was that of Abraham's to his dependants. A conspicuous modern instance may better explain the subject. The wife of one of our early independent governors, explained to her astonished city visitors the strange phenomenon of giving to her husband's work-people the first dinner, and the best; by telling them, of course to their great amusement, that "the Governor says it would be *ungrateful* not to give of the first and the best, to the providers of all—the men that supply the food."

R.—"O, that is fine! delightful! primitive! and rustic enough, surely."

A.—"It is adduced, not to excite your admiration, or your wit; but to instruct your understanding. It is an example of gratitude of the rich to the poor; and well adapted, at the same time, to contrast and illustrate the subject of the ingratitude of the rich towards the laborer."

R.—"I think it is not very difficult to understand the notion of the Governor, that to feed his farm laborers with the bones, and crusts, and fragments of his family meal, would be ungrateful towards them; but I cannot readily understand how it makes plain the general subject of the ingratitude of the rich. In what is it to be seen?"

A.—"In the practical and absurd disclaimer of all obligation to the laborer, beyond his *penny a day*, or whatever other little amount of wages is *agreed* for. They absolutely ignore such obligation, and allow the laborer and his wife and children, to suffer through want of what they are, in all justice, bound to supply them sufficiently for their comfort. The rich man's horses and dogs are pampered and petted, because they contribute to his pleasure; while the working-man, without whom he could have neither horse, nor dog, nor pleasure, is not supplied with the ordinary comforts of life."

R.—"Well?"

A.—"No. It is not well."

R.—"I do not mean that it is *well* that the laboring man and his family should not have the comforts of life; but how is it owing to the ingratitude of the rich?"

A.—"I have already said that the rich man could have neither horse, dog, nor pleasure, but for the working-man. And what could he have?"

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R.—"All of them, notwithstanding your denial; and whatever else his money might buy besides. A pretty large and comprehensive *whatever;* think you not so?"

A.—"Certainly. Too large. Too comprehensive. But how came he by his money?"

R.—"He may have procured it without much aid from the working-man?"

A.—"How?"

R.—"By inheritance;—speculation;—fraud;—usury;—swindling;—extortion; or by any of the usual forms of legal, or illegal gambling."

A.—"You are quite aside from the subject, and speaking of a mere change of hands:—an affair of very little importance in our day, in which the duty of distribution is all but universally denied to be a duty at all. I am speaking of the origin—the creation of wealth; of which without the laborer there could be none. Labor alone is the means of riches."

R.—"Alone?"

A.—"Certainly. How else? Is there any other known way of producing wealth? Can there be?"

R.—"Why not?"

A.—"Well, let us see. Is gold said to be procured from the mines without labor?"

R.—"It is said not to be but by the hardest sort of labor. But without gold there might still be riches."

A.—"You are quite right in that; but can any other metal be otherwise obtained?"

R.—"Certainly not, of course."

A.—"Nor can any other thing, or element, which helps to make up wealth, or riches."

R.—"True. True enough, to be sure. And now, I think I understand your drift."

A.—"It should so be hoped, by this time."

R.—"Pray, do not think me dull peculiarly."

A.—"By no means. So long has the credit accrued to the rich, of being the creators of their own wealth, that it generally seems not paradoxical, merely, but even a 'damnable heresy' in political economy, to allow it to be questioned. And so, at length it has come to be generally considered a good enough specimen of the absurd, to speak of what the rich owe to the poor;—wealth to labor."

R.—"But I still feel a sort of mist hanging about the margin of my mind. Pray help me to disperse it. I would see the whole matter more clearly."

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A.—"You have already well said, there may be riches without gold. But without all other metals, could there be?"

R.—"Without iron, it has been said, there could be no wealth; and that even civil society depended on it."

A.—"No physical foundation can be firmer; and yet, on this indispensable to all that makes up the substance and the science of wealth; and which distinguishes the civilized from the savage;—on this true king of metals, from the mine to the magnet—millions of men—nay, of women and children, too, are employed;—for the most part, very toilsomely employed—and within arm's length of starvation!"

R.—"A shocking thought."

A.—"Nor less shameful than shocking! These millions of human beings, in all parts of the regions of civilization, are engaged in a perpetual and life-long struggle, to sustain and advance the very civilization, which to them is a heavier curse than was ever the old, preceding barbarism, to their forefathers!"

R.—"But is there any thing peculiar in the hardship of their sad lot?"

A.—"Not really. No. Other millions suffer not less. But there seems something especially revolting in the thought of the requital of these poor creatures, at the hands of civilization, which owes its existence to their labor, and must perish without it."

R.—"There is, indeed."

A.—"The miner, the woodcutter, the hemp-grower, the tar-maker, and great numbers of hard-working men in other departments of labor, employ their hard hands, and hardened muscles, to build the ships which make our merchant princes; and the toilsome sailors take them to where wealth, beyond the dangerous deep, may be found for their lordly owners; and, as the general rule, with sadly few exceptions, the comfort of the laborer, the artisan, and the sailor, is not more thought of by those lordly owners, than is the comfort of the wooden figure-head at the ship's bow. And the uncompensated hard labor of the poor mariner it is, which gives *more* than princely wealth to the soulless and heartless insurance companies."

R.—"How? Please explain."

A.—"Another time, perhaps. Let it now suffice that labor is the only producer of wealth. Nor are these instances at all peculiar. The manufacturer, the master-builder, the contractor, in all branches of business, think themselves unfortunate, or very ill used gentlemen, if unable to retire after a

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few years of this kind of robbery of the poor according to law, and pass the remainder of their lives in the sumptuousness, and luxury, and pomp, of aristocratic splendor."

R.—"ROBBERY?"

A.—"Yes. Not legal, but moral robbery, of the cruellest species,—

> 'Uncapable of pity, void and empty
> From any dram of mercy.'"

R.—"I reckon you'll make few converts to that sort of doctrine."

A.—"Not very many, I suppose. And yet, it is a demonstrably true doctrine."

R.—"Demonstrably true? And how would you show it?"

A.—"Easily enough. The wages of the laboring man, of strict justice, should be sufficient to support himself and family in comfort and in the free enjoyment of the rational immunities of life. This, nobody can deny."

R.—"I would hope not."

A.—"It would hardly be unreasonable, in addition to such allowance, that he should be also able to be laying aside something for a time of need—sickness—decrepitude—age."

R.—"No, indeed; and particularly, perhaps, in cases of dangerous and unhealthy work."

A.—"As workers in *paint;* very unwholesome business. And yet, the house painters, a great many of whom are poisoned and crippled by their business in mid-life, or earlier, are grudged two dollars a day; which surely can yield but a small revenue over keeping a family in ordinary comfort under the pressure of city rents. This in passing. Well, what the employees are allowed, *less* than what has been shown they are justly entitled to, is *robbery.* They are robbed. Their wives and children are robbed, and left to suffer and die in want of what they have been robbed, and which goes into the accumulating treasury of their oppressors. The proprietor and the employer divide the spoils of the poor between them, and both heap up pyramids of ill-gotten wealth. One thousand workers thus robbed, each of but fifty cents a day—a moderate calculation—every night profitably invested, will soon make a pair of lordly fortunes. So they are made—made by daily robbing the poor—made by a system of oppression that is filling our land with crime and wretchedness, with a rapidity even frightful to despotic Europe!"

R.—"Is it indeed so?"

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A.—"So is it, indeed; or statistics are not to be relied on. Neither France, England, nor Germany, can compare with us in criminal statistics."

R.—"And because their people are less oppressed than with us?"

A.—"No; but because more able to submit to oppression. They have been longer accustomed to it; and always taught that it was the natural and inevitable destiny of the people—a great advantage over our oppressed population, who are taught that they are not specially created to constitute an inferior and servile caste to minister to the luxuries of their betters. And when they find themselves in such position, and denied the ordinary comforts of life, it maddens and makes them desperate; and many of them bring up their children to be desperadoes. Neglected, oppressed, spurned by the better off and the rich, the wicked portion of them declare war in their hearts against the institutions and the community, for which they feel no sympathy, because they have received none; and they become the enemies of such as should have made them friends. Such are dangerous effects of the suffering poverty of the laborer, produced by the oppression, and ingratitude, and heartless scorn of the men he has labored to enrich. Is further light demanded?"

R.—"But it still sounds so strange and novel—the ingratitude of the rich towards the poor!"

A.—"The more is the pity, that the right words to express any truth should sound strange and novel. To my mind, the right words to express the ingratitude of the rich towards the laboring poor, are the very same which would best apply to the ungrateful serpent which bit the hand that had warmed it into life."

R.—"And yet, on your theory, what is less uncommon than such ingratitude?"

A.—"There seems, indeed, nothing more common, unless it be the suffering poverty, which results from it, and the crimes it creates."

R.—"And very shocking and alarming is the apparent fact, that as the power thus to oppress increases with the increase of accumulation, so also does the disposition seem to increase in like proportion."

A.—"But the apparent may not be the real fact. As elsewhere, appearances here, too, may deceive.

"We trust that so it is; and that our rich men are not really in bondage to the fell spirit of evil, and so under the Divine malediction. The greater the possession, so, the farther

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is the possessor removed from the labor that procured it for him; and he becomes, of course, more and more insensible to the claims of gratitude, so largely due to the CREATOR and the *creators* of his wealth.

"By a thick curtain of gold, the retired rich are separated from the people; and that the curtain may not be approached by the importunities of hunger, they subscribe largely to the *charitable joint-stock companies*, which have been organized principally for the express object of saving the rich from being annoyed by the poor. In want of better, their retirement is employed in the work of making stony hearts for themselves and families; and in teaching the art and the use to such as are allowed access to them. And hence wealthy men with souls, of which they seem so generally unconscious; and great and rich bodies without souls, of which they are quite certain, forgetful of the origin of their power, the makers of their wealth, and that but for them, it would cease to be wealth, and become worthless; grind down their laborers and all their employees to the very lowest point for which their services can be obtained, in utter carelessness of what amount may be required to keep their families supplied with the poorest fare, to say nothing of the comforts of life. Is it not so?"

R.—"Sorry am I to be obliged to confess that such seems to be the general truth?"

A.—"And is such cruel injustice for ever to be endured? Should such ingratitude evermore escape the abhorrence of mankind, and no voice be raised against it?"

R.—"It would seem pretty clear that one voice, at least, is bent on being heard."

A.—"You are quite right. And may its sound go out into all lands; and especially may its warning be given heed to in our own."

R.—"So may it be. Adieu!"

A.—"Adieu. But come again some day for another talk."

CONSERVATISM.

GOD SAVE THE REPUBLIC.—But if He does, we must follow His directions in the renovating work of making it worth saving. It cannot be, that in the present condition of our things and men, there is mingled the essential property of endurance. Heaven forbid that so it should ever be; or that the mere changing of hands should change the character or

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color of the sin. As the world's wise ones seem to suppose, is the conservation of such criminal abuses entitled to be considered wise and virtuous?

Be far from us and ours all such wisdom, all such virtue; all such miscalled and destructive conservatism, which is laying up wrath for a day of wrath!

From a national point of view, the people are bound as patriots, to look at this matter of justice to labor. It is daily becoming more and more important as a great political interest. In the old countries, now our steam-neighbors, absolute despotisms of the most flagrant and heartless character, are rapidly multiplying and falling into the ranks of a confederacy, sworn to support despotic thrones against every effort of the people for the recovery of any portion of their former rights and privileges. And when the unholy confederacy shall have become strong enough,—soon it may be,—then will there be no avoidable delay in allying themselves in one banded power of war to the knife, against all free governments, all constitutional governments whatsoever, under which it may yet be *possible* for labor to obtain justice, or for the people even to make an effort in that direction.

In such conflict against humanity, for the establishment of jewelled thrones in gorgeous palaces for the few, guarded by venal arms against the down-trodden many, in which scale, then, will the gold be found which is even now employed in oppressing the poor and binding down the artisan and the laborer, with their families, to their hard tasks of uncompensated servitude, uncheered by any of the comforts of life?

But of this enough for the present. Let it not be forgotten, and let the prudent man foresee the evil and hide himself by fleeing from it to where he may oppose its progress, honestly, rightfully, safely, and effectually.

People,—on whom, under God, the future of our country solely depends, and not at all on an aristocracy of gold,—will you think of these suggestive things, soberly and wisely? Do so; and then, to say nothing of your having the spirit of a real manhood, if you have hearts of flesh and not of stone, you will look wisely and wistfully on the prospect before you, for yourselves, for your offspring, and for your country. Do so; and you will not be able to make up your minds to defy the consequences of wearing away your lives in toil to build pyramids of wealth for your oppressors, and to procure mere sustenance and shelter (such as they are) for your families, until you shall be sheltered in the grave, and leave your posterity in destitution and hopeless poverty, to sink deeper and

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deeper into ruin. No, it is only the ignorant and the profligate who are thus reckless of consequences. It is *their* only system of ethics. You cannot be of either of these miserable classes, or you would make no honest struggle to better your condition, and to light up a better future for posterity.

You are well aware of the frightful increase of crime, insanity, idiocy, imbecility and prostitution, especially in all our great marts of business; and that a very large proportion of these terrific evils, is the natural product of the distracting, maddening wants of poverty! To such as can look quietly and contentedly on such prospects, we have not a word to say. We are not writing for such. They are not of the people. To an apathetic recklessness of that sort and degree, it is not unreasonable to hope that a comparatively few thousands of such as were once among the people of our country are yet reduced. May not that few thousands become many millions, as in Europe and Asia, by legalized oppression.

But unless your labor or business is compensated by the needful comforts of life, and means of improvement for yourselves and families, then is your tendency downwards, necessarily, into that miserable state of degradation where hope is lost in despair, or brutality!

Arouse yourselves, then, for an upward struggle. To be saved from such miserable state, it is not required that you become opulent, but necessary is it, that you possess the means of comfort and improvement. Let these be honestly procured, and you shall find them of more real value than princely wealth, "by guilt and baseness earned;" for, sooner or later, such wealth is sure to bring down a curse on its possessor. Wherever time has been allowed, it has ever done so, and by the highest law it is bound to do so evermore and every where.

Though to the reckless and foolhardy, these pages are not expected to be of any benefit or value, it should not be passed by in silence, as of no account to be noticed or remembered, that into that wretched class, adversity, destitution and oppression, are daily forcing the unhappy victims of want, who were once as hopeful as any of us. This dreadful consideration should neither be trifled with nor lost sight of. No man can tell, or perhaps imagine, to what extremity of viciousness the extremity of want may urge and impel him.

Through even death by starvation, some men and women of great strength of soul may have passed with pure hands and stainless hearts, and unsullied names, to an honored grave. But alas! few, it may well be feared, of the great army of the

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wretched, which our mock and maddening civilization is so effectually and surely recruiting by hundreds daily, very few, so pass into

> "That undiscovered country from whose bourne
> No traveller returns."

We would not wound the sensibilities of one of you by exciting the fearful apprehension of the possibility of having your own body corrupted by a loathsome viciousness of life, and emaciated by slow starvation; and at length covered up out of sight by disgusted survivors; nor with the even more dismal apprehension, if such there may be, as we think, of leaving behind you a posterity of successful candidates for the gallows, the State's prison, the penitentiary, the lunatic asylum,—the idiot's refuge. And yet we are sometimes alarmed and terrified to think that if the character of our present civilization is to be indefinitely perpetuated, very few of the fathers of this generation will escape the terrible destiny of having been progenitors of many such successful candidates for infamy and wretchedness! For under the supposed condition, the richest fathers have no more right to hope to be of the few exempts, than even the poorest. The difference may be resolvable into a mere question of time. For even though riches had the power of exemption, what reasonable dependence may be placed on them, while daily and nightly they are taking to themselves wings of fire and every other sort, to fly away?

Very much is heard in our time of the property men—the millionnaires that be, and that are to be. Indeed few else are thought worth hearing of at all. Property men! Who are they? The very notion of property necessarily includes that also of protection. And certainly, but little more of *progress* in our onward and downward march of civilization, will leave behind it all effectual protection for either life or liberty, property or purity. Then let the rich become prudent, and give freely of their riches to promote and facilitate the good cause of justice to labor, and comfort and safety to all.

Is not such the fearful state of modern civilization? It is shocking to the soul to think it so, indeed; and yet, but a glance at our own vaunted civilization forbids a negative answer to the question. Well and truly is it said anonymously, by one of the best writers and thinkers of our age, "*If civilization is to make any sufficient answer for itself and for the many serious evils it promotes, it ought to be that it renders the vicissi-*

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tudes of life less extreme, that it provides a resource for all of us against excessive want."*

But it would be the merest mockery to ask, if ours does any thing of this sort; or if it really makes any attempt to do it, while thousands upon thousands of us are groaning under the extremest of the vicissitudes of life, in daily want of daily bread, and without assurance of shelter for the night! And aside from this inevitably successful school of vice and crime —branches of which and normal institutions are found throughout the land—in rural villages as in metropolitan cities—what is our so-called civilization doing in other ways for our morals?

You can scarcely take up a daily newspaper of even the smallest dimensions and of fairest character, that is not defiled by accounts of brutalities of all imaginable names; and two recent instances of criminality have been detected, of a character so horribly loathsome, that the disgusting particulars have been mercifully and wisely withheld from the public, and no name given them! Open and murderous assaults in respectable places of business—in legislative and judicial halls—in colleges—in thoroughfares—in resorts of amusements, and even sometimes in temples of God's worship! and secret crimes of atrocious bloodiness and beastliness are of frequent occurrence all over the country; in our great cities more than daily—hourly it may well be feared.

THE CITY.

Are you emulous of the honor, or desirous of the benefits and privileges that may accrue to yourself or family, of living in any of the great cities or towns, from the capital of the Union to the capital of New England, both inclusive? As for ourselves and our youthful posterity, give us rather a tent on a battle-field. For what are those cities and towns most remarkable? Is it for their rapid increase of population and prosperity? or for their rapid increase of crime and corruption? For their riches, often ill-gotten, and "sometimes sent to shield a lucky knave, or throw a cruel sunshine on a pool;" or for their immeasurable masses of misery in rags, filth, and famine? For arrogant opulence, and for lawless license; or for modest competence and loyalty to justice and mercy? In short, for *good* or for *evil*, are they most remarkable?

* Companions of my solitude.

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The evil is certainly not less conspicuous than the good. And what is specially frightful in all this, is the surprising suddenness with which this alarming state of things has sprung up and matured! But a few years ago there could not have been found in all the land a shadow of fear, that any such state of things would ever reach our northern cities. We used to stand aghast at the news of an occasional outburst of brutal violence in New Orleans, or elsewhere south; little dreaming that in so short a time it would be seen at home, that in real outrageous ruffianism and beastly corruption, that southern city had not then been even initiated. Shortly since, European oppression, misery, and vice and crime were thought impossible here. But they are not so thought now. We can already compete with the old world in these, as well as in better things. Cases of detected and punished crimes are appallingly numerous; but when we take into the account the many proofs that some of the official functionaries of our cities are themselves corrupt and vicious, and at the same time under the baleful influence of the fear of the mob of rowdies, whose congenial patronage elevated them to their posts of profit; and knowing too of numerous instances in which they have arrested the course of justice, by rescuing their partners in crime on their way to legal and deserved punishment; taking all these things into the account, we may, and rightly, suppose that the published reports of punished crime but too distantly approximate the real amount.

Now, PEOPLE of these cities—not the rich, the rogues, nor the rowdies—to the people, we say, take a look at this, so to speak, distant approximation of the true amount of crime in one of them.

SIXTEEN THOUSAND!—as officially reported—16,000 criminals were committed to prison in one city, in one year! Nor is this terrific view the worst, as it stands related to our subject in hand: one-fourth of this great army of guilt, consisted of children under age; and 800 of them from 15 downwards to *nine* years old! This is almost unimaginably horrible; and it should be contemplated—it should be thought on, and turned over in the mind, and viewed from different points, until it shall have well fulfilled its mission, and worked its proper effect upon us.

It is a great and appalling fact, which the mind is not able at once, nor by an ordinary effort, to measure. Like the world of a city which it disgraces and makes frightful, it is too large to be considered but in sections. The rude and heavy shock upon the heart so affects the brain, that we put

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our hand to our forehead in a way to cover the closed eyes, as if to shut out more effectually the terrific vision of as many people—men, women and children—suffering punishment for crime in a single city, as within the memory of some of its citizens comprised its entire population!

A look from another point of view—suppose a small town of 5000, instead of a great city of 500,000. In such small towns, you may suppose a general acquaintance—in some cases an almost general relationship—among the whole population. Now, suppose of this whole population of our little town of 5000, the hundredth part of 16,000, or 160, men, women and children detected in crimes of all varieties of shade! and suppose yourself one of the unprotected of that population, then surely, unless bound by a high sense of duty, or by a dire necessity, you would not willingly remain, with a young, and yet innocent, family, in such a place of profligacy and crime?

You know, of course, but we wish you to think of it a little closely, that the detected crimes of a great city are the mere indices, which point to the corrupted sources from which those crimes have proceeded. We are not to suppose that the 16,000 monopolized the criminality of the city; or that even the probably 20,000, who should, and might have been brought to justice but for the criminal interference of corruption in power and place, or from other causes;—we may not imagine, even, that the supposed 20,000 are more than specimens of the criminality which abounds in such a population.

It is an extravagant supposition, that one-half of those culprits were lonely beings, unconnected by family or relationship in the city; and that none others than themselves had any part or lot in their wickedness. But, though extravagant, let it be granted; and then think on what we cannot endure to dwell—the great number of, perhaps whole and entire, and numerous families in the city—enough to make a large town—equal to the city of New-York itself, at the beginning of this century—living on the wages of guilt!

By this moderate and safe calculation, at the very lowest, one-tenth of the population of the city live on the wages of guilt; and, by well authenticated statements, the proportion of the guilty is daily increasing. We will reject, as too dreadful not to be rejected, the confident assertions of some who have better means of knowledge, that more than one-fifth of the whole population—some even say one-third—subsist on the gains of guiltiness!—penal and loathsome guiltiness! But let us bring our lowest calculation, a tenth, down to the

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imaginary pollution of our little town of 5,000; and say 500 of its population are subsisting on the avails of vice, blackened into crime; and eating their daily bread with hands stained with blood, or filthy with beastly debaucheries! Would you require an angel's aid and urging, to induce you to flee from such a Sodom? Were you travelling, would you not choose to give it a broad berth, or to pass it with railroad speed? And would you not unite with all virtuous people in denouncing it as a den of pollution—a disgraceful public nuisance? Would you not warn people to avoid it, as they should avoid a putrid pestilence? But why should you, while you think it so high and great a privilege—so desirable a boon—to remain in such a den of wickedness, as is every one of our great cities, with the heel of a cruel oppression upon your necks, and the adder's fang of blood-guiltiness threatening your lives? The heel and the fang, you may bear and despise in your own person, if you will, but if you have a family, or intend to have, how dare you despise the danger to them of growing up together and mingling necessarily with such a mass of corruption? You surely cannot have the presumption to hope that your posterity will be specially shielded, and so escape the usual consequences of the constant breathing of an atmosphere so tainted and saturated with infection.

The fairest and finest dream which you can have, must be, that your denizenship is of the nature of a ticket in a lottery, in which one in a thousand draws a prize. You may be that one, and with your prize, you may elevate your family above their present associates; and so, *perhaps*, to some extent exempt them, for one or more generations, from contact with the corrupt and infected. But are the families of all who have drawn the golden prize of Mammon secured from such contact? Are there no rich rowdies, nor roués, nor cyprians, in our great cities? Nay, are they not found in godless multitudes? If it were not so, what then? Wise and reflecting men of heart do not so peril their offspring, as to suspend the question of their virtue and happiness on such a calculation of chances as one in a thousand. The thoughtless and reckless, the unfeeling and unprincipled, may be not unwilling to run such hazards; but, surely, to the thoughtful, the prudent, the humane, for them it must be simply impossible willingly to peril their posterity's virtue and happiness on such a game of chances.

There is yet another and very revolting consideration not to be lost sight of. Where are the daughters and sisters of

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the 16,000 culprits, and of many other thousands of the poor and the profligate? That there are many ten thousands of the daughters of our great cities—mostly from want, absolute want—driven into even worse places than thieves' and robbers' dens, or city prisons and penitentiaries, there can be no need to say; for it is a mere truism—a thousand times told tale! But this is what no virtuous father or mother can endure to think of, as implying danger to their own female offspring. And yet, thousands upon thousands of virtuous parents have been doomed to mourn, with breaking hearts and broken-down spirits, over the lost innocence and utter degradation of their once lovely, pure, and beautiful daughters! Therefore, no father nor mother, in danger of falling into city-poverty—as who there is not?—is wise in too strongly presuming on exemption from such killing calamity. Let no one hope to break the link which connects causes and consequences. Let no one think of being able to construct for himself a little island of peace and purity, in the midst of such a sea of ever warring corruption.

Juvenile delinquency,—male and female,—as an overwhelming flood, is deluging all our great cities and towns; and the pomp and pride of monopolized wealth, are adding strength and fury to the devastating storm. The oppression that maketh even wise men mad, is actually driving the laboring classes, and the poor generally, of our cities, to desperation; and there is undoubtedly great danger; and by many thoughtful and sensitive people, it is felt severely, that a conflict may not be far distant between the oppressors and the oppressed! The greater is the danger, that the oppressors seem utterly and strangely unconscious of there being any such danger. Nay, with scorn and indignation, they flout the offensive charge of being oppressors.

But what is oppression? Is it some thing quite impossible under republican institutions, by which life and property are professedly protected by law? Such seems to be the notion; but it is certainly a grossly erroneous one; for that by the powerful, the people may be oppressed without violation of the law of the land, instances in proof are familiar to all who have eyes to see, ears to hear, or hearts to feel. The ever accumulating powers, lodged by laws in our innumerable *bodies without souls*, are becoming more and more extensively oppressive than are the powers of any living despot on earth. But this now in passing. On another occasion we may take a more deliberate look at these soulless bodies.

That the spirit of the most unfeeling and cruel oppression

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may be found among us, in its not least revolting phase, may be easily discovered any where in the broad ways of Mammon; but rarely is it developed in a more hideous form and aspect, than as authentically and graphically described in a plain spoken and truthful article—affording one of our mottoes—which appeared a few weeks since in a religious paper of NewlYork, of the true democratic type—containing the following passage:—

"And what are the poor to do?" said a friend of ours the other day, to an extensive city proprietor, with whom he was remonstrating at the sudden and enormous rise of house rents:—"*What will the poor do?*" rejoined he; "*Why, they will only have to do as the poor do in England and other countries —learn to live without eating meat.*"

Such, people of America—sovereigns once a year for five minutes—such in our great cities is the feeling, towards you and yours, of the successful devotees of Mammon, whose hearts are hardened by covetousness, and whose consciences are seared by success, and pocketed among the small change —the new three cent pieces—which they carry to church of a Sunday, to put into the offerings for the poor. Your oppressors are often great church goers. O yes; they are too sagacious not to see that religion is naturally conducive to humility and contentment; and they wish every body to be humble, except themselves, and especially that the poor be contented in their condition, with the foot of their oppressive masters on their neck and hearts. With what religion has to say about the sins of having no pity on the poor, and of oppressing the hireling in his wages, they feel no sort of concern, so long as they pay the penny *agreed* for, however little it may do towards keeping hunger and frost from the poor man's empty stomach and habitation. Yes, people, such are your oppressors. If they can live in luxury, and still go on unchecked in their hot haste to be richer and richer, they care not a pin about the sufferings, trials, and exposures of you, and your wives and children. Unhappily for you, there is an overstock of labor in the market, as there ever will be where there is an overstock of money; and nothing can now restrain the creation of any amount of the power of oppression, in the form of bank-bills; since the oppressors themselves are legally licensed to multiply them to any extent. Some of the people—we believe a large proportion of them—think it good for them when money is plenty; and best when it is plentiest. It is a great mistake; but let it pass for the present. Dear rents, and dear food, and the loftier pride of the

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opulent lords of monopoly, may better than we can bring the matter home to their business and bosoms. May God help them. The powerful employers of the laboring classes know well, that they must work for what they can get; and that if a few thousands of them die off for want of food and comfort, the vacant places will soon be supplied by others. Of this their experience has made them confident; and this confidence acting upon their mammon-hearts, has hardened them into stone, until they have lost all feeling for their poor fellow-creatures, by whom their adored wealth is all obtained at a cost so great.

Such, PEOPLE of the city, is your condition. Dare to look it in the face; and a good and wise look will convince you that a spasmodic strike now and then is not going to make it essentially better. Were there room in the jails, and a sufficiency of power in your oppressors, to arrest and incarcerate you who are making an almost death-struggle for relief, you would occupy that room.

Is it hard and harsh to say this of the golden and amiable aristocracy of our republic? Of some—of many—we trust it may be unjust to say it; but as a general rule, with too few exceptions to affect it, we sadly fear it is very far from being unjust. Most certainly, of such as would employ your labor at a rate of wages which is less than sufficient for your comfortable support, it is not unjust. Of such as would grind out of you an amount of rent that would banish coffee and tea and sugar from your poor wife's little closet, and take the beef and mutton from your table, and reduce your poor enough fare, at best, to that of a British Hindoo slave's allowance of rice, or its equivalent, it is not unjust. Of the employer, who would allow you when crippled, or broken down in his employment, to starve with your family, if not rescued by private or public charity, it is not unjust. Of all these, it is scarcely enough to say, they are of the very class of tyrant oppressors, whose are the maledictions of God, and the just abhorrence of all men whose hearts are of flesh, and not of stone. Can you hope for even common justice, of the most rigid character, from such men?

No: not even for such common justice are you permitted to look or hope. And were it in the power and for the interest of any of these large classes of employers, they would coerce you with pains and penalties to slave for them without adequate remuneration, though it should drive your wife and children to compete with the rag-gatherers, bone-pickers and beggars, which oppression has already multiplied by hundreds.

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But though you find these Mammon lords, and money kings, and their steward agents, thus hardened against you; yet are you bound in all charity to remember, and with pity, if you can, that originally, as individuals, they may have been just and kind and merciful men. Hardening circumstances, beyond their control perhaps, may have made them what they are—covetous and heartless tyrants—slaves to Mammon.

In each of our great cities there may be more than the number of exceptions that would have saved Sodom. But what are they among so many? Indeed, in themselves what are they? Not heartless tyrants certainly, but good and excellent men as the world goes. Yet who of the excepted from the general rule of the stony heart, and how many of them, are solicitously careful that their employees are supplied even moderately with comforts for themselves and families? Who of us ever knew *ten* such men? But *all* should be such; and in a right state of society and civilization, the rich man who should be found indifferent to the condition of the poor, would be abhorred as an unnatural monster. What a contrast to this is our most imperfect and cruel civilization which has no pity!

Do you say, "What shall we do, then, to improve our condition, and to ward off from ourselves and families and offspring, the threatened evils of destitution, with its terrific consequences?" Free from the sad necessity of their unfortunate case, to leave your country and kin behind an ocean, do what the oppressed of Europe are daily doing, who are not willing to drink their tears when they thirst, and when hungry, to eat the sweepings of festal halls.

Rejoice and be glad that there is yet no law of the land to prevent your combining for other and more important purposes than that of a struggle with your oppressors, to add a few mites to your wages,—your miserable apology for wages, which will not allow you to provide adequately for even a short season of sickness, not to say, for leaving widows and orphans to battle with poverty and wrong among the pitiless and the proud!

What shall you do? Do this simple and easy thing to be done—

EMIGRATE.

Gather up your little means, and arouse your great latent energies, and unmanacle yourselves from oppression, by the plain and practicable method of turning your backs upon

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employers who refuse to compensate your hard services with sufficient for the comfort and improvement of your families. Form yourselves, as do many of the wiser portion of European emigrants, into well arranged colonizing companies. Let each consist of different trades and occupations; such as may find or make employment any and every where; such as may take their work with them, and especially such as may be both able and willing to engage in the delightful exercise of rural life, and

"Seize the plough, and greatly independent live."

The companies should be sufficiently strong and numerous to take with them, should they determine to make a detached settlement, teachers, for the instruction and improvement of themselves and families. Thus and otherwise prepared and provided as you may be able, go forth to where you may be independent of the men who would keep you in bondage and destitution, and allow you to leave to your offspring no better inheritance.

Unite in sufficient force, as you may easily do by a judicious effort, and you may soon, and certainly, have more than every comfort, convenience, and privilege, that the most favored of you now can enjoy in the receipt of your best wages. Many of you may say, perhaps, "I know nothing about country life." But some of you do know something of the country and its employments; and all of you who have wise heads and uncorrupted hearts and tastes, will soon learn to enjoy the country to a degree beyond your hopes. You will find it in itself pleasant and delightful exceedingly, as a blessed refuge from the horrors and dangers of city life.

Does it perplex you to consider how you will proceed to make the great change? In the first place, to soothe your perplexity, reflect very seriously and coolly on the dark prospect now before you in your present evil condition of increasing evil. See how others have fallen under its power to destroy beyond the reach of remedy. View it in all its phases, until you shall attain to the good will to flee from it, and then the good *way* will be found with little difficulty.

If a new and independent settlement be decided on by an enterprising company, on some of the navigable rivers of the west or the south, where land may yet be found and had for the taking, or at primitive prices, and, if desired, on a long credit, select a site for your settlement with reference to a future city exempted from the curse of a *Five Points* and pauperism. If still clothed with the virgin forest, so much the better.

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With the timber you may erect your buildings of every kind; and, with the avails of the work to which you are accustomed, you may soon level enough of the forest, and cover the ground with waving grain, and fine orchards and vineyards, and "trim gardens," for such sustenance and for such pleasures as no present city-life is ever blessed with.

Thoughtless of your brethren, and of making their cause your cause, do some of you say, "I am doing well enough, and have no notion of any such quixotic experiment?"

Friends, it is *not* a quixotic experiment. That you well enough know it is not, nor any thing new under the sun, need not be said. We have to say to you what is of quite a different nature; we are to ask you, if you have a heart—if you have any feeling of sympathy for your fellow-creatures—for your fellow-*people*—for the community to which you belong? Have you?

Well, then, though you may be so remarkably favored as to succeed to a degree that shall secure to yourself and to your posterity, for one or more generations, *possibly* not only physical comfort, but apparently probable exemption from falling into the ranks of the morally degraded and wretched, still you must well know that such comfort and exemption cannot be reasonably hoped for as the favored lot of but a portion—very small perhaps—of your acquaintances among the working classes—your present respectable associates. Feel for them as you ought to feel. Let their cause be yours, and you will find happiness and a rich reward in assisting to lead them away from danger, and from temptation, and from nameless evils.

When we have seen or heard accounts of the multitudes of youths and children of both sexes falling into crime, debauchery, and infamy, it has always struck us with wonder and amazement that sensible parents, whose employments or circumstances are of a nature to make it impossible for them to keep their children out of danger from such ruin, should willingly remain in the very midst of such danger.

The poor unfortunate child that was recently violated and murdered, was supposed to be no more exposed to such a calamity than are thousands of such every night of the year. And the thousands of youths and children who have been immured in prison for crimes within the last year in only one of our cities, were no more exposed to the temptation of the evil-doing which brought the punishment, than are many more thousands that have thus far escaped.

You would save your own children from the sternly threatened ruin, and you would condemn yourself if in any corner

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of your heart you could discern a single indication of indifference to the children of your neighbors. We are sure you would. You will then put forth the helping hand, will you not? to rescue them from the certain ruin that awaits them by thousands in their present evil condition.

Not only for these good reasons, but for the sake of such as you may leave behind, or that may come in to fill the posts you shall wisely vacate by your flight from present oppression and approaching ruin, you are in duty bound with a will to nerve yourselves for the enterprise. Let some thousands of the most respectable artisans and laborers, and of others who depend on their daily exertions for their daily bread—let ten thousand such men from each of the great cities, with their families, leave their work to be done by others, and those others may be less unkindly treated and better cared for by the men who carry their consciences in their pocket.

CONCLUDING REMARKS.

There is no doubt a vast deal of vice and ignorance—of stupid vice and vicious ignorance—in our land, and especially in our cities; but we are encouraged in this task by many years of acquaintance with the people, by which we are persuaded that there is much of virtue and intelligence among them. Confidently may it be laid down as a true proposition, that *yet* they may be relied on as law-loving enemies to the recklessness of the rowdy and the licentiousness of the leveller. And while thus virtuously conservative in the true sense of social and political conservatism, before the cruel injustice of their oppressors shall have goaded them into the madness of violence, we would urge and persuade them to flee from the danger of being thus maddened and ruined by oppression; and we would urge upon the conscientious rich to lend them all needful aid.

No doubt, among the people of this country, who are suffering from the evils, and injustice, and cruelties of our jumble of a civilization, which is principally employed in conferring power and place on the unprincipled and the unpitying, and in cramming the coffers of the unworthy and the vicious with gold, there are dreamers of violent and absurd remedies for the social maladies of their condition; but in general the heart of the people is sound at the core—*yet.*

Though long have they seen clearly and felt sorely, that the sweat and toil, and hunger, and other sufferings, of the la-

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boring poor, have been endured to pamper profligacy; to nourish covetousness; to minister to the luxuries of sensuality; and to put power into the palm of pride; yet among those who most have suffered, and least deservedly, there has been preserved a very exemplary forbearance from violent measures to redress their wrongs. And yet when a portion of them attempt what they suppose a legal and proper measure of amelioration, they are warned that it is *illegal*, and threatened with pains and penalties. They ask what they shall do; and they are told to do as do the downtrodden poor of the old countries, whose lives are toiled away in the service of royal and aristocratic masters—"*learn to live without eating meat.*"

Can the spirit of oppression go beyond this? In a land of religion, and of constitutional law, was any thing ever before heard of to equal it. Yet, no devastating storm of violence has yet been produced by its outrageous and monstrous enunciation of a fiendish principle.

Let all the people who are thus threatened with pains and penalties—with poorer than pauper and penitentiary tables, still forbear. For the sake of the few righteous, and to give more time to the action of reason and religion upon the stony heart of the ungodly oppressor,—still forbear. "Vengeance is mine." So ONE declares who knows how and when to bring it down on the heads and houses of the wicked. The wrath of man, He forbiddeth. Violence on the part of the oppressed, can only make bad worse. You have long borne the serpent's bite; let not the lizard's now—the lawyers and the renters—scare you out of your long maintained propriety. Let the lawyers have your thanks, for warning you against incurring pains and penalties, by any united endeavors of yours to better your condition, in your legalized servitude; and thank "old Rent Roll," too, for his forewarning of what you may expect to come to, if you make up your mind to continue in such legalized servitude.

If you choose to remain under the foot of pride and power, in the grinding bondage of your present position, remain then quietly; and do not forget that it is by your free choice, and by no inevitable compulsion that you so remain. You are *yet* in no pent up prison bounds, from which you may not escape if you will.

You are not in a country, every inch of which is monopolized by the rich; as it seems likely to be unless the prevailing spirit of mammon-monopoly be efficiently resisted. They have not yet the uncontrolled power over you to prevent your becoming happier and more really independent than

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they are, if you will enter boldly and wisely upon your birthright of a home for yourself and posterity.

There is yet plenty of room for you. And again we say—that you may not seem to forget it—if it be really your *will*, as most certainly it should be, you may find a *way* to it, and be happy.

We are writing this for you on the bank of a noble river, and within a few hours of many ten thousands of you. In sight of our window, on either shore, are fertile plains and hillsides, waiting and inviting additional honest and industrious occupants; and schools and churches wanting more pupils and worshippers. In the immediate neighborhood of these plains and hills, all beautiful and fertile; and where the people are so highly favored, various and compensating employments may be found or made to any desirable extent.

We need not go into particulars at this time. We need not tell you of artisans and laborers, not long since penniless, now under roofs of their own, in thrifty comfort, with their happy households.

Should the PEOPLE, for whom this essay is written to do them good, show a wholesome appreciation of it, it may be followed by others in a pleasanter mood, and with more definite instructions and explanations—telling them of interesting facts to encourage the proposed enterprise—revealing what is and has been, and may continue to be of rich rewards to virtuous industry and temperate enterprise.

It is a favorite saying in some quarters,—"the people are their own worst enemies." Let it never be *truly* said:—nor that you know not who your friends are.

DAWN IN THE HIGHLANDS OF THE HUDSON.

THE opening eyelids of the waking morn
  Now o'er the drowsy world begin to wink,
While the bright lustres that the skies adorn,
  Before the coming monarch, pale and shrink.

High in the east yon shadowy fleece of clouds,
  Edg'd with a rosy tint, begins to glow,
While dark'ning mist the glorious landscape shrouds,
  Veiling the beauties of the world below,

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Save where yon wood-crown'd peak is seen to rise,
  Like giant towering in majestic height,
Lifting its gilded head amid the skies,
  Beyond the rolling mist's fantastic flight.

No songster carols from his lonely bower;
  No insect chirps along the meadows green;
No sound of life disturbs the quiet hour,
  And silence reigns o'er all the Sabbath scene;

Save ever and anon, some wakeful bird
  Twitters a welcome to the blue-eyed dawn;
Or some full-udder'd cow afar is heard
  Calling the lagging milkmaid to the lawn.

But see! the sun through yon deep cleft appears,
  Careering slowly up the ruddy sky!
His presence all the world of nature cheers,
  And wakes the woodland's mingled melody.

At once the air is vocal with the strain
  That quavers through the valleys far and wide,
Along the bubbling brooks, the jewel'd plain,
  Deep in the glen, and up the mountain's side.

A swarm of bustling insects speed away
  On pleasant tour of merry morning flight,
And sport and glitter in the sunny ray,
  Or revel mid the flowers in full delight.

The ever busy bee is on the wing,
  Eager to quaff his cup of honeyed dew,
Where roses wild in red luxuriance spring,
  And oft his luscious morning draught renew.

The envious mists that erst a shadowy veil,
  Threw o'er the face of nature, upward fly,
Athwart the mountain's brow like spectres quail,
  And give the laughing landscape to the eye.

Slowly its beauties open to my view;
  One at a time its blushing charms unfold,
And nature, to her sex's maxim true,
  With sweet delay permits me to behold.

Like some capricious beauty, she awhile
  Hides the full magic of her winning face,
The pouting ruby lip, the dimpled smile,
  And all her youthful, soft bewitching grace,

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Till, as by chance, the veil is blown aside,
  And lo! the glowing cheek, the sparkling eye,
The snowy neck, by happy chance are spied,
  Blended in one delicious harmony.

Thus nature coquettes with the lord of day;
  Now shrouds her face in mists, and now appears
Wrapt in pale gloom, or prank'd in colors gay,
  Now glowing joyousness, and now all tears.

Yet still how lovely the dear goddess shows,
  At merry morn, at noon, at parting day,
Or mid bright twinkling stars and noiseless dews,
  When night's pale regent holds her lonely sway.

Whether in balmy Spring bedeck'd with flowers,
  And bright with smiles she shows her ruddy face,
Or panting in her sultry summer bowers,
  Or cloth'd in Autumn's many color'd grace,

Or even when stern Winter rides the air,
  His snowy beard wild streaming to the wind,
Now wrapt in clouds, and now with angry glare,
  Chiding the storm for lingering thus behind;

Still there is something in her glorious plan
  That wakes our noblest thoughts, and lifts the soul
To HIM who gave the wondrous work to man,
  And with it feeling to enjoy the whole.

Is there a bard who to high fame aspires,
  Above light fashion's whim, or critic's rod,
Here let him light his ever-during fires,
  And draw his inspiration from his God.

From sensual lures to purer sources rise,
  To themes that nobler impulses impart;
Spring from the earth to commune with the skies,
  And be a poet "after God's own heart."

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A ROVING MIDDY.*

In spite of his name, Mr. Colvocoresses is a sailor.

But why, "in spite of his name?"

Because, in cases of emergency, it might be necessary for the captain or commander to give such orders as,

"Mr. Colvocoresses, unfurl the cat-head!"

Or,

"Mr. Colvocoresses, cast loose the main truck!"

Or,

"Mr. Colvocoresses, splice the main brace!"

Or even,

"Mr. Colvocoresses, mind your eye, sir!"

Now, when such commands have to be issued *in* a great hurry, and *out* of a long speaking trumpet, it must be a matter of no small difficulty, and the order would probably make its appearance pretty much mystified with double-tonguing—as the flautists term it—and twisted around and around, like a hawser, with a strong thread of Col—vo—co—ress—es, running through it, in and out, and appearing at intervals. Here let us remark, that critics, although generally supposed to know almost every thing, and to be thoroughly *up* on all subjects, are not of necessity sailors; and so, to make a clean breast of it, we confess our deficiency in Marine Philology, and own our indebtedness to the popular sea novels and much admired saline ditties of the day, for our somewhat limited ship-board vocabulary. †

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* Four years in the Government Exploring Expedition, commanded by Captain Charles Wilkes, by Lieut. Geo. M. Colvocoresses. New-York, R. T. Young.

† For those who would acquire an insight into the hidden mysteries of the ocean tongue, we know of no study more useful than the following:—

"THE ROVER'S SONG.

"Sheet home the fore-hatch, the main truck close haul,
Let go the stern chasers, the knight-heads let fall;
Belay the broad foremast, the dead eyes cast loose,
Take a pull at the kelson, unfurl the caboose.

"Ho! man at the bo'sprit! steer port, hard a lee,
Look out at the tiller, glance over the sea;
For, lo! from the leeward more fierce blows the gale,
The chronomoter's rising, the cat-heads turn pale."

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Our author went to sea, and he saw a great deal.

In a neat tome, of some 400 pages, he has given us pleasantly, but succinctly, many events attending the well-known "Exploring Expedition;" and the public is, or should be, much obliged to him—at least so should the many, who desiring the information, yet have not the time to wade through the procession of bulky volumes, that compose the Government edition, or do not boast of that distention of the pocket necessary to compass them.

On the 18th of August, 1830, at precisely 3 P.M., the Exploring squadron, comprising the "Vincennes," "Peacock," "Relief," "Sea Gull," and "Flying Fish," got under weigh, and on the 18th September, we find them at Madeira.

Here, our author met with nothing more extraordinary than the fact, that at the balls which he attended bowls of chicken soup were distributed among the company, in lieu of some thing stronger. He does not, however, pursue his discovery to the extent which we think is due to it. A philologist would have immediately traced from it the origin of the complimentary term "spooney," doubtless originally applied to those who indulged to excess in this very exhilarating fluid.

Here, also, Mr. Colvocoresses forms acquaintance with the romantic story of Anna D'Arfet and Robert Machim, and introduces Bowles' touching version of the inscription on poor Anna's grave,—

"O'er my poor Anna's lowly grave,
No dirge shall sound, no knell shall ring,
But angels, as the high pines wave,
Their half said Miserere sing.

"No flowers of transient bloom at eve,
The maidens on the turf shall strew,
Nor sigh as the sad spot they leave,
Sweets to the sweet, a long adieu."

Leaving Madeira, the squadron "crossed the line" on the 5th November, whereon our author very aptly quotes from Hum-

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"Brail up the kedge anchor, take in the lee shroud,
The sough of the tempest is fitful and loud;
Stand by with that gun, the deep sea lead to throw,
To calk the main hawser, all hands haste below.

"By old father Neptune! cook! tend to your prog,
You have fractured my shins, sir, by heaving the log;
So full of knots is it, 'twere better on shore,
Bring here the tar-bucket, and quick pitch it o'er."

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boldt, "one experiences an indescribable sensation as we approach the equator." Of this we have not a shadow of doubt, if one-half the tales that we have heard of Neptune's appearance in that distant region, of his peculiar razor and uncommon soap, be true.

Calling at Rio, they shaped their course again southward, and ere long, not having the fear of the fate of Coleridge's ancient mariner before their eyes, we find them off Terra del Fuego, killing the albatross by dozens. Among other discoveries, they soon after discovered a very fine gale, and nearly found a shipwreck.

"Never had we seen it blow so hard before, nor beheld such billows. A little after eight o'clock the ship commenced dragging, and a tremendous wave came over the bows, which dashed a number of the crew against the masts and guns, and completely inundated the berth-deck." With the aid of Providence and stout hawsers, however, they escaped, and in a day or two after, were hard at it again, killing the unfortunate albatross. Which particular vessel this storm befell we cannot make out, for our author's account of it is rather indefinite.

Having stopped at Callao and Lima, we soon find them at Tahiti, where the governor of the district called upon them *in a whale boat—to solicit their washing.* Soon after, Pomare Taire, the King consort, dropped in. From the style of his dress, his situation would not seem to be quite as profitable as that of his royal cousin, Prince Albert. Perhaps, however, they may be paid in proportion to services rendered.

As for the colored Prince, "he wore no stockings, and his shoes were old and patched, which induced our good purser to make him a present of a pair."

What *he* came after besides his shoes and his breakfast, does not appear.

We cannot follow the fleet in all their wanderings—the Society and Navigator's Islands being visited, Sidney peeped in upon, a southern continent—an icy one—discovered but two days in advance of the Frenchmen, we at

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Have done with your funning, you beggar afloat,
Quit your monkey railing—quit that jolly boat;
Mate! clap on a spanker, right hard at the stern,
Your vile pipe, sir bo'sun, how dare you to burn!

The grampus her broad wings flaps over the sea,
Above the wild waves, the mad porpoise flits free,
The dog watch's unchained, to a minute he's right,
I'll turn in on the maintop, good night, lads, good night.

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length find them at the Tonga Islands, celebrated in song, and soon after at the Fejee group, where they captured Vendovi, the chief who caused the murder of part of the crew of the "Charles Daggett."

Here, also, our author records a very striking, if not agreeable incident—highly illustrative of the manners and customs of the group.

Tui Matawata, a King of the Cannibal Islands, had in his very miscellaneous collection of wives, one of some pretensions to beauty, and this was the way of his wooing her. Having visited the Island in company with her husband, she attracted the attention of his Majesty, who made a dinner of the gentleman and a queen of the lady on one and the same day. In other words, he took the husband to his stomach, and the wife to his bosom—thus incorporating an entire family, and furnishing a forcible illustration of genuine savage hospitality.

Here, also, a sad affair occurred—the murder of Lieutenant Underwood and Midshipman Henry, by the natives. Their deaths were amply avenged, and a very severe lesson in the "Lex Talionis" imparted, although we are rather inclined to think, under one of the rules, that would not work equally well "both ways."

Suppose that a huge war canoe, filled with savage gentlemen, dressed in tomahawks, yellow ochre, knotty clubs, and nothing else, were to anchor off the Battery, and that after having seized our mayor for an hostage—they might have the aldermen and welcome—and conveyed him on board; suppose then, we say, a party should land for the purpose of making purchases in Broadway, and payments in their own coin, and, while on shore, what, if our civic chief should leap overboard, and make his escape, after having been the target for a whole broadside of bows and arrows; what, then, if we should run restive, and give the free and easy strangers an idea of the way that we did business in that line. This, of course, would call for corresponding action on the enemy's part—and landing a strong force at the Battery, and another near the Crystal Palace, they would probably commence beating the streets and making a regular battue of it, huddle us all up in the Park, and make mince meat of the entire corporation. We should be sadly humbled without doubt, but whether we should regard our strange visitors or their nation with the most kindly feelings afterwards, is rather apocryphal.

Bequeathing this abstruse question (as full of knotty points

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as one of the identical savage's clubs) for a puzzle to the brains of the immortal philosopher of the Tribune, let us hasten to complete our voyage.

By the way of the Sandwich Islands, where our author is regaled with a roasted dog, we are led to Oregon, thence overland to California; then, after a long digression upon the subsequent incidents of the war, we are off for the East Indies, St. Helena, and New-York.

And now, having accompanied our sailor around the world, and at last arrived safely in port, we disembark, and after many thanks for his pleasant company and instructive conversation, we bid him adieu.

SONG.

Sweet is the breath of morn that blows
  From pouting lips of balmy spring,
When nature with full joy o'erflows,
  And merry minstrels sport and sing;
But sweeter far the balmy air
That fans thy ruddy lips, my fair.

Sweet is the bud of opening rose,
  Embalm'd in glittering morning dew,
That with sweet incense overflows,
  As if upon those lips it grew;
But sweeter far the buds that blow
On those white waving hills of snow.

Who cares for flowery dales or hills,
  For blushing rose, or balmy airs,
Blithe twittering birds, or crystal rills!
  And ravished smile that morning wears!
All these unite, sweet maid, in thee,
And thou hast given them all to me!

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FASHIONABLE PROMENADES.

We like the electric vitality of a crowded street. Broad is the way that leads to destruction. Nevertheless, Broadway and broad ways in general are popular with the best class of the community in all lands.

Spread the wizard's mantle—take your place—fare gratis—ocean passage included. Presto! hi-cocolorum! Abracadabra!

We are in London.

Above us is a sky, smoky somewhat, as if the shadow of the sins of the great Babylon below were somehow reflected upon its dusky azure.

We turn up Regent-street from Pall-Mall, where solemnly aristocratic individuals read solemnly dismal newspapers in grisly splendor.

The poor devils outside—clerks, workmen, penny-a-liners, beggars, cabmen, and unfortunate women, glance timidly at the solid, cold-looking palaces, whose very exterior seems to repel poverty, and set liberty, equality, and fraternity at defiance.

Should you enter yon corner temple of self-worship and first-rate cookery to inquire for some lucky friend qualified to enter that social paradise of fools, you will be amazed at the imposing behavior of the footman and the richness of his livery. He will act and look as much like Prince Metternich in court costume as possible, and, as Carlyle would say, the majesty of flunkydom will irresistibly force itself upon your attention.

We will suppose your friend out; otherwise you would, of course, be pompously paraded into an immense drawing-room, gilt to death and blazing with crimson velvet. You would be stared at over the tops of three newspapers and a quarterly review, by two bald-headed and two red whiskered gentlemen; for it has been observed by a great philosopher of modern times—that is ourselves—that gentlemen answering to the above zoological description are the most common inhabitants of the London club-houses. It might further interest you to know, that in this case the two bald heads and the two red whiskerandoes would have all four been in the habit, for weeks and months past, of sitting in that same drawing-room together, and reading those same papers and review in company, daily; and yet, that they would have remained,

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and ever would remain, perfect strangers to one another till the day of judgment, when, possibly (as adversity levels ceremony), being d—d in company might have led them to a more social understanding.

But this is a mere supposition, founded on prophetic intuition, the result of grievous experience. You do *not* enter the club-house; so, of course, you do *not* see any bald-headed or red whiskered savages of the fashionable *genre*.

On the contrary, you turn up Waterloo-place, which is virtually the commencement of Regent-street, and you meet any number of young ladies, of French extraction, strolling along in the most innocent manner possible, with the gayest toilettes, the most open bonnets, and the prettiest little dogs. Passing these amiable-looking Frenchwomen and their domain, you approach the Quadrant sacred to tailors. Of old, there was a magnificent cast-iron colonnade set up by the Prince Regent, otherwise George IV., of ridiculous memory. The same man built a Chinese pavilion at Brighton, and wore tight coats and a mop wig. God made him a king, but nothing could make him a gentleman. He had not the brains to be even a successful dandy. He could not even set the fashions. Beau Brummel whipped him at that, and called him his fat friend into the bargain.

The Quadrant is a fourth of a circle, as its name implies. It is broader than Broadway, and the houses are of uniform and handsome architecture. As we have said, it is sacred to tailors. In ten minutes you may go into a store in rags, and turn out in the height of the fashion. Ready-made clothes for ready money are here abundant. But the great staple is *paletots*—a useful garment; for a good paletot covers a multitude of sins, including a dirty shirt front, a white-edged waistcoat, stained pantaloons, and the want of a watch-chain. Fearfully and wonderfully are these paletots made. Their materials, as vast placards announce, are the hair of strange and remote animals—camelopards, lamas, polar bears, and the like—any thing, in short, but the honest old sheep, the true friend of man, whose mutton sustains the inward, while his wool so warmly covers the external man of civilization.

It is said that Nicholl, the advertiser of the lama paletot, is worth a million sterling. The tailor makes the man, and certainly Nicholl is a made man, and a self-made man to boot.

Besides tailors, there are several large dealers in tombstones in the Quadrant, which, like the skeleton at Egyptian banquets, serve to remind the gayer neighbors, keepers of

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billiard rooms, saloons of dance and mystery, and their frequenters, of the vanity of such pastimes. Also, for lovers of the arts, there is Pizzala's alabaster store, where may be seen innumerable vases of many colored marbles, and those exquisite reduced copies of the masterpieces of sculpture, which Italy alone can find the workmen to execute.

We now leave the Quadrant, despoiled as it is of its massive pillars, and laid pitilessly bare to the glaring light of day —deprived as it is of its famous character as a resort in rainy weather for ladies of equivocal position. We enter Regent-street proper, broad, brazen, brilliant Regent-street.

The roadway is crowded with splendid equipages. There goes the Dutchess of S——d; and there goes Miss C——ts, in that plain, but costly carriage, with her untold millions and her hopeless old maidenhood. There dashes Lord C—— in his cab, with a tiger in such tight buckskins, that they seem to have grown with him. There is Sir E. B. Lytton, and there in that one-horse Brougham goes Wm. Harrison Ainsworth, a man who, like most authors, could spend money if he had it. There is Laura B——, the most beautiful specimen of the *haut ton du diable*, and Madame P——, the actress; there, in fact, is all London that can raise a carriage and horses, and get credit of a shopkeeper.

We are now in the region of drygoods. Superb cashmeres, radiant silks and satins hang in rich festoons in the vast plate-glass windows. The sidewalks, broad as they are, are obstructed by footmen in livery assisting their mistresses in and out of their carriages, or else lounging luxuriously at the doors of the shops, on benches appropriated to their convenience.

And what footmen!

Did you ever see a cage of humming birds? These crowds of London footmen always reminded us of a gigantic collection of some mammoth species of that genus in ornithology.

The rainbow seems to have been woven into cloth and velvet for their especial accommodation. One has a white coat, crimson breeches, pink silk stockings, a blue waistcoat, and a gold band to his hat. Another is green and gold, with orange plush continuations. Next, we have blue and silver, with violet legs; and so on through all the keys in endless variations. But all have one pride, and that is *calves*—one pardonable vanity, and that is *whiskers.*

Amongst themselves they seem to be very good fellows, though rather fast and affected; very much, in short, like

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gentlemen in the guards, and other crack English regiments. What matter whether after all a man wears the livery of a queen or a countess, or of the lady of a money-lord? Little to us, in faith. But we spare the field of a rival genius. Poor Thackeray is growing old. He has identified himself with the snob-cum-flunky interest. Let us leave him alone in his glory.

O, the delight of feeling one's self a republican, in a republican land, where no servile—hallo! here is Mrs. Bumper's man in an amber coat, a crimson waistcoat, emerald green &c's., with an invitation to dine with her, and meet—who?—Count Geremididleri, the last new arrived patriot! We'll leave that sentence unfinished, and go back to Regent-street.

Let us enter that shop, in the wake of that pretty woman with the dark brown ringlets, who has just descended from the elegant barouche, with the cream-colored ponies.

She is not satisfied with the shopman who advances so gracefully to serve her. The young man's exquisite neck tie is quite thrown away on her. She does not even observe his finely embroidered shirt front. She sends for one of the partners, Mr. Tompkins Fudge—nothing less will do. Mr. Fudge comes. He bows respectfully. He smiles amiable encouragement. He leans easily across the counter, so that she may attain his ear with the lowest whisper.

She speaks, the adorable creature, with a blush that shows her not yet quite hardened in fashionable iniquity. Mr. Fudge is all ear.

"Mr. Fudge, I want fifty pounds," she says timidly.

"Most happy to accommodate you," says the obsequious Fudge.

"What can I show you, madam?" he continues aloud.

"That cashmere in the window," says the fair hard up one.

"One exactly like it," says Mr. Fudge, producing an inferior homemade imitation.

"The price, Mr. Fudge?"

"Is eighty guineas," says Mr. Fudge, with a peculiar emphasis.

The lady knows the trashy article is not worth five; but *necessity—her* necessity knows no law (and less justice). The shawl is sent to her carriage; a check for fifty pounds is passed into the lady's hands, and a charge of eighty set against her husband's name on Mr. Fudge's book. Her husband is not very rich, but he is safe, and that day month, Mr. Fudge means to be paid—or know the reason why. But there is

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little fear. The husband is a man who cannot risk his credit, and besides, adores his wife, who is twenty years his junior. He will pay without a murmur. It is part of the purchase money for the female slave, whose love not all his extravagance can purchase.

That young man who saunters carelessly through the store, with the fine figure and bronze-colored hair and moustache, looks carelessly at the lady as he passes on to the door which leads into the street at the back.

Presently the lady rises to go, but, strange to say, she does not return to her carriage, which will wait at least a couple of hours longer on its well-dressed mistress—so difficult to please, as the footmen sarcastically remark.

She, too, leaves by the *other* entrance. There is a hack cab a few doors down; the young gentleman with the bronze moustache hands her in, jumps in himself, orders "cabby" to drive round the Regent's park, and back. "Cabby" winks—actually winks familiarly. He knows he can charge the fare according to his own scale, and amuses himself by speculating on the largest sum he can conscientiously demand, till he settles down into a fixed resolution to ask half a sovereign, and to take seven and sixpence sterling, at the lowest.

"My dearest Alfred!" cries the lady all in a tremble. "Here it is—your note made me almost mad; but thank God, you are saved."

Alfred, who, like Mantalini, has been "saved" from death, despair, dishonor, and duns, a great many times, swears that Harriet is "an angel," and not without a dash of genuine remorse, acknowledges himself a "wretch."

Poor fellow! We knew him well. He was educated to do nothing, and despise every body but those who trod within a certain mystic social circle. His small fortune was soon spent, and he was driven to take alms, even from the woman he loved!

But he may redeem his youth. He is now at the mines in Australia. Poor Harriet!

But this is a mere episode.

We return to Regent-street.

The sidewalks are crowded with well clothed pedestrians. What an air of self-sufficient arrogance all the men have! Every one by his precise dress, his stiff shirt collar, his carefully trimmed whiskers, his well brushed hat, seems to say, I am an Englishman, and therefore a superior being; I am a gentleman, and therefore a sort of duodecimo edition of a demigod; for the loungers in Regent-street are men who fancy themselves of no small importance in the universe. Could you

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listen to their conversation, you would find that they had a serene contempt for all below them in the scale of fortune's favors; that they believed themselves born to be waited on by all the rest of the world; and that the rest of the world merely existed for their convenience. Even the seediest amongst them clings to the old tradition, and secretly scorns himself for not being able to act up to his ideal; and the great ideal of an Englishman who lounges in Regent street is, to *do nothing that by payment, or promise of payment, any inferior mortal can be made to do for him.*

Those loungers are a peculiar race, and amongst them are many whose means of existence are not easily discovered. The foreign exiles delight in Regent-street, and small Kossuths, and Ledru Rollins, may be seen there any day, by the hundred. The ladies who promenade Regent-street, are by no means of a mysterious character; but the less we dwell upon them, the better, as we can say little in their favor to severe moralists like our readers.

We have now reached the circus where Regent-street and Oxford-street intersect. There we pause. Of Oxford-street, that "stony-hearted step-mother," as De Quincy calls it in his opium confessions, we must not pause to descant. Already, perhaps, we have harped too long upon a string whose vibrations have become monotonous. Therefore adieu to Regent-street and all its tailors, its cashmeres and mercenary mercers, its arrogant dandies and adventurous lady promenaders. We are off by the submarine telegraph of fancy to New-York—the London of the West, where, as our old dancing-master used to suggest, the world is "doing it over again for the sake of variety."

A street is a street, and a dandy is a dandy, yet never were seen two beaver dams exactly similar in construction, or two cockatoos adorned in precisely the same gaudy feathers.

We are "persons of distinction"—that is, distinction is the faculty *par excellence* of us Cuviers of social zoology, whose classifications are hereafter to be quoted like the dicta of Paracelsus in medicine, or St. Thomas Aquinas in theology. Therefore, and on principle, we see no sameness in similarity.

Let us start from Union Square and walk down Broadway. There is no Broadway beyond Union Square in our category. That noble thoroughfare splits at the point we have indicated, and carrying out the saying, that in union there is strength, leaves Union Square and all its greatness behind it.

Well, we are about to go down town. At first we have private houses and a sparse population of people running here

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and there on local business, and dandies in tight trowsers going down town in search of excitement or money, or "the office," for we suppose no man is so utterly benighted in New-York as not to be connected with *some* office or other, were it only a briefless lawyer's or a non-paying newspaper's.

If there *be* any where in Manhattan an utterly idle man, one who positively *never* alludes to "the store" or "the office" on any occasion; we should like to know him, that is all. We have lived nearly thirty years on this commercial planet, and we never yet encountered but one thoroughly and conscientiously idle man—who was always game to do nothing for any number of hours, days, weeks, and years consecutively. Of course we exclude professional bar-room loafers from our estimate. *They* have reduced loafing to a *profession*, and we consider every saloon they enter in the light of a place of business as far as they are concerned. It was a loafer who invented the "dodge" of calling a bar-room an "exchange." What *exchange* takes place in such establishments, except that of dimes for drinks and a very limited exchange of common civilities, and possibly now and then, ideas, we cannot perceive. But we repudiate the common loafers. They are tiresome, disreputable, and always borrow money. We speak of respectable idlemen (and why not idlemen as well as gentlemen), and we assert that we never met but one man who came up to our ideal.

To our surprise, this unique specimen took it into his head one day to do what in the parlance of the "upper ten" is called "kicking the bucket." We never were more astonished. But a few moments' reflection caused us to see that he had his reasons for the act. He found breathing difficult, and was too lazy to carry it on. So he very sensibly expired, and saved himself all further trouble.

This digression brings us to Bleecker—respectable, solid old Bleecker, whose inhabitants pique themselves rather on respectability than fashion. It is full of boarding-houses, where weekly payments are considered the whole duty of man. We live in Bleecker ourselves. Our landlord is an Irish dentist. His religion is even of a severer order than his neighbors. He considers that payment in advance is the distinguishing characteristic of a good Christian. He apprised us of this article of belief in a literary communication, the second week of our dwelling beneath his roof. But the house suits us well enough. There are no boarders. Half the rooms are unfurnished. The lodgers on the third floor seem to enjoy the desolate freedom of the wild ass, or of Paris or London "chambers." There is no bell in our room, we go out to breakfast, we occasionally meet our

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landlord, who grins amiably in order to show his fine teeth—they are his own manufacture, and his mouth is an advertisement. He grins harder than any man we ever saw. He would have grinned Davy Crocket, his coon and his gum-tree altogether into a cocked hat. If he read this, he would grin as he never grinned before. But we *know* that he does not subscribe to this Review (or to any other), and we immortalize him without apprehension of discovery. His desolate, comfortless house suits our misanthropic and gloomy mind. If ever we get to Egypt, we intend to hire a pyramid to live in.

The fact is, "somebody" is out of town, and we are in the dumps. To return to Broadway—

Below Bleecker begins the real active movement of that most remarkable of thoroughfares.

From Bleecker to Fulton, the grand phenomenon of Broadway blooms, flourishes and dazzles. No! we affirm it boldly, neither on the *Corso* of Rome or the *Boulevards* of Paris, nor under the *Linden* of Berlin—and we have seen them all—can such an endless chain of Heaven's sweetest flowers—the faces of pretty women, be found even to dare a moment's comparison with Broadway!

All styles of beauty are there. Leporello himself would find their enumeration a hard task. There are black eyes, blue eyes, gray eyes, brown eyes, green eyes and spectacled eyes, all kinds of eyes, flashing pride, scorn, vanity, speculation, and strong-minded womanliness.

Then there are soft, gentle, heaven-reflecting eyes, full of melting tenderness and wild petitions for love and sympathy; and queenlike, dazzling eyes that say, "bow down and worship! I am ready to be adored; and my Pope, Pontiff, Hierophant, Bonze, Magus, and Prophet, shall *not* go unrewarded in this world, whatever may become of him in the next."

Where are the club-houses, and the solemn grandees reading the solemn newspapers?

We seek them in vain.

A nation of working kings can support no nobility of idleness.

Here palaces are for the people. Let us walk into the Prescott House, and without offence to Greeley, Lucy Stone & Co., do what our ancestors from time immemorial have been doing. Let us take a drink—a glass of Madeira, a cocktail, a claret punch, no matter what. *We* are not of the cold-blooded sect who would uproot the nascent vineyards of the Ohio, and overthrow the altars of Bacchus, god of Alcohol. Let us drink in God's name, or in the Devil's. This is a free

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country as yet, whatever it may come to. Let us drink, since all great men of all ages have taken drinks. Let us drink confusion to fools and quacks, to importers of Europe's stale fallacies, and advocates of white versus negro slavery, in the new world. Let us drink confusion to them as the old English gentlemen say, with three times three; while we remember as American republicans, that a *grain of education is worth a ton of coercion*, now, henceforward, and for ever!

Suppose Horace Greeley, and Charles Dana, and Lucretia Mott, and Lucy Stone, and all the silly crew of old womanly men and masculine women who pester us with their tedious vanity and worn-out platitudes—suppose all these poor creatures had received some sort of education! We rather think that we should walk past Metropolitan Hall, with its eternal piles of brick and everlasting boardings, without being annoyed by such placards as too often adorn it—placards of meetings held for the purpose of gratifying the conceit of feeble orators, and of attacking the first principles of republican liberty. For our part, much as we abhor intemperance, we would rather see the whole world drunk by choice, than one man sober on compulsion. Let us have liberty, or death. If we die in the arms of the "mountain nymph" of over enjoyment, let us die defiant of the fates. If liberty be not the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, then have all heroes and sages of all past times lived, fought and died for a chimera, and truth itself is a mockery. If reason will not convert men, force is impotent. White men drink brandy, the Chinese eat opium, the vegetarian Hindoos chew betel nut. It is their *will* to do so. Let the *will* be respected, whatever form it takes; for, without free will, man is a beast, a slave, a cipher, a nonentity.

Blind leaders of the blind, we drink once more to your confusion!

After lounging for a few minutes on the velvet ottomans of the Prescott, we again join the throng of Broadway. We pass the St. Nicholas with its front of marble, and Florence's, where ladies and gentlemen of retiring dispositions are apt to sup right joyously, and Canal-street, where the cars meet from all kinds of remote and far stretching avenues, and in due process of time we reach "*Taylor's.*" Here we pause to take an ice, and lounge for a time, and fancy ourselves in Aladdin's palace, waited upon by ghouls,—raw Irishmen, in fact, pressed into the service by the necessities of a growing metropolis. Gilt columns, vast mirrors, crystal fountains, and beautiful women (Peris and Houries no doubt) are around us, and the

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murmur of Broadway mingles with that of the fountains, and our eyes rest dreamily on that exquisitely fair girl with one arm flashing whitely through its lace and ribbons on which her angel head is resting. Why is she alone? Why does she start and glance eagerly at each stranger as he enters? Who keeps so pretty a creature waiting? Fie, fie, Mr. Dandy, with the turn-down collar and a roll of paper peeping out of your side pocket that almost convicts you of a turn for poetry, so you are come at last. Well, better late than never, as the nurses say. "Be good, and you will be happy."

We are on our way to the PARK. Poor PARK! what a feeble attempt at verdure! Keep off the grass? Of course there is none to spare for sheep to graze on. With a glance at the City Hall and its fine marble front, we hurry across the road and find ourselves at Barnum's portal. Musicians are overhead scraping and blowing for their very lives, and the people from the country are pouring in. We know the Museum by heart—in fact, the gentleman who painted the brown pony into a Terra del Fuego Zebra, and made the long boy's false legs, was our personal acquaintance. *Entre nous* he is now getting up a lady with elephant's tusks, and a rattlesnake that plays at dominoes; so you know what you have to expect, and can apply for a free ticket as the friend of the gentleman whose uncle is an editor, accordingly.

We now come to the business end of Broadway, and the word dollars is sure to catch our ears whenever two gentlemen pass us in conversation. The faces grow longer, the shirt collars grow stiffer, the stores grow dismal and wholesale in aspect. We have passed Wall-street, awful dominion of the almighty dollar. We never pass Wall-street without a shudder. Who knows but what at the moment we pass it, some infernally ingenious speculator is planning a financial juggle by which he is to make a fortune, and at least fifty of us to be ruined somehow or other right off! Who can tell but what some terrific note-shaver may rush out upon us and by force or fraud, seduce us into having a bill discounted at ninety-nine per cent.—a moderate figure for a bill shaver! We hasten past Wall-street, where all the people are so rich and so cunning, and we stroll towards the Battery, meeting on our way sundry droves of queer-looking people, who seem to have dropped from the clouds, but who are really German and Irish emigrants, wondering what the deuce is to become of them in this great country, which, like Rome of old, adopts all strangers and vagabonds with a love broad as its valleys, and deep as its mighty rivers—adopts, reforms, feeds, clothes, and

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dignifies its children, making princes and rulers of the slaves of foreign despots, and giving them at once a country, a subsistence, and a future.

Woe to those who bring hither their paltry hates and miserable local prejudices, and rant and rave in safety against foes, who scorn their menaces and know their impotence. Such babblers ought to be a laughing-stock to all sensible Americans.

And now the Battery is before us, with its cool sea-breeze and waving willows, and what is this we read, "Jullien's Promenade Concerts?" Why, surely, we are dreaming. We are back in London; our return to New-York is a dream, an after-dinner fantasy. No. There is the bay; there goes a ferry-boat—yonder is Governor's Island. It is so, indeed. The fiddles, and flutes, and trumpets, and trombones, and oboes, and contrabasses—the whole musical army has descended upon us—has come over *en masse*. London and New-York have their ferry-boat. Ten days does it; five will do it ere long. As for a bridge or a tunnel, we still hold out. It is going *too* far. The submarine telegraph is all well enough. The world moves after all, as Galileo observed. Let us go up in the baths there, and smoke a cigar. Tobacco is not yet conspired against! Horace Greeley and his Bedlamites have not yet dared to proscribe the fragrant weed, which Raleigh loved, and Byron sang of.

"Tribune, sir, daily Tribune?"

No, boy, no; give me a satanic paper! Better devilry than cant, if we broil for it in purgatory.

Enough said. Reader, do you smoke? if not, adieu, my name is—Walker.

TIMUR THE TARTAR.

Gaze I on Death's pale steed?
Art thou of earthly breed,
Thou spotless phantom white
  Across the desert gliding?
What dark-browed king is he,
Whose awful shape I see,
Like Satan's grisly son,
  Thy spectral form bestriding?

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Ho! nations of the East,
King Death is come to feast;
His eyes flash lurid flame,
  The flame of burning cities!
I hear the clash of blades,
The shrieks of ravished maids,
The thunder-laugh of war,
  That neither spares nor pities!

Prepare, prepare for strife!
Let the last sands of life
Be sold, with Jewish gripe,
  In fierce and bloody barter!
'Tis TIMUR's host that comes;
Roar trumpets, thunder drums,
'Tis TIMUR—scourge of God!
  Empire-devouring Tartar!

As o'er the arching sky
The tempest's squadrons fly,
Huge cloudy monster shapes,
  Black lightning-girded legions,
To burst in one fell storm;
So TIMUR's armies form
Vast clouds of death to swoop
  On Asia's fairest regions.

Sweet maiden at the loom,
Stout rustic, hear your doom,
Luxurious Sultan, check
  Voluptuous diversion!
He comes, thy king and lord,
Before whose sweeping sword
The scattered Turkmen fly,
  Low bends the haughty Persian!

Like wild beast in a cage,
Devour thy heart with rage,
Proud BAJAZET, no more
  Of glory's stairs the climber!
On that pale steed of death,
With blood-red laurel wreath,
Like Sansar blast he comes,
  Thy judge—bold savage TIMUR!

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FUGITIVE THOUGHTS AND RANDOM CRITICISMS.

NO. II.

THE AUTHOR OF WAVERLY.

THE Waverly novels may be ranked, without exaggeration, among the most remarkable creations of fiction which modern times have produced. To say that their author was a *genius*, gives a very inadequate idea of the depth and strength and richness of the mind that produced them. Scott was something more than a genius. There was a robust and rugged manhood, well-balanced vigor of intellectuality about him, that will not often be found united with what the world calls genius. Perhaps Scott was not endowed with those dazzling qualities of mind, that lively sensibility, and those intuitive conceptions of the grand and beautiful in nature, which mark the higher attributes of genius, in so eminent a degree as Shakspeare was, nor had he caught with such unerring truthfulness of instinct, so deep an insight into all the passions which agitate the human breast. But yet Scott *had* genius, and genius too of a high order—genius united with good judgment and sound sense, a quick insight into human nature, and a keen and almost infallible perception of the varied shades of character.

One thing peculiarly distinguishes his writings. It is the spirit of broad philanthropy which breathes through them—the spirit which can only emanate from a kindly and generous heart—a heart which gushes out with benevolence towards all mankind, and warms and kindles up at every tale of human sorrow, or suffering, no matter though it be found in the rustic cottage, or by the hearth-stone of the hovel. The genial and kindly heart of Scott led him to look upon the bright side of human nature. He was slow to believe in the utter baseness and total depravity of mankind. In the whole of his diversified and comprehensive range of character, comprising every variety of the human species, from the highest to the lowest, the most exalted to what he conceived the most debased—a range of fictitious character never surpassed, and never equalled, unless by Shakspeare, and him alone—there is not one Iago, not one Timon, or Richard the Third. Even in his Rashleigh Osbaldistone, perhaps the most unprincipled villain

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he has attempted to draw, he does not nearly equal the dark and terrible ideal of human depravity, which sprang from Shakspeare's fertile brain. The same may be said of the few other impersonations of unmitigated villany he ushers upon the stage. Take, for example, Varney in Kenilworth, The Knight Templar in Ivanhoe, Gaulesse in Peveril of the Peak. In these, and in others that will readily occur, and need not be mentioned, there is almost invariably to be found something to relieve the dark picture, which while it does not in the least tend to lessen the abhorrence with which we regard the character, is yet sufficient to show that it is not one entirely dissevered from humanity, or shut out from the light of human sympathy. The author of Waverly, in the fulness of his warm and hearty sympathy for every living thing, could not conceive, or, if he did, never attempted to lay open the secrets of a heart that loved nothing, sympathized with nothing, was true to nothing; but hated, despised, mocked, and defied its race, and its kind. Even Gaulesse, or, more properly, Edward Christian, does not deliberately, like Shakspeare's Richard, resolve to be a villain; and the fiery De Bois Gilbert, in the midst of his gross vices, and tempestuous passions, can, in a moment of something like generous impulse, offer to renounce the splendid dignities of his order, exile himself from his country, and fly with the despised Jewess to a foreign land. One of the most delightful features in the Waverly novels, is the fidelity preserved in the historical details, and the truthfulness and accuracy of the historical characters presented to the reader. Not but that there are occasional misconceptions, and perhaps slight misrepresentations of both character and incident. But they are the misconceptions to which the careful historian is liable, and not those of the hasty and careless novelist. No higher proof of the general merit and fidelity of these historical representations can be adduced, than the fact that Guizot, in his learned and philosophical lectures on the history of civilization, undertakes to criticize one of the characters in Quentin Durward—that of a Burgher of Liege, during the reign of Louis XI., of France. But, though Scott may have failed in his delineation of the wealthy citizen of the middle ages, he has in the same novel presented a striking and truthful portraiture of the nobility, the courts, and the monarchs of that period. What a finished sketch, for example, in this book, is presented of the crafty, subtle, grasping, and superstitious Louis XI., and of the haughty, martial, and fiery Charles the Bold, of Burgundy. In Anne of Geierstein, the Duke of Burgundy again appears—a historical sketch

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more complete, if possible, than the other, where the fiery ardor, and the ungovernable passions of the royal highwayman are described, now flushed with imaginary triumph, and again covered with ignominious defeat, with masterly skill and power. If no other historical picture by the author of Waverly existed than this it would prove him an attentive and accurate student of history.

But it is not here that are to be found his finest conceptions of character. Neither in France, nor Burgundy, nor Switzerland; neither at Constantinople, nor yet on the plains of Palestine, or at the court of Saladin—from all of which he has drawn materials for that splendid gallery of historical portraits, which his genius has painted—it is not here that we are to meet the choicest specimens of his skill. We find them, when, like Rob Roy, he has placed his foot upon "his native heath," in the island of Britain, among the highlands of Scotland, at Lochleven Castle, at London, the Isle of Man. We speak now solely of those productions which can be strictly called historical. Such, for example, as that admirable sketch of James I., to which the reader is introduced in the novel, entitled the Fortunes of Nigel. We have read attentively Hume's minute description of the person and character of James. We have studied it perhaps elsewhere in other authors, and have acquired an idea of his learning, his pedantry, his foolish affectation of a wisdom he did not possess—his uncouth appearance, his timidity, and his other marked and prominent characteristics, but nowhere in history or in fiction are we able to get so distinct and vivid an insight into the real King James—the gentle King James, in his blended character of monarch and man, of scholar and buffoon—of shallow craftiness and folly, and timidity—as in Scott's Fortunes of Nigel. He seems to live, to walk, to speak before us—his learned latinity commingled with his broad Scottish dialect—and his thick quilted, dagger-proof doublet of green contrasting the splendor of his royal ornaments. In the same work we are presented with a brief glimpse of the sedate and half melancholy features of Charles I.—such as the pencil of Velasquez traced them upon the canvas, and a bolder and more distinct outline of the haughty favorite, Buckingham, and the courtiers of that period. Scott delighted in scenes like these. They were impressed upon his fancy with the life and freshness of reality. He lived among the scenes of the past. The tournament and the battle-field, the court and the camp—the wild scenes of border warfare, and the half barbaric revelries of an age that had passed away, were not in his fancy the misty and indis-

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tinct creations that resemble the partial conceptions of some half-remembered dream, but they were actual things, that were known and familiar to him, upon which one would almost think his natural eye had rested, and which he relates with the freshness and vigor that characterizes the narrative of the traveller, who describes the exact impression the object has left upon his mind.

What a rich and picturesque description is that which the pages of Kenilworth contain, of the revels of the courtiers of Queen Elizabeth at the castle of the royal favorite—so glowing and life-like is the picture, that the fancy is cheated for the moment into the belief that the brilliant panorama is actually re-enacted before the eye. And when the chivalric Raleigh casts his gay cloak beneath the feet of the virgin Queen to protect them from contact with the soil, we can almost see the half-suppressed but visible emotion of gratified vanity, which plays upon the proud brow of the princess. The character of Elizabeth as drawn by Scott in this novel, has been universally admired for its truthfulness and fidelity. The other prominent figures in the group of courtiers who surround her, particularly that of Sir Walter Raleigh, are scarcely less perfect in their kind.

Scott is said, and doubtless with some degree of truth, to have been inclined to sympathize with the Jacobites, and to have always entertained a feeling of partiality to the family of the Stuarts. Perhaps this appears more plainly in his novel of Waverly, in which Charles Edward the Pretender is introduced, than any other. Certainly we do not find any very marked partiality in those of his works which describe the reigning Stuart family. The foibles and weaknesses of James I., as already noticed, are unsparingly laid open. Charles II., in the two works in which he appears, is treated with at least as impartial a hand as that of the historian Hume, although we are free to confess, that neither Scott nor Hume seem to have been fully sensible of the enormous vices and utter worthlessness of character of this royal libertine. In Peveril of the Peak, Charles appears as the monarch in mature years dissolute, indolent, careless, easy and good-natured, with now and then a flash of manliness and generous feeling that scarcely relieves the entire selfishness of his character. On the whole we should think a good portrait of the second Charles Stuart—not more flattered perhaps, than a skilful painter would have drawn in touching off his dark and harsh features—but with those strong and salient individual traits that at once arrest attention, on account of their striking likeness to the original.

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In the novel of Woodstock, Charles appears again as a prominent actor—an adventurer and a fugitive in disguise from the disastrous field of Worcester, which decided the fate of his kingdom. The young king in this novel, appears to be a favorite with the author. His really good-natured disposition, his quick and ready powers of mind, and what there was of generous and noble sentiment about him, not yet entirely obscured by the vices and frivolities of a long life, are set out to the very best advantage, and certainly as strong as the case would well bear. The character of Charles, was one that Scott had studied thoroughly, but even his strong monarchical sympathies could not entirely blind his eyes to the glaring faults of such a character, while his love of truth and fidelity to nature, would not suffer him to conceal its defects entirely. And yet though the picture is softened and mellowed down, it is with no false coloring. The marked and prominent outlines are there, in all their strong individuality, and the hand of the great master is visible in every touch of the pencil.

Without undertaking a comparison of relative merits, we think Woodstock may be placed in the first class among the very choicest productions of the author's pen. We do not indeed know, where in the pages of any mere fiction, or even descriptive essay, a reader is to obtain a more vivid, as well as accurate and just conception of the manners, customs, political opinions, and social characteristics of the English people of that interesting period. The brave and honest old Sir Henry Lee, the type of that absurd and exaggerated loyalty which had taken such deep root in the English nation, is a prominent figure, and is one of those delightful and inimitable characters in which the genius of Scott delighted, and which no other pen has equalled. This loyalty, it may be seen at a glance, is not with Sir Henry affected or assumed, but a moral sentiment, or rather a natural instinct. The old Knight reads Shakspeare, and has constantly a quotation on his lips, not from any real admiration of the poet, but because Shakspeare had been the favorite author of his royal master, Charles I., whose memory he revered. Even his irritable temper and somewhat dull intellect, add to the quaintness of his character, and united with his fidelity under every reverse, and his blunt straightforward honesty of purpose, contribute to increase our interest in him to the last. Roger Wildrake is the wild, reckless, dissolute cavalier, broken down in fortune, morals and character by the civil wars, but withal a rake of a shrewd wit, and in the midst of his excesses, faithful, brave and true—the wreck of what dissipation, misfortune and defeat had left of a cultivated

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mind, and a brave and generous heart. The independent soldier, Trusty Tomkins, is one of that class of Cromwell's army, who affected outward sanctity, and joined the dominant party from mercenary and selfish motives. Colonel Everard, the hero of the tale, is the representation of that large class of the Presbyterian gentry, who, like Hampden and Pym, sided with the Parliament in behalf of popular liberty, through enlightened and liberal views of public policy. In this character, at least, Scott has done ample justice to the representatives of popular principles. General Harrison, the wild and visionary enthusiast, the fifth monarchy man, whose name is known in history, is represented in a character perhaps too much exaggerated, and bordering too closely upon insanity. Scott does not appear to have fully appreciated the power and intensity of the religious sentiment of the times, and was too ready to ascribe its manifestations to the workings of a crazed intellect, rather than to an exalted enthusiasm. But above all, and before all, in this remarkable fiction, amid the group there appears, dark, gloomy, wrapped in the incomprehensible mystery of his own unfathomed purposes, that problem for the historian yet to solve, Oliver Cromwell. Scott had studied Cromwell as he had studied Charles II., thoroughly, and doubtless had brought to the study, the same mental bias. The wonder is, that with the monarchical prejudices which he was known to entertain, he should have drawn a sketch of Cromwell at all, that would have borne a likeness to the original. But whoever has read this work, will bear witness to the truthfulness and reality of the conception. The author does not attempt to analyze the purpose, or to lay bare the secrets of that incomprehensible bosom; they indeed seem to be concealed even from himself. But the acts, the deportment, the personal appearance, are all Cromwell. The very language and conversation of the Protector, now purposely obscure, and involved in never-ending and ambiguous sentences, and now brief, pointed and full of meaning, are strikingly natural. Placed in the collection of his real letters and speeches by Mr. Carlyle, they would scarcely, by their style, be distinguished from the original. We may indeed say, that the author of Waverly has not only given us a more impressive and distinct idea of the real Cromwell of history, than Hume has done, and we may also say that Scott the novelist, has drawn a more faithful character of Cromwell, than Scott the historian has done of Napoleon.

The author of Waverly has been accused, and we think not wholly without reason, of failing to do full justice to the Puritans. The cause of this has been already hinted. Scott

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was monarchical in his opinions, and neither appreciated the religious zeal, nor sympathized with the political opinions of the dissenters. His error, however, is much less than that of a class of Tory historians, well known in this country, such as Hume, Alison, *et id omne genus.* He has not intentionally done them injustice. Thus in Woodstock, the Presbyterian Mark Everard is one of the most elevated and faultless characters of the drama—and though the narrow sectarian zeal and the religious bigotry of the times, are drawn with a free pencil, bordering, perhaps, on caricature, in the person of the Presbyterian divine, the Rev. Nehemiah Holdenough—yet, the no less narrow and exclusive views of the Church of England are not spared in the person of the Rev. Dr. Rochecliff. In a deeply thrilling romance of Old Mortality, the author has wrought into fiction a tale of the Covenanters of Scotland. This work has not escaped the censure of treating with levity, or at least undue consideration, the strong and sincere religious enthusiasm which drove the Covenanters into open resistance to the laws. Few of the Puritans here described are such as to prepossess the mind in favor of the cause. Balfour of Burley is the vindictive, gloomy, savage fanatic, skulking at night in his hiding place, with his open bible in one hand, and his drawn sword in the other. Mucklewrath is the raving maniac, driven insane by religious enthusiasm—while Gabriel Kettledrummel, and the noisy old woman Headrigg, with their endless quotations from the Old Testament by chapter and verse, are drawn upon the very verge of the burlesque. But Scott, in the same work, has not failed to depict the bloody and cruel persecution and tyranny of the oppressors of the Puritans, in strong colors. The character of the Presbyterian, young Morton, like that of Everard in Woodstock, is an elevated and dignified character, and redeems the author from the charge of wilfully designing to bring the dissenters into ridicule. So, too, the intense and solemn and half-wild enthusiasm of the young preacher, Ephraim M'Briar, is not only elevated and startling, but almost sublime in its description. Scott was far above trifling with emotions and thoughts such as these.

The wonderful versatility of the genius of Scott, like that of Shakspeare, is no less remarkable than its individuality. His fertile fancy ranged through every class and variety and description of men, and his teeming pen gave to his ideal conceptions, a "local habitation and a name;" and what is most wonderful still about these endless developments of the human race, and varieties and forms of life, is the fact

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that each individual is stamped with its own marked peculiarity—each has a character of his own, original and self-sustained—and no two are similar. This is observed more particularly in those characters which are taken from humble life. Indeed, Scott's highest skill and power lay here, rather than in his descriptions of monarchs, courtiers, and battle-fields, finished and admirable though they are. While he had an admiration for titles, ranks, and the trappings of power, and looked back with something like regret upon the times when lordly barons and knights crowded to the tournament, yet at the same time he did not scorn the humbler ranks of life. He sympathized with the poor, and he felt that virtue and truth and loyalty could exist in the cottage of the peasant, as well as in the palace of the noble. Scott's characters from the humbler walks of life, are many of them the happiest and most perfect conceptions of his genius. And they divide our interest and our admiration equally with the more illustrious actors in the drama. Not only Friar Tuck, in Ivanhoe, but even the swineherd Gurth, and Wamba the jester, speak to the sympathies of the reader, and wind themselves round his attention equally with Cedric the Saxon, or Prince John. We do not wish them to make their exit from the stage, even to introduce Ivanhoe or Coeur de Lion himself. And Rebecca the Jewess—the beautiful but humble daughter of a despised and insulted race—embodying the author's brightest conception of female loveliness, carries the heart entirely away from the splendid attractions of the high-born and accomplished Rowena, the descendant of the ancient Saxon kings.

The character of the antiquary in the novel of that name, in its quaintness and originality, is wholly inimitable. The author has given loose reins to his fancy and droll humor, in the development of a character so congenial. And yet one can scarcely say whether the antiquary himself is more of a feature in this work than the old beggar Edie in his blue gown and bonnet. The like is true of Richie Moniplies in the Fortunes of Nigel, that most solemn, austere, and precise of serving men. Richie's harsh and strongly marked Scottish dialect, is not more characteristic than every act he performs and sentiment he utters, and it is doubtful whether Lord Glenvarlock himself, the hero of the tale, is honored with half the interest and cordial good feeling that greets the serving man. Richie is a model of fidelity, and austere virtue. He abhors diceing and play, hunting and gaming, and dissipation of all kinds, but he never sticks at *a lie* in upholding his country's honor,

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or his master's interests. And when about to leave Glenvarlock because he could not find it in his conscience to approve that young nobleman's amusements and pursuits on the score of their immorality, he reads him a lecture upon morals, with this commentary:—"And when, my lord, was Richie's tongue known to utter aught but truth, except your lordship's credit, my country's profit, or it may be, some small occasion of my ain, made it necessary to promulgate the haile verity?"

But it is in the character of the humble and lowly Jeanie Deans, that Scott exhibits all the sincerity of his kindly heart, and the depth of his generous sympathy for the peasant and the cottager. There is not, perhaps, in the whole range of fictitious literature, a tale of equal simplicity, pathos, and touching power. It was written from the heart, and it speaks to the heart. The author refuses the assistance of any adventitious circumstance. It is neither youth nor beauty, nor high birth, nor heroic bravery, nor generous constancy that lends such thrilling interest to the story. It is built wholly upon the moral affections and the kindly social feelings of the heart. Jeanie Deans, the daughter of the poor cow-feeder of St. Leonard's, without one attraction of person, without beauty, without youth, without wealth, with nothing but goodness of heart and a pious rectitude of conscience, is the heroine of a story of the most exquisite tenderness, and of the most delicate and elevated sentiment. The story is simple, touching, and natural. The heart warms with the narrative as it progresses, and at its close we feel our admiration of virtue increased, and our faith in human nature strengthened.

It will be observed that there is nothing ill-tempered or bitter in Scott's humor. He does not trifle with or mock nature, or seek to degrade humanity. Hence, when we are introduced to some uncouth, cross-grained, or otherwise original specimen of mankind, he will generally be found endowed upon closer acquaintance, with some redeeming attribute which invariably awakens the sympathy and interest of the reader. Scott could sketch with irresistible zest and drollery, a quaint dialogue, a mannerism, or some eccentric and laughable peculiarity of person or action, and could hold up to ridicule the absurd pretensions and follies of men, but he never treated with lightness or mockery, truth, fidelity, integrity and generosity, no matter under what guise they were found. The happiest specimens of his comic skill, are those wherein the ludicrous is found blended with some sterling quality of heart or mind. The Laird of Dumbiedikes, that uncouth and grotesque specimen of humanity, whom the reader does not scarcely hear

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speak, and sees only to laugh at, is found at the very moment Jeanie Deans refuses his hand, to have generosity of character, for though he loves his money-box above all earthly things, he opens it to assist her on her perilous journey to London.

The silent and bashful student, Dominie Sampson, in Guy Mannering, too deeply immersed in his black-letter learning, ever to utter more than a word at a time, is, with all his strange and ridiculous peculiarities, possessed of a true and faithful nature. Richie Moniplies, whose comic gravity, self-conceit, and grotesque manners are the very essence of the ludicrous, is found to be true as steel and faithful to his master in adversity.

"My Lord," he says, "adversity should never have parted us. Methinks had the worst come to the worst, I could have starved as gallantly as your Lordship, or more so, being in some sort used to it; for, though I was bred at a flesher's stall, I have not through my life had a constant intimacy with collops."

Major Dalgetty, with his intolerable assurance, his obtrusive learning, and his never-ending stories of the immortal Gustavus, is a brave and fearless soldier, and indifferently honest. And even poor old Caleb Balderstone, with some new device always prepared to conceal the utter poverty of a down-fallen house, and some new lie always in his mouth for the credit of the family, loves his young master better than himself, and has all the attachment of an old and faithful servant for the family in which he was born and reared, and in which he desires to die. In short, the author of Waverly, as all his writings show, was a man of a large, and generous, and kindly heart—a heart that always gushed out in sympathy for his fellows—a heart full of benevolence, full of hope. And we cannot better arrest the course of these "fugitive thoughts" than by quoting the words of the late Dr. Channing, than whom our day has not produced a nobler example of elevated, enlightened and Christian philanthropy. Speaking of Scott he says, "With a few exceptions, he was just to all his human brethren. A reconciling spirit breathes through his writings. He seizes on the interesting and beautiful features in all conditions of life; gives us bursts of tender and noble feeling from rude natures, and continually knits some new tie between the reader and the vast varieties of human nature, which start up under his teeming pen."

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SIR BRASIL'S FALCON.

BY FITZ-JAMES O'BRIEN.

The hunt was o'er. The last thin bugle note
Had stole away among the friendly trees,
Declining gently on its weary way,
And dying in their arms. The exhausted hounds
Besmeared with wild boar's blood lay down, and licked
Their sanguine coats; or growling, strove to scare
With lazy paw the floating globes of flies,
That buzzed around them lured with scent of gore.
The horses bridle-tethered to the trees
With flanks thin drawn, where lay the hardened sweat
In glistening furrows, champed the cruel bit,
Or nibbled at the leaves. Beneath the shade
Of a great chestnut that obscured the sun,
The hunters, gathered in a little group,
Talked of the chase; and pleasant stories ran
Of perils magnified with sportsman's boasts,
And huge leaps taken in the heat of chase.
Then hearty laughs at some green youth's mishap
Went round the circle like a jocund ring
Of sparkling merriment. The men were gay
In joyance of rude strength. Their eyes were bold;
Their white teeth glistened through their nut-brown beards
Like foam-beads in dark ale. Their skins were tanned
By honest wind and sun, and every limb
Was large and fit for use. These men were rough
As prickly pear or pomegranate, but they
Were ripe, and honest-fruited at the core.
Then in each pause a silver bowl went round
Filled with red wine, and every hunter drank,
"Health to St. Hubert, our good Patron Saint!"
And passed the wine bowl on, until it came
To where Sir Brasil sate. And he outspoke,
"You know, my friends, I love not to drink wine,
Since that sad day when in the Holy Land
The Emir made me quaff my brother's blood
Disguised as wine. I cannot join your revel.
Pardon me, comrades, I will seek some stream,
Hid in the twilight of this leafy glade,
And drink your healths in a more homely draught."
Then rose he 'mid good-natured jeers and smiles
At such faint-heartedness in belted knight,

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And yielding in return mock courtesies,
He leased his favorite falcon to his wrist,
And girding on his sword, straight took his way,
Along the silent glades.
There was no water
In all the summer woods. The insatiate sun
Had drunk all up, and robbed each secret spring,
Save the round beads of dew that nestling, dwelt
Deep in the bottom of the foxglove's bells.
There was no water. Beds of vanished streams
Mocked him with memories of lucid waves,
That rose and fell before his fancy's eye
In glassy splendor. As the soothing wind
Stole softly o'er the leaves, it gave low tones
That sounded in Sir Brasil's sharpened ear
Like distant ripplings of a pleasant stream;
But there was none. The umbered soil was dry,
And the hare rustled through parched, crisping grass.
Sir Brasil sighed: his brow was hot—his tongue
Beat dry against his teeth. His upmost thought
Was water—water, blue, and bright, and cool!
A storm-cock flew across the glade; His beak
Was red with berries of the mountain ash,
That had lain hidden from the by-gone winter
Deep in some cranny of the gaping earth.
Then quoth Sir Brasil, "I will follow him,
For I have heard that birds do fly to springs,
As sands of steel to magnets." So he struck
A bee line through the woods, and followed him.
Thick grew the brambles, for there was no path
For dainty feet; but gnarled roots of oak
Pushed earth aside, and twined in curving cords,
Like snakes at play. Pale wild-flowers grew in crowds,
Like captive fays, o'er whom the giant trees
Kept watch and ward. Through the green canopy
That stretched o'er head, stray, vagrant sunbeams stole,
Turning with fairy power the withered leaves
To evanescent gold. Lizards with skins,
Like lapis-lazuli, peeped with glittering eyes
Between the crevices of decaying trees.
The hum of bees 'round many a trunk, foretold
The heavy honey-comb that lay within,
Concealed with cunning passages, and doors
Of deftly woven moss. The bright jay chattered,
And the bold robin gazed with mute surprise
On the strange shape whose daring seemed to make
The woods his own—while on Sir Brasil went,
Stumbling o'er roots, embraced by brambly arms,
And leaving fragments of his rich attire

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Fluttering on thorny boughs, that many a day
Held in great awe the timid woodland birds.
The sun grew low. It was three hours beyond
The middle day, when, lo! Sir Brasil stepped
With hooded falcon leased upon his wrist,
Cloak torn in shreds, and plume that hung awry,
Beyond the limit of the lonely wood,
And found himself upon the rugged brink
Of a dried water-course. It was a dank,
And dismal place. The broad misshapen trees
Were bare anatomies, with scarce a leaf
To clothe their withered bones. Huge, fleshy weeds
Grew in black groups along the ragged edge
Of a tall, beetling cliff, whose steep face sloped
With slabs of rock, adown whose pallid sides
The thin, white moss, spread like a leprosy.
Along the base of this pale cliff, there ran
The channel of some fitful winter stream
Long fled. The smooth round pebbles paved
The empty bed, and all the secret rocks
Lay bare and dry. Some there were quaintly holed,
And eaten through by the soft, toothless waves.
And some were strangely carved, and smoothly hewn
With watery chisels, into phantasm forms.
There was no stream. No limpid water went
With trickling step along the stony course.
The ousel had forsook the place, and sought
Another stream to dipple with its wings.
The heron stood no longer by the brink.
The azure of the halcyon flashed no more
From bank to bank. The tall brown-tufted reeds
That sung so softly to the evening wind,
Had withered all, and lay in matted heaps
Upon the arid earth. Sir Brasil sighed,
"There is no water here, I am athirst.
Oh! I would give a broad piece for one drop
To cool my parching throat!" as said he this,
The sunlight flashed upon some glittering point,
That shone like diamond. Hastening forward, he
Beheld from out the crevice of a rock
A sluggish flow, that trickled drop by drop
Of dark, green water. So reluctantly
It oozed through the fissure, that it seemed
Like the last life-blood of a River-God
Ebbing in ling'ring drops from out his heart!
"My faith!" Sir Brasil said, "though not as clear
As wave of Castaly or Hippocrene,
Thou art right welcome—for my throat is dry,

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And I am faint with thirst; and thou, poor bird,
Shalt share my luck, and quaff this scanty spring."
So saying to the falcon on his wrist,
He loosed its leases, and unlaced its hood,
And let its bold eye gaze abroad again
Upon the sunny world. The joyous bird
Gave one far skyward glance; another swept
The wide horizon round, then preening all
His plumes, and ruffling them toward the sun,
He pecked the knight with a love-softened beak,
And nestled to his arm.
Then Brasil straight
Unloosed a silken belt from which there swung
A golden bugle. Taking it, he stopped
The jewelled mouth-piece with a plug of moss;
Then stooping, held the inverted bell beneath
The slowly falling stream. With toil and pain
He gathered each slow drop, and watched them rise
By hair's-breadth after hair's-breadth, till he saw
The dear draught level with the golden rim;
Then joyously he raised it to his lips,
And cried, "Here's to thee, Goddess of the stream!
Locked in the heart of this cold rock. Alone—
Forsaken by the fickle waves that made
The current of thy life; Thou art most desolate,
And weep'st all day those trickling drops, which are
Thy tears. In them I pledge me to thy grief!"
But as he raised the golden bugle up
Toward his lips, the falcon with swift stroke
Of his long pinion dashed it from his hand,
And all the precious draught ran waste on earth.
Sir Brasil frowned. "How now, bold bird?" he cried,
"Thou dost not know how toilsomely I filled
That scanty measure, or thou never wouldst
Have wasted it. Next time, take better heed
Or thou wilt rue it." Once again, Sir Brasil
With weary hand, and long delay filled up
The golden measure, and as he did raise
It to his lips, the falcon with one stroke
Of his swift pinion dashed it to the earth.
Sir Brasil swore, "now by the sacred cup
Which Christ did drink of, I will wring thy neck
Thou foolish bird an thou do that agen!"
A third time did he stoop, and, horn in hand,
Bend his broad back to catch the sluggish stream;
A third time did he raise the bugle up
Toward his lips; a third time with swift wing
The falcon dashed the measure from his hand.

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Then flashed Sir Brasil's eye with humid fire,
Quivered his thin-drawn lip, and paled his cheek,
And with an ungloved hand he smote the bird
Full in the throat. It fluttered on his wrist,
And drew its jesses taut; with panting strength
Spread out its arrowy wings convulsively,
As if 'twould flee right sunward from black death,
Then drew them close. The silver Milan bells*
That quivered on its legs, rattled a chime
Of mortal melody that smote the sky,
Its old domain. Its curved beak opened wide
Agape for air. Its large, round golden eye
Turned one long look of sad, reproachful love
Full on Sir Brasil; then with a faint gasp,
That stifling, burst from its choked, swollen throat,
It fluttering fell. The silken jesses slipped;
Its proud head bent in Death's last agony;
And tumbling from his wrist, it gasped, and died!
The stern knight bit his lip as he looked down;
He loved the bird, but had a hasty hand,
And hastier temper. "Well a day!" he said,
"The bird was mulish and deserved its fate.
Yet would I had not killed it!" Then he took
With mournful hand his bugle, and a sigh
Fluttered between his lips, like some sad bird
From prison flying blindly. "Well!" he said,
"'Tis weary work filling these sluggish draughts;
Each takes an hour at least. I'll to the source
Of this thin stream, and ravish it with lips
As eager as e'er pressed the Sabine maid,
When Roman youth grew hot. I'll dip my horn,
And raise it diamond-dripping from the wave,
And as I drink, th' abundant stream shall well
Over the brim, and trickle down my beard,
Like morning dew. I'll quaff with thirsty joy,
And when I've drank I'll fling the lucid lees
On the dry leaves, and arid flow'rs, that they
May share the moist delight!" And with these words
He sought the secret windings of the stream,
And followed them.

Starkly the falcon lay;
The dry leaves rattled with a stealthy sound;
The beetle hummed, the insects in the grass
Made silver whisperings; the mouse crept out
From underneath the sod, and timid, gazed
On the proud foe that lay so stiff and strange.

* Milan bells. The tinkling bells that were fastened to the falcon's legs, came from this city. It was necessary that their tone should be sonorous and shrill, and they were graduated in a rising scale of semitones.

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Half fearing stratagem, it dared not move,
But pricked its ears, and oped its glittering eyes
Enchained with wonder, till a lizard slim
Darted from out the grass, and boldly brushed
The falcon's lifeless wing. Then did the mouse
Believe its foe was dead. Then did it play
Around the corpse, and gaze into its eyes,
Those large, round, golden eyes, that from the clouds
Could pierce the crouching vermin of the earth
With over-hanging death!
The dry leaves fell;
The water dropped; the insects in the grass
Hummed their sharp songs that sounded in the ear
Like tiny silver tinklings. In the midst
Of all this fair monotony of life
Lay the dead falcon!
With much weary toil
Sir Brasil traced the windings of the stream,
Through rock defiles, as wild as sculptured dreams
Where naked horrors frowned. Through oozy swamps
Coated with marish oil in which the sun
Made slimy rainbows. Through forsaken beds
Of ancient streams; o'er massive boulder stones,
Humped with old age, and coated with grey moss;
O'er trunks of rotting trees that in the night
Lit with pale splendor the dark paths around,
And slept in light; o'er sharp volcanic soil
That crackled 'neath the tread; o'er naked plains,
Where the sad wind could find not even a stone
To whet its breath on, but went babbling round
With dull blunt edge, Sir Brasil took his way
With weary foot, and tongue that often wagged
In sanctimonious oath. A full, slow hour
Had passed, and e'en the knight, though faint with thirst,
Was nigh to turn upon his steps and wend
Back through the woods, when lo! like sapphire seen
Through the smoke-curling clouds of maiden's hair,
Gleamed something blue. It twisted as it shone,
And glanced in distance like an azure spray.
As speeds the Arab after five days' thirst
To the green oasis—that Desert's teat
At which its children suck,—so Brasil sped,
And nerved his flagging limbs to reach the spot
So distant and so dear.
"At last!" he cried,
"At last, at last the water glads my sight!
Oh! I will lave, and drink, and lave again,
Until my very bones the moisture feel,
And half my blood is water!" And he ran

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Like a young deer; but as he nearer came,
A poisonous vapor seemed to load the air,
And foul mephitic clouds that clogged each sense,
Hovered oppressively with leaden wings.
SIR BRASIL staggered on. The poisoned air
Smote on his brain like an invisible sword,
And clove his consciousness. He raved, and reeled,
And threw his arms aloft, and tried to pray,
And spoke pet words to his dead Falcon, as
It were alive; then suddenly he seemed
With one great effort to regain himself,
And onward strode;
But as he neared the place
Whence shot the sapphire gleam, a horrid sight
Burst on his view. Lo! coiling on a mound
A huge, green serpent lay. Tier upon tier
Of emerald scales that glistered into blue,
Swept upwards in grand spirals. His great head
Lay open-jawed, and hanging o'er the brink
Of a steep rock, while slavering from his mouth,
A stream of distilled poison green and rank,
Trickled in sluggish drops, that at the base
Gathered themselves into an oily stream,
And flowed away.
SIR BRASIL's heart grew sick;
For now he saw, what he would fain have drunk,
And what the Falcon wasted, was the venom
That slavered from the serpent on the rock,
And filtering through some secret stony way,
Welled out below in green and sluggish drops
Of withering poison. Now like a fierce wind
Remorse howled through his soul, and hunted Thought
Fled from its scorching breath. His Nature swung
Naked and desolate as a gibbet corpse
From which the flesh drops piecemeal. He did feel
That Death should fly him, as a ghost of guilt
More horrid than himself. He felt that God
Held not within his Arsenal of curses
One great enough for him. That Earth's green skin
Crept as he trode, as shudders human flesh
When loathsome beings touch it. He grew white
As the swamp-lily, and upon his cheek
Stood beads of dew, round and distinct as those
That morning winds brush from the shivering trees.
His strong frame shook; short sobbings dry and fierce
Rang in his throat, and on his swelling chest
The silken doublet rose and fell amain,
Like bellying sail that labors with the wind.

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He tore his long, fair curls, and cast them down
And stamped upon them, whilst he cursed himself
For his deep cruelty to so fair a bird.
Then he took counsel with himself, and thought
If it were good to turn his dagger in
And sheath it in his heart; but lo! within
His soul a spirit rose—like those that flit
From out deep fountains in the even-time
To warn us of dark ills—and spread a mist
Betwixt him and the thought of foul self-murder.
Straightway he turned, and said unto himself,
"The guilty, by the avenging will of God,
Are dragged with secret force toward the spot
Where lie their victims. I will hasten back
To where my dead bird lies by the steep bank,
And mark each footstep with a moan, as monks
Mark rosaries with prayers"—so saying went
With ashen cheek, slow step, and muttering lips,
Straight to the spot where the dead falcon lay.
A little while he stood regarding it
With a drear wistful look; then stooping down,
He smoothed its ruffled plumage with his hand;
Closed its round staring eyes, and gently folded
Its stiffened wings along its breast; Then broke
Into a lamentation wild.

"O bird,
My soul is darkened in thy death! strong grief
Winds like a snake about my heart, and crushes it
In its chill clasp. I never yet did feel
Such bitter wrath against mine own right hand,
As I do now. To think that this fond hand
On which so often thou hast lovingly sat,
Should turn against thee, and with one foul blow
Dash all thy life away! O! 'twas a deed
Becoming some vile lackey, whose coarse wrath
Is blinded by thick blood; but not a knight,
Whose blood was filtered through three thousand years,
And to cross swords with whom might surely make
The foe a gentleman! I mind me well
The day we came together. Thou wert young,
Scarce fledged, and with thy talons yet ungrown;
But there was courage in thee, and one day,
When thou didst see a heron in the sky,
Thou beat'st thy breast against the window pane,
And all the falcon sparkled in thine eyes!
Then 'twas my pride to deck thee splendidly.
Thy silver bells, wrought in old Milan's town,
We shrill as whistle, and the ascending tones

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Were modulated cunningly. Thy hood
Of purple cramoise, worked with threads of gold,
Came from that maiden's hand, whom I do prize
Beyond all other women. Then thy food
Was dainty in its kind, as thou hads't been
The merlin of an Emperor. I did love thee:
All proves that I did love thee; and I would
Have chopped this right hand from its arm before
It should have hurt thee wittingly; but I
Am hot, and when thy persevering wing
Stretched between me and death, it angered me,
And I—I—O, I cannot think of it,
Without I curse myself, and wish myself
Accursed by God and man!

O! never more
Will thy silk jesses twine around my wrist!
No more will we two wander in the dawn,
When the wild flowers are necklaced all with dew,
And the wet grass pulses with morning life,
To watch a sege of herons by the stream,
Or listen for the bittern's lonely boom
Rising from out the reeds! No more, no more,
When the game springs from out the sedgy pool
And soars aloft, shall I tear off thy hood,
Unloose thy jesses, and then launch thee forth
Upon the deadly race. I ne'er shall see
Thee rise in airy spirals to the clouds,
While the wide heron labors far below,
'Till when almost a speck, with sudden swoop,
Like a live thunderbolt, thou dashest down
Full on the foe, and striking at his heart,
Fall fastened to thy victim!

How tell
The maiden fair who worked thy purple hood,
And loved to stroke thy feathers i' the sun,
How shall I tell my crime? Why, she would loathe me,
And wave me from her sight with crushing gesture,
And shut me from her heart. I should be held
By all good knights, and ladies fair, a dastard
Who raised his hand against a loving bird,
And killed it for its love. I cannot home!
The first quest I should hear would be, "Where is
Thy falcon, BRASIL?" and could I reply,
"Three times it saved my life, fair dame,
Therefore I slew it." Oh! no home for me.
Here in this lonely glade I'll lay me down
Close to my murdered bird—and then—and then—
Let what will come.—"

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The shades of evening fell,
The invisible dews dropt spirit-like on earth;
The woods were silent, and when the white moon
Came riding o'er their tops, she sadly saw
The knight beside the falcon.

THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES;

OR, THE FAST AGE.

A Question in Arithmetic.

EVERY age of society, like every period of an individual man, has its characteristic. These distinctions struck the ancient poets so forcibly, that they named them after the metals: such as the Gold, Silver, and Iron Ages. Mechanically speaking, the latter term applies most truly to our own times, inasmuch as iron is the ruling power, in the shape of steamboats, engines, railways, and buildings. Indeed, in one sense, iron has been in the ascendant, since the first sword was made, or the first ploughshare used.

In like manner, every age has a distinct mental characteristic. We shall not stop to inquire minutely what have been the dominant peculiarities of past times: whether it was excessive verdancy or rusticity in the days of the Patriarchs; a sporting mania in those of Nimrod; a passion for drums and fifes in the Greek and Roman times almost equal to our own military *penchant;* a love for discussion in the dark ages, as though to create more smoke and fog to bewilder the human brain; whatever these might have been, we feel pretty certain, that the characteristic of our own age is *impatience.* Every thing is becoming condensed. Oratorios, tragedies and comedies are giving place to vaudevilles, operas, farces and ballets; even Punch and Judy is being curtailed. Epics now are unsalable, and heroic poems at a discount; odes are out, and epigrams are in. Brevity is the order of the day; it is operating even upon the ladies' petticoats, hence the Bloomers, whose motto is, "Brevity is the soul of wit." But let women beware of extremes, and not carry their wit too far, notwithstanding the encouragement Leigh Hunt gave a lady, who declared her intention of shortening her skirts, "that he cared not to what *length* they carried that shortness."

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Once arguing the question with Carlyle, he declared the vice or characteristic of the age to be *ennui;* in his books he declares it to be *sham!* We shall, however, leave every one to draw his own conclusion, while we merely suggest that possibly it may be a combination of all three evils. Some men have complained to us that the world appears *distrait;* that a universal brown study has come over the human race. This may proceed from exhaustion; for the earnestness with which they pursue, the absorbing dollar must lead to a corresponding collapse.

This may proceed from the rapidly changing aspect of the times: every day some new discovery supersedes what was considered as almost the *ultimatum* of science. Certainly, there is no sign of decay creeping over the face of nature or man. Death and life are but the same thing, under different phases: spring is the promise of a vitality, which reaches its zenith in summer, declines in autumn, and seems to perish in the winter; but the latter is merely a sleep, from which the physical world rises renewed and more highly cultivated; so that every successive death is but an additional step in life. Change is eternal and unceasing; it is merely our dull optics that are deceived into a belief that it pauses, because we cannot see it move. We know the moon moves—the earth moves; but the most steadfast gaze cannot detect the slightest motion. Who can see in the glance of the happy bride the tears she shed in infancy?—who can trace the death-shadow stealing over her beautiful and blooming brow? and yet, we know the one has been there, and that the other is approaching;—nay, has drawn nearer, even while we gazed! With man as with nature: the leaves fall from the tree, as the generations die of men; but the trunk and its vitality remains, and the human race is constantly restored. Who would say the tree is dead, because the sap has rushed into the earth for protection against the frozen blasts of winter? Who can believe that man makes no progress, because woe, want, vice and ignorance still remain the badges of so many? We must regard man in the aggregate. In the earlier centuries, the improvement was certainly slow; like the fixed stars, there was but very little *parallax* to calculate progress; but, as Galileo said, "the world did move for all that." To go no farther back than Elizabeth's time, it is a matter of certainty that a common laborer has more comforts now, than the great Queen of England had then. Sanded floors, or rushes strewn, were her substitutes for carpets; and her musical instruments, over which an Essex, a Leicester, a Raleigh, and

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a Spenser hung, with real or pretended delight, were what a Fifth Avenue damsel would call a *tin kettle.* As for the general accomplishments of "reading, writing and arithmetic," the lowliest citizen of our Republic is a greater master than two-thirds of the English nobility of that time. Queen Elizabeth herself was an exception to the common rule of the ignorance of that age; but very few of her maids of honor could indulge in "billets doux," for the best, if not the most virtuous of all reasons—*they could not write.* But we do not wish to triumph too far over the olden days, believing that in fifty years hence we shall be despised for our darkness and ignorance—we grow older and wiser.

Bacon called "antiquity the youth of the world," and in its physical sense it may be true; but it appears to us that we are growing younger every day; patriarchs have been transformed into *Fast Men*, and considering that the good old age of nine centuries has dwindled to seventy years, it cannot be wondered at. In those days, a change of dynasty was only equal to now a change of ministry, and a marriage after a courtship of only fifty years, was no doubt then considered highly indelicate; in a widow, it would almost justify the quotation of Shakspeare's rebuke—

> "The funeral bakemeats
> Did coldly furnish forth the marriage table."

If all things were slow in proportion, this would not be sufficiently strong, for the comestibles would still be "*lukewarm.*"

Can our readers fancy being born in the reign of William the Conqueror, shaking his head at Washington's retreat, and now sitting in Union-Square, reading the "Reveille;" and yet all this could have been done by Adam, had he been born in the Norman's reign. There is no denying, but that a great deal can be done in nine hundred years.

But all this is past; *that* was the *slow* age; this is the *fast* one: let us pause a few minutes—equivalent to about ten years antediluvian time—and see if all things do not loudly promise a still faster era.

Even twenty years since, we were decidedly slow—at all events a hundred per cent. behind our present quotation, to be strictly mercantile. Twenty-five days across the Atlantic was an average passage; we now do it in ten days, and it has been done in nine! Making a rule of three question of it, with setting experience to work the problem, it will very soon be a mere swim across the Hellespont, although we do not believe the present exquisites of Broadway will ever be the Leanders, even if the loveliest Heros could be found to reward the feat.

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It is altogether beyond our purpose—to say nothing of our space—to be very statistical in this subject. We shall content ourselves with generalities, and as the facts are notorious, there is the less occasion to be demonstrative. It is fortunately a case, in which evidence is rendered unnecessary by general admission, and universal belief. We shall, however, not trouble ourselves with a chronological balance-sheet, showing the *profits* of any one age, but confine ourselves to a rapid survey of *the sum total* of what has been achieved within twenty-one years, the time which it takes a young lady (*so runs the popular fallacy*) to arrive at discretion. For the sake of more accurately counting our gains, we shall divide our theme into now, and then. *Now* a message can be sent from London to Paris, from New-York to New Orleans, in a few minutes. In three weeks a lover can leave Boston for Liverpool, and return with his bride or without her. In the old days, travellers went round Cape Horn, or Cape of Good Hope, if they were going to California, or India; now they cut across the Isthmus of Panama, or Suez, and make a fortune in the time their voyage would have consumed formerly.

We can now do more in a day, than we could in a week twenty years ago. This makes our seventy years as good as near five hundred, to begin with. We are therefore getting pretty rapidly back to patriarchal longevity. We doubt if the antediluvians cut their teeth till their thirtieth year. Now a woman is married and has a family, when Sarah, Rachel and other ancient characters, were playing with their dolls, or learning their alphabet. We can conceive Methuselah quite a boy at ninety years, and crying over his *hic, hæc, hoc;* and twenty years afterwards, sprawling his full length in an ineffectual attempt to walk over the *pons asinorum.* At what age they finished their education, it would be difficult to guess; judging by analogy, we should say, they were pretty well ground in the classics by the end of the fourth century, which by the same rule, would bring them to comparative years of discretion, answering to a modern one-and-twenty. At what time a lady of those times confessed to being an old maid, we are somewhat in the dark; perhaps they lived in hope till their seven hundred and twentieth year—though possibly the old woman's saying, while there's life, there's hope, may apply to marriage.

The present discoveries of science are thus bringing us back, not the length of years, but what is far better—the ability to accomplish as much in our seventy, as they did in their five hundred years; and as science progresses, we shall doubt-

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less extend our capacity of living even beyond the Methuselah limit. A man can now go to India and back in two months, which in seventy years (the natural term of life) would allow him four hundred and twenty visits to India. Twenty years ago, it took nine or ten months to make the same trip, which would consume in the same number of journeys three hundred and twenty years. In machinery the improvements are equally rapid. Our newspapers are multiplied at the rate of eleven thousand an hour. A field of wheat is reaped, and put in sheaves, by a machine, in an hour, which formerly took a day. The human race very soon need not *toil*, but merely direct: hard work will be done by steam. Horses themselves are rapidly becoming obsolete. In a few years, like Indians, they will be merely traditional. Steam itself, with its seventy miles an hour, is voted *too slow;* and electricity is fast superseding the iron horse, with its deep breathings, and smoke snortings. In the old times, it took a couple of centuries to get up a respectable town. Now, San Francisco starts up in a couple of years, with its accompaniments of trade, shipping, and enjoys popular tumults, a luxury worthy an older state of society.

It requires very little imagination—indeed, is a mere calculation—to realize what our state will be fifty years hence; given, what we have done in twenty, to know what we can do in fifty; and as all progression is geometrical, our answer is more likely to be understated than exaggerated. Even now, we have an electric telegraph across the Straits of Dover. In ten years we shall have an electric telegraph across the Atlantic—for what is possible for thirty miles, is possible for three thousand. It was said by Lardner, that although steamers plied in the channel, they never could cross the Atlantic. This was expressed only twenty years ago, by a man who had made the steam engine his study, and who was considered "a bit of a dreamer" into the bargain. In less than fifty years, we shall have electric communication with every place on earth. Every man will have it laid to his own house, as the Croton is now. Electricity, magnetism, and machinery, will do all. Every description of the costliest wines will be supplied as gas is now: and possibly a man may then have his champagne, claret, or sherry-cobblers cut off, if behindhand in paying the automaton who calls to collect the dues.

Men and women will then have no harassing cares, or laborious duties to fulfil. Machinery will perform all work—automata will direct them. The only task of the human race, will be to make love, study and be happy. The very infants

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will be rocked to sleep by proper machiney—we have already baby jumpers. This is sufficient evidence of the coming millennium of mothers. Balloons will be made tractable, and a journey across the Pacific, or Atlantic, performed without seasickness. Fancy the magnificent prospect of coming in sight of America, ourselves two miles in the air, seeing it all spread out as a map at one's foot. In this way the great mystery of the North Pole may be solved, and the question as to its being a real pole, with live bears climbing up it, or not, for ever set at rest. And what obscure nooks will it not open in Africa, that least explored of the ancient world, although twice the home of civilization in the Carthaginian and Egyptian empires.

Then we shall be present at all ends of the earth at once —we shall have omniscience laid on—indeed, we shall hear of a revolution in London or Paris *five hours* before it happens, *according to our time*—our newspapers must then be issued every hour to keep up with the spread of knowledge—for we shall have all the occurrences of the world brought before us as they happen. Pekin will be only a ten minutes' post—but the perfection of machinery will render newspapers unnecessary —every man will have a room specially dedicated to science. There, upon a tablet on the wall, will a mechanical stylus trace down the news flashing over the wires of that wonderful machine, which may be truly called the nervous system of Nature. When "Young America" is about to speak, a silver bell may ring simultaneously throughout the civilized world, calling all who choose to listen, like the church chimes, together; if necessary, Lord John Russell or Palmerston can reply, and the true Parliament of the world be held, without one man stirring from his fireside: whether it may be worth while to have tubes laid from Washington to London, Paris, St. Petersburgh, Pekin, Calcutta and Port Adelaide, may in twenty years become a question for the engineers; in that case the Chamber of Deputies, or the House of Commons, may be summoned to hear our great orators denounce the despots of the old world, and swell the chorus of Yankee Doodle when sung by our assembled citizens.

This is no idle vision; it is the result of a common rule in arithmetic—it is as inevitable as a train now starting at the City Hall, arriving at Harlem in a half hour's time; true an accident may happen in one case, or the world may come to an end sooner than we expect in the other; boilers and worlds will now and then burst in the best regulated families —but they are the exceptions and not the rules. Rushing back

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in thought a couple of centuries to the spot where New-York stands, and thinking of it then, and looking at it now, who can doubt the sketch we have drawn of this day *next fifty years?* That all our subscribers may be alive then to congratulate us upon our arithmetical accuracy, is our cordial wish; but how many millions of subscribers the United States Review will then have, we have yet to invent a numeration table to express.

"MY MIND MY KINGDOM IS."

Old Song.

What though to me wealth's glittering prize,
  Beauty's soft lip, and fame's bright crown,
Fortune in idle spleen denies,
  Far richer gifts than these I own.

What stern reality withholds,
  Redundant fancy still supplies,
And in her blissful dreams unfolds
  All that my waking hour denies.

In beauty's arms I sink to rest,
  From beauty's lips I kisses steal;
I woo not, yet I still am blest,
  And unbought raptures hourly feel.

Sometimes the conqueror's sword I wield,
  Like Sweden's madman dash away,
And in some glorious well-fought field
  Reduce whole kingdoms to my sway.

Anon I wear the laurell'd crown,
  That deck'd some great, immortal's brow,
And on all meaner bards look down,
  Like monarch on his slaves below.

And though no house or land have I,
  To swell my heart with vulgar pride,
I've glorious castles in the sky,
  And manors stretching far and wide.

The stars my precious jewels are;
  The sun vouchsafes me showers of gold;
And in rich Nature's casket rare,
  I've hoarded stores of wealth untold.

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Then, love and fortune, take your way,
And fame depart on vagrant wing;
O'er fancy's empire while I sway,
I feel "I'm every inch a king."

THE RIGHT ONE; OR, MY WIFE.

"DOES any one know with certainty in what language it was that Adam uttered his vows of love to Eve?" inquired I very gravely one day of a professor of languages—a friend of mine—who as gravely replied:

"Yes, most certainly! It was the identical language in which Eve responded!"

Admirably spoken, indeed; yet what a pity that it enlightens me nothing—a pity—yes, a great pity, that one knows so little about the course of love before the deluge! If one could but fish up a love tale from that period, it would possess far more freshness than any of our very latest novels. And that first love scene in the healthy morning of time, in the groves of Paradise!—how new, strange, and thrilling it must have been!

Ah! Even now, in this many-thousand-year-old world, a gentle zephyr from the spring-time of that Paradise is breathing through the soul of every human being, who can say, "I love! I am beloved!"

Food and raiment, business and home, distinctions of mine and thine, and the conventionalities and burdens which this world of ours, so full of regulations (but little resembling that old Paradise, I suspect), has thrown around us to tame our will, fetter our actions, and make us prosy and unsatisfied—all is forgotten in that moment, or rather all is changed, idealized; a living spirit is breathed into the dust; no! there is no dust—nothing but the fragrance of flowers. Then one touches not the earth, but dances, flits, soars above it. This commonplace life glitters with gilded joys to each delighted son of Adam the moment he has found his Eve. Yet, Adam was the happiest man, for at his time there was but one Eve; consequently he could not err in his selection, and she, on her part, could have neither choice or regret. But now, there are legions of us! It is no easy matter for us to discern the right one among the innumerable swarms of Adam's children. If

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every one would candidly relate his adventures in that region, the result would be very instructive, and very amusing, too; thus, not confident of my ability to instruct or amuse the world in any other way, I shall now take the opportunity to relate my wanderings in search of the Eve I once adored in Rosa Gron.

Ah, how beautiful she was! or rather how sweet, how charming, how bewitching! No words can describe her. I was enamored of her, even when I was a cadet, and from the time I entered the fourth class, she has filled me with raptures. And never was there a woman more dangerous to a young man of a lively and susceptible heart. Her very coquetry was so natural, and mingled with so much gentleness and girlish grace, that it was impossible to behold in it any thing but the most angelic innocence. At the Military Academy I read in my books her name only. Did I draw plans of forts and fortifications? Rosa Gron stood there in the midst of our circles and quadratures, and the only line I could follow was the road leading to her home. And when I visited beautiful, flowery Grondale, her mother, in her quiet, affectionate manner, said:

"My dear B——, you must make yourself at home here!"

"Certainly," I answered; "I thank you."

I made myself at home; and so fascinated was I, that I saw nothing, knew nothing, and thought of nothing but Rosa. Grondale was always a gay place, abounding in amusements, and full of visitors. When the young folks desired an excursion on the water, or a ramble through the fields, it was always my lot to make their arrangements, and to get their petition granted by her mother, for whom all the children entertained the greatest respect. On such occasions she usually said:

"My dear B——, if you are to be one of the company, I shall be obliged to give my consent; for I am sure you will look to the children and take good care of them."

"Certainly," I answered; though, alas! I could not take care of myself, for my whole soul and attention was absorbed in Rosa.

Many others were enamored as well as myself; yet, I was confident that I alone enjoyed her preference. She had a manner of singing and accompanying herself on the harp, which would actually drive one crazy. From a little green book of music, she would beg some one to select a favorite piece. Suppose, for instance, then, No. 5 was chosen. She

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would ask them with a charming smile, "Is it No. 5 that you wish?" and then she would sing No. 5, with such sweetness and expression as both to inflame the heart and melt it to tears. If she spoke of "the concealed feelings of the heart," one could swear that she was a fountain of the divinest sensibility; and when she danced, one might be so struck with wonder, and so bewildered by her dazzling movements, as almost involuntarily to fall headlong to the floor.

At one time I was stung with jealousy. A certain Mr. T—— (some sort of a teacher of languages, I believe), once came out to Grondale, where he played and sung, and jabbered French. All at once the fair Rosa forgets me, to jabber French and dabble in music with Mr. T——, and to play the agreeable to him as she had hitherto done to me. I flew in a passion, and rushed out of the house across the fields—heeding neither fence nor gate—plunged into the ditches, waded the brooks, and at length came home charged like a blunderbuss. But, lo! Mr. T—— had gone, and Rosa was as attentive to me as ever. Immediately I was enraptured as before, and convinced that the whole blame lay with me—that I was a Turk, a brute—yea, a real Othello of jealousy.

For a long time I had been sighing and burning with passion; now I was resolved to woo. I was, indeed, very young—hardly one-and-twenty—yet, I considered myself old enough. I held a lieutenant's commission, and was moreover the son of a father, who always spoke of "my wife" as the greatest blessing of his life; thus I had carried from the paternal roof the sweetest reminiscences of domestic felicity. The result of this was, that my imagination always embodied the greatest bliss in the form of "my wife."

After privately conning over several formulas for a declaration of love, I set out one day for Grondale, with a moss-rose in my hand. I was shockingly jolted over the most miserable of roads, but the fair Rosa's smile was to reward me for all the torture I suffered. I heard myself repeatedly say, "I love you!" and heard her as repeatedly respond, "I love you!" In regard to living and household matters, I had not even the forethought of one of the favorite poets of our country, who on marrying had provided one barrel of flour, a waffle-iron and a coffee-pot. My thoughts had been dwelling on "a cottage and a heart" only, and around the cottage there had bloomed many roses, and within my Rosa and myself. For the supply of all other things needful, I had trusted to my excellent father.

On my arrival at Grondale, I very unexpectedly met two

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gentlemen, quite as much enchanted as myself, and alike captivated by the allurements of the same enchantress. I pitied the sighing lovers, and lamented that they should be blinded by the hopes of that bliss, to which I was confident I alone was entitled. Besides, with friends, one will not willingly place his light under a bushel—will not be deemed inferior to what one really is; in short, will let his light shine before men, especially when it reflects its rays upon one's self; therefore, I resolved to give my rivals some hint of my position. Accordingly, one day, I lifted a corner of the veil which concealed the face of my modest hopes. Then some singular disclosures took place. My rivals lifted the veil also, and we found ourselves all precisely in the same situation. We all sighed, all hoped, all had keepsakes which we kissed in secret, and all found ourselves very much in the condition of serpents biting their own tails. At these strange revelations, we all uttered exclamations of surprise, and on the same day set out for home, each in opposite directions. My father, surprised on seeing me so soon returned, exclaimed:

"I thought it was your intention to remain abroad for some time!"

"It was," I replied with a sad expression of countenance, at the same time swallowing a huge sandwich; "it was, but —I afterwards changed my mind."

And here the matter rested; the charm was broken, and for ever. I began to look at all roses—both those that had eyes and those that had none—with a morose and suspecting countenance, and to speak of forsaking "the illusions of life." I vowed to myself, that the next one I might select to be "my wife," should be in every respect a contrast to the beautiful but deceitful Rosa. I had been beguiled, as I thought, by the poetry of life, and now I was resolved to try its prosy realities.

Oh! in what a noble form this new ideal appeared before my eyes, as I entered one evening the saloon of the hospitable Mrs. A——. Her daughter Abla stood by the table, occupied in setting it for tea. Every thing about her—features, form, carriage—was plain, symmetrical, and elegant. She looked like truth personified; or at least, as I imagined, in comparison with the fickle charms of Rosa. Instantly I was in raptures with that faultless Minerva-like statue, and thought only of "my wife." Abla, on the contrary, seemed to pay no attention to any thing but the table, and glanced neither to the right or the left. All the cups being filled, she turned her head slowly, when, at the same moment, I heard a bass voice

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calling out, "Lundholm!" Heavens! was that actually her voice, or was it the angel of judgment calling, from the midst of that evening party, the sinner "Lundholm" to his final account? Any thing else seemed more probable than that such a voice should issue from the mouth of Miss A——. When, however, "Lundholm" approached the table to take the cups on his waiter, I discovered that this trumpet-voice had truly sounded from the lips of the lady I had but a moment before adored, and whom I had already in my heart called "my wife."

It was some time before I could gain my composure. "Lundholm!" that name; it rung awful echoes in my ears for a long time! Yet after all, thought I, since nature has endowed Miss A—— with a bass voice, it is proof of a good and amiable character, that she makes no efforts to disguise or embellish it; it was a convincing proof of her love of truth, her simple and noble firmness of mind. How easily she could have cried "Lundholm!" in falsetto; but even in such a trifle, she would not practise deception. Disdaining to please by any false appearance, she calls "Lundholm" in the natural tone God had given her. Is not this conduct even sublime? A woman that would thus cry out "Lundholm," would not deceive a man with any false words, or any affectation in her feelings, but would at once appear to be what she really is.

I sought and obtained an introduction to the beautiful Abla. Well, her voice was not soft, nor, at a close distance, was it very rough either; and her words—they were plain and substantial, while her face, by degrees, at length became lit up with a dazzling beauty; my ears crept, as it were, into my eyes, and day by day, gazing at Abla's fair face, I found myself insensibly brought under the dominion of love, and with eyes intoxicated by her beauty, I asked the lovely Abla if she would become "my wife." She answered, "Yes!" with a force of voice that almost frightened me. Now that we were betrothed, and I allowed a nearer approach to her beautiful form and features, I felt myself well satisfied. This feeling, however, did not long continue.

The interval between the engagement and marriage is a critical time—a time of vagueness, uncertainty and doubt—yet, a very beneficial season if not too long extended. During its continuance, the preliminary steps are taken to a union, which nothing but death should dissolve; and if it should appear that the duet could not be harmoniously executed, it is not too late to terminate it peaceably.

The first discord which interrupted the duet commenced

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between myself and my betrothed, was not her bass voice, but alas! the very thing which should reconcile me to it, namely, her love of truth, or rather her disagreeable expression of it.

It is an undeniable fact, and none is more willing to admit it than I, that every one errs in thought, word and deed; but to be continually reminded of it by one's dearest friend, is not agreeable, and in reality leads to no improvement, especially when the reprover considers himself free from error or wrong. And the worst of it was, Abla never erred. Oh! if she had, and still better if she had confessed it, I would have fallen at her feet! But no! She was faultless and perfect like her figure; she was always so precisely correct as almost to drive me out of my senses. I foresaw that her scrupulousness, and especially her mode of teaching me to be better, might in the course of time bring me into the torments of hell; the more so, as she would by no means comply with any wish of mine. It also appeared to me that her self-righteousness, and her uncharitableness towards others, were truly among the greatest failings incident to human nature. I therefore, one day, very earnestly expostulated with my beloved, and gave her my opinion of her faults, which gave rise to the performance of the following duet between us:

She. I can behave in no other way. If you can't love me, you may just as well let it be.

I. If you won't be amiable to me, I must cease to love you.

She. No matter. I will go my own way.

I. But I will also go my way!

She. Adieu then, sir!

I. Adieu, miss!

"And praised be God that it happened not too late," I thought, while, with my dismissal I returned to my little country seat. At heart I did not feel much pain, but in my mind much chagrin, and a secret hostility toward the whole female sex.

In my mood of mind, it was particularly gratifying that one of my neighbors was nearly in the same predicament. After a marriage full of strife, he had, some time since, been divorced from his wife, and was now driving about in a sulky on which was to be read in gilt letters:

"Mieux vaut seul que mal accompagné!"

I deemed the motto excellent, and my neighbor and I saw each other very often, and agreed most admirably in calumniating women.

During the intervals, I occupied myself with books and agriculture.

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I hold books and learning in high esteem. Their humble servant, I bow to the dust for them; yet I know not how it is, my feelings toward them have always rested at that point, namely, esteem and regard; love never would thrive in that soil. Agriculture brought me into communion with nature, and nature is sublime. Yet, Adam was not satisfied with Paradise alone—when in possession of his Eve, he for the first time awoke to true life and happiness—and I, who certainly had no paradise, oftentimes felt myself very lonely. Trees are too insensitive to afford any sympathy to a desolate heart, and the only sympathy I got from the mountains was an echo—the most melancholy sound in nature. No! heart to heart, face to face, that alone is life, and hand in hand to roam 'mid scenes of rural health—together to consult for the good of dependents—to share the cares of home—to live, think, love, enjoy together——; Oh! * * * "My wife" played continually in my imagination.

My experiments on love's soil had, however, made me distrustful. I despaired of ever being happy according to my ideal of happiness, which a friend of mine described as "reposing in the shade of a slipper." I became dejected, and having wasted some dozens of segars, and quarrelled with my neighbor for his everlasting lamentations over the frailties of the sex, I one day took a single carriage and drove out to find some amusement.

I directed my course toward the residence of a man, who, ever since my stay at the Military Academy, had been my friend, and had often entreated me to visit him. He was married, and the father of eight children. "That is a great number," thought I; yet it was not too large, as a single day spent with the family was enough to prove, and to give me an idea of a heaven on earth. His wife was the soul of all.

"It is she," said the husband, "who renders me and all so happy;" but she said, "It is he."

"My friend," said I, one day addressing him, "how did you manage to make yourself so happy in your married state?"

"Why," he answered smiling, "I have played a trick in secret."

"A trick! For mercy's sake, tell me how and what!"

"Well, from the time I was a youth, I always prayed to God to give me a good wife."

"There's the rub," thought I; "then I must remain single, for to play such a trick never yet came into my mind; and without the special guidance of God, I shall never venture to select 'my wife.'"

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My friend's wife had a sister in the house, to whom however no one could be attracted, on account of her want of personal charms, but while conversing with her, one was unconsciously drawn near to her by the gentle graces of her mind, and her kind and delicate deportment. She was beloved by every one in the house, and was cheerful and amiable to all except me, towards whom her manner was cold and reserved. I was almost disheartened at this conduct, which truly grieved me, for I had begun really to feel some attachment for the lady.

My situation was now quite different from what it had been when in love on previous occasions. I had then suffered myself to be dazzled and led by the charm of external graces—here I had become attached to a soul, and spiritual beauty only had won my heart.

But this noble soul! why was I so indifferent to it?

My friend told me that Maria had heard me spoken of as a very light-minded person—a person who amused himself with breaking engagements. Gracious heavens! was that then my fault? Could I be light-minded, who felt myself created for a pattern of faithfulness? Impossible that I could be guilty of such cruel injustice! No. True as my name was Constantine, Maria should do me justice! and from that time I began to follow her whenever she left me. Had I not to convince her, that I was not the light-minded, fickle person that had been represented to her? It was, indeed, no easy task to perform; yet I finally succeeded; and she, after having put me upon a trial, which I went through with nobly, consented, in compliance with my wish, still farther to try me by a—union for life.

During the time we were betrothed, she exclaimed a few times with raptures, "Oh! how glad I am that even you have faults! I now feel myself less alone, less unhappy with mine!" This pleased me very much, the more so, as I saw that while she passed by my faults with kindness, she did not overlook her own.

The day was appointed for our wedding, and I ordered a carriage for two persons from the coach-maker. Guests were invited, and Maria and I were married. Nothing can be more common, except, perhaps, the fact, that we, "my wife" and I, agreed to look upon the wedding ceremony from a serious point of view, to endeavor to realize it, and make it a fact in our life. The result has been, that having been married for twenty years, we now love each other better, and enjoy a more unmixed happiness, than we did in the beginning

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of our marriage. We have, therefore, drawn the conclusion, that the married life is an unhappy one, not, as asserted by many, because of its indissolubility, but because the spiritual meaning of the marriage tie is not realized.

About the bliss of the honey-moon one must not speak to me. That is dove-cooing only! No! Husband and wife must walk thorny paths together—together break into the remotest depths of life, through good and bad fortune—must forgive and be forgiven, and thus love each other the more and better! Then, by degrees, wonders will be produced—then they become mutually renewed with beauty, although their cheeks and foreheads are ploughed with furrows—then they grow younger to each other, though year is added to year. It then becomes a truth, that worldly troubles, misfortunes and blighted hopes can no more obscure the sun of their happiness, because he beams radiantly and clear from the heart and countenance of a friend. It then becomes a truth, that while their earthly days draw toward their close, they feel with increased confidence, that their life and their love shall never end, and that supernatural things are quite natural; for the deeper, the more earnestly we penetrate life, the more it reveals its mysteries of divine and heavenly beauty.

Many wedded ones have such a blessed experience! None has, however, with more beautiful colors painted the power of faithful love than Shakspeare, who was inspired by the happiness of his own matrimonial life, passed with his affectionate wife, Ann Hathaway.

THE STRIPES AND STARS.

Hail to the Flag aloft that flies
  Where'er the briny waters flow;
And as it flutters in the skies,
  Freedom proclaims to friend and foe.

To glorious stripes and stars all hail!
  Ne'er may disgrace your splendors mar;
But glory wait thee in the gale,
  As in the bloody game of war.

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Oh! may that banner never strike
  To any flag aloft that flies,
But in the fight and storm alike,
  Still brighter wave and higher rise.

Still guide our ships where'er they go,
  Bright emblem of Young Liberty;
The stars to light us to the foe,
  The stripes to win us victory.

POWER OF CONGRESS OVER INTERNAL IMPROVEMENTS.

In a former number of this Review we discussed the right of the General Government to engage in such undertakings as the Pacific Railroad. We will now very briefly consider its power to improve rivers and harbors.

If a river flows through, or between, two or more States, each has a proprietary right within its own territory, subject to the common law condition that it shall do no act to impair its proper use by the other. A navigable stream within the limits of a single State, is, of necessity, a common highway to the people of the State. The provision of the Constitution, therefore, which insures to the citizens of other States equal privileges and immunities with the citizens of the States where they may happen to be, makes such navigable stream or river a common highway to the people of all the States. It may be, therefore, doubted, whether there was ever any necessity for the laws of Congress, which declared certain rivers and navigable waters to be common highways, except in those cases where the waters lay within the limits of a single State. In such instances, even as decided by Chief Justice Marshall, in the case of the Blackbird Creek Marsh Company, in 1829, the waters remain under the control of the State, until such time as Congress may assert jurisdiction over it.

But conceding in the fullest manner that Congress may declare navigable streams flowing through, or between, two or more States, to be public highways, has the General Government the right to improve them?

In the first place, what is a public highway, as known to the law? It is a way open to all—to the citizen no less than

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to the agent of the Government. It is the free privilege of the community at large to travel upon it. But this right of common highway confers no property upon those who enjoy it. They have the right of user, not of ownership. The title to the *bed* of the stream, in the case of a river, remains in the State or in the Riparian proprietors. The government has, for this reason, no more right to interfere with the natural course of the stream, or to meddle with it in any way, than the public; nor the public than any one man who may enjoy it as a highway. The declaring a river a public highway does not vest it in the State, but only secures its unimpaired enjoyment for the public. It does not become public property, as the public lands are property, for it is not liable to any privilege of sale or disposition, nor can be diverted or divided, as it might be if it were public property.

The Government can regulate commerce between the States, not only by water but upon land. It is impossible, therefore, to draw from this power any right to improve navigable streams. For if the regulation of commerce will authorize it to improve a river, which has been declared a common highway, it will also authorize it to reconstruct a road which a State has declared a common highway, with the permission of the State—and thus the whole right to make railroads and canals, already, we think, sufficiently refuted, would be conceded.

But it may be asked, has not the General Government the right to remove obstructions, which accumulate from year to year, or to prevent their recurrence? This is a question of more difficulty. Any man who travels upon a highway has a right to remove a stone from it which obstructs the free passage. A boatman may lawfully pull up a snag. The Riparian proprietors, be they States or individuals, may do it; for they are the owners of the bed of the stream, and may do any act which does not obstruct the navigation and free use of the waters. But the Government occupies a different position. Its agents may act as other citizens; but the Government, which is an artificial being, can do no act, save such as is authorized by the Constitution.

Nor is there any difficulty resulting from such a construction. Our only mode of reasoning with regard to navigable rivers, which are declared common highways, is to assimilate their case to the well known law, regulating other common highways. As the general charge of repairing highways lays, at common law, upon those within whose precincts they are, although they be the King's highways, and so though navi-

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gable rivers be declared the common highways of the people of the United States, yet, the right and duty to keep them open as such, belongs to the State or States through which they pass. They have the power to do so. They possess all the rights, which they did not concede to the General Government, and can, therefore, singly, or by agreement, with the assent of Congress, enter upon any system of improvement they may choose to attempt. The right to remove an obstruction in a highway belongs to every man, if he be a stranger even; much more then does he possess it, when he owns the bed of the river, or *ad medium filum*, as is the case with States divided by navigable streams. Thus, all the States interested in removing obstructions from our rivers, may accomplish this result without invoking the assistance of the Government.

But another view has been taken of this subject. It has been said, that the Government has a right to improve such rivers as communicate with ports of entry. This position assumes that Congress has the right to establish a port of entry wherever it may please. It does possess the *legal* right to create a port of entry wherever a canoe may enter. But shall it be said, that by virtue of this power it may deepen the shallow creek from the ocean to the appointed spot, until a frigate can be floated to its docks? The constitutional power has a reasonable boundary. As only navigable streams are properly common highways, so ports of entry ought to be established only where the waters are by nature open to commerce, or where they have been, by competent authority, made capable avenues of commerce. If the establishment of a port of entry on the upper Missouri, or Mississippi, gives the Government the right to open the whole channel to the sea, then fixing such a port on the shallowest creek would give a right to deepen it throughout its entire length. The stream should be *by nature* navigable, to justify Congress in establishing a port of entry at any point. It cannot gain the power to improve it by so slender an artifice.

The same moral limitation holds in the case of harbors. It may protect its marine by artificial harbors, or it may build forts for land defence. But in our judgment, as it cannot itself import, neither can it construct harbors, or make them safer, for the sake of commerce only. It protects the industry of the citizen and of the several States, by its treaties, laws, and physical power. It levies no duty except on what is imported into the several States. And it leaves the citizen and the several States with the full possession of their domestic resources, to make their local harbors fit and convenient for their own use.

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If the fact that the Government derives revenue from the commerce of a State imposes on it the obligation to keep open the ports of that State, and to improve the navigation of the bays and rivers leading to them, why is it not equally justified in providing dry-docks for the repair of the vessels by which the cargo is brought, or in officering the merchant vessels, on the safe arrival of which, its revenue chiefly depends?

There is no end to the measures capable of justification on the ground of the incidental relation of revenue to commerce and industry, if such arguments obtained hold upon the public mind.

BLEAK HOUSE.

At length our anxiety is relieved, our fearful excitement is quieted!

Mr. Charles Dickens has shut up Bleak House, and put the key in his pocket.

The curtain has fallen on the last and twentieth act of the interesting melo-drama—the novel of Bleak House is ended.

Harper's Magazine, which, like the moon, shines by borrowed (not to say stolen) lights, has lost its brightest star, and must cruise in search of some new British prize wherewith to entertain us poor American savages, who can't even write our own magazines, if great book-publishers are to be credited.

The final catastrophe is not so alarmingly strong as might have been expected. In fact, we were rather disappointed at not getting something more startling, as a finale from a gentleman, who had—

1. Killed Mr. Crook, by spontaneous combustion.
2. Poisoned off a mysterious opium-eater and law-writer.
3. Sent a mad chancery suitor beyond the troubles of this world and all earthly litigation.
4. "Moved on" poor Joe to such an extent, that he had (as the spirit-rappers say) begun to move "in quite another sphere."
5. Caused a lady of fashion to die at the door of a graveyard.
6. Made a French lady's maid shoot old Tulkinghorn, the attorney, with an old Roman in fresco for her accomplice.

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Not to mention the death of a baby or two, with some less important characters, and a young lady's beauty destroyed by the small-pox, scarcely the least cruel feature of Mr. Dickens' most murderous system of novelism!

Well, after all this slaughter of men, women, babies, and beauty, we certainly did expect a consistent ending, to so consistent a beginning and middle.

But Mr. Dickens laughs at consistency.

He writes on as hard as he can, without looking behind him, till he finds that he has full a couple of sheets to wind up in. Now, in the space of two sheets, a dexterous author might surely kill off the balance of his personages, leaving, of course, *one* alive to tell the fatal story. Eugene Sue would have done it in a page if necessary. We could have done it ourselves in a sheet, even though we had resorted to the boldest devices; such, for example, as an earthquake, a plague, a famine, or any other form of battle, murder and sudden death.

But Dickens fails ingloriously at the conclusion of his campaign. "He caves in," if we may use the expression in a solemn critical article, and not only leaves the young lady, whose autobiography he writes, alive (though marked with small-pox), but actually married and happy. It is true, that since Moses, authors have not been in the habit of describing their own deaths. But why spare old Jarndyce? As for Ada, *she* is, of course, left alive. And why of course? Because the death, at the close of her adored husband, the unfortunate young Rick, victim of Vholes and chancery, renders her life not worth taking, so dreary and sad is its future to contemplate.

The thread, on which hang loosely the incidents of Bleak House, is an English chancery suit, "Jarndyce and Jarndyce," at the conclusion of which Richard Carstone, married to his cousin, dies, worn out by anxiety, as others have died before him. The plot of the narrative requires no description. There is none.

The *aim* of the story is to upset the Court of Chancery, with its fearful system of delays and endless expenses.

To this we see no objection. But we do not think that Mr. Dickens has really touched the question. In reality, he has told us nothing of the Court of Chancery, beyond a general statement, that it is a nuisance. Whether a novel is the best medium for advocating law-reforms, we do not pretend to decide. At any rate, we need not argue a question which Mr. Dickens himself has not even attempted seriously to argue.

As there is no plot in Bleak House, we cannot criticise its

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artistic construction. When we state, that the majority of the characters being killed off, Esther Summerson, the autobiographical heroine, marries a young doctor in spite of the small-pox, and that *he* is quite satisfied with the arrangement, we have said all that is necessary on the subject.

Every body knows that Dickens excels mainly in description.

He throws an interest about a coal scuttle, or an old chest of drawers, which few novelists can impart. He is also great in human specimens. Each of his characters is an individuality. The most interesting things, therefore, to examine in Bleak House are its inhabitants.

Let us begin with Skimpole—Harold Skimpole, the gentleman whose natural child-like simplicity causes him to ignore the value of money. This character is a caricature of Leigh Hunt, and is that of a very amusing, mean, and impudent vagabond.

Most assuredly there is retribution in store for every crime.

When Leigh Hunt slandered his deceased friend and benefactor, BYRON, one might have imagined that the contempt of all noble and good men was in itself sufficient punishment. But, behold! the great painter of men and manners of the age comes, with a whip of scorpions, to lash once more the poor disreputable old libeller, ere his departure to that mysterious world of which so much has been said and written, whilst so little is actually known—so little that, in fact, we need not attempt to describe it.

Perhaps Andrew Jackson Davis, who saw the ghost of an Irishman ascend to the third sphere; or Horace Greeley, who accepted the Fish and Fox girls, as his prophets, could assign to the hapless Skimpole his probable future destination.

We are no Dantes, and do not pretend to edit an Inferno, for our readers.

Of MR. JARNDYCE, we have only to remark, that he is a very amiable old gentleman, very much imposed upon by Mr. Skimpole, and rather a brilliant specimen of the "Heavy father" than otherwise.

ESTHER SUMMERSON, is so nice a girl, so affectionate, domestic, and all that sort of thing, that she captivates every body, including Mr. Woodcourt, a highly respectable and good-hearted young doctor, who ultimately marries her. She is called "Dame Durden" by her friends, and tells her own story in a very modest manner. So very quiet an angel is she, that we never could feel any desire to make her personal acquaintance in re-

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al life. We feel ourselves, with all humility be it spoken, a great deal too wicked to associate with such aggravatingly perfect virtue.

What says Schiller—the German poet? "I hate vice, and doubly detest it, chiefly for causing so much cant about virtue itself."

"Then you detest virtue?"

"I would it were practised by all, and, God willing, the *word* never were mentioned again!"

ADA is also perfect, but we forgive her perfection for the sake of her beauty, to which H. K. Browne has done justice, with his usual felicity and taste, in the illustrations.

RICHARD CARSTONE, who marries his cousin Ada and fellow ward in Chancery, is a spirited young man, who takes so deep an interest in his Chancery suit that he neglects every thing else, and dies as we have mentioned. There are plenty of young men like him in the world.

INSPECTOR BUCKET, is a really good portrait of an effective police officer.

SMALLWEED, is a queer old usurer, who throws pillows at his wife, and calls her a "Brimstone chatterer."

JOE, is a poor boy, a crossing sweeper, whom the London Police are constantly telling to "move on."

MR. TURVEYDROP is a dancing master, an admirer and imitator of the late George IV., and a great man for "deportment."

MRS. JELLYBY is a philanthropist by profession, and so deeply interested in the Negroes of "Boorioboola-Gha" and "Africa" generally, that she lets her household affairs go to rack and ruin.

TULKINGHORN is an old dry lawyer—a hard case.

LADY DEDLOCK is the object of his persecution, from his knowledge that Esther Summerson is her illegitimate child by the law writer. She is well portrayed, and is, to our taste, the only female character of any interest in the book. She is a proud, noble woman, who has sinned (in the parlance of the saints), and is consequently an object of some interest, from the fact that she is not *quite* perfect of her kind, like Esther, Ada and Co. It is quite a relief to be able to pity this great lady in all her pomp and beauty, after staring in stupid admiration at the juvenile paragons we have mentioned.

GUPPY is one of Dickens' monsters. He is a lawyer's clerk, so disgustingly vulgar and stupid, that we doubt his *possibility*.

CHADBAND is a capital satire on the canting, low-class preachers of England.

GEORGE the trooper, is a fine manly and satisfactory im-

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personation, as are also his friends Mrs. Bagnet, "the old girl," and her husband.

Of course, BLEAK HOUSE has plenty of sparkling dialogue to fill up the intervals between the murders and sudden deaths. But there is a great deal of tedious matter in the book, unless we are much mistaken, and the public is much fonder of domestic details than we imagine.

Dickens is—to use a German formula—a terribly *objective* writer. He describes the external, as an indication of the internal; but profound analysis of thought or feeling is strange to him. He hardly draws his characters from a just point of view. He takes them as they may be, or appear to be, and gives as it were a hasty impression. In this respect he differs widely from the great *Balzac*, who wrote in his novels the life of his age, with all the care and penetration of a cosmopolite philosopher, and the precision of a man of science.

Dickens makes no such pretensions; he is simply an Englishman of the middle class, with limited sympathies and limited knowledge. He does not ride on the advanced ideas of the age. He seems to hesitate on the brink of the great river of progress, and fear to plunge headlong into its current.

Just as Bulwer is a a superficial aristocrat, Dickens is a superficial democrat. Hence their popularity. They write "easy things to understand," things which every body knows, familiar facts, and commonplace morality. Bulwer is quite as commonplace in his sphere, as Dickens in his. They keep retail stores in the literary mart, and all we can say for them after all, is, "success to trade."

Homer and Shakspeare will be always read, because valor and heroism and grand storms of passion will always necessarily interest human nature. But Bulwer and Dickens will pass away with the manners they describe. They are no poets, *not* because they do not write verse (which, *perhaps*, is merely an imperfect sort of prose after all), but because *they do not write well*, because they spin out their works for money, because their standard of excellence is low—their styles diffuse, vulgar and cockneyfied.

There is an open field for genius.

Get up some one, and write a match against Bulwer and Dickens! In sober earnest, it is not half so difficult as it looks.

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ON THINGS IN GENERAL.

We were seated in our editorial room, giving audience, as is our custom, to all the most distinguished writers and *savans* in America, and entertaining them with our usual urbanity, when in the midst of the congratulations which we were receiving on the gigantic success of our Review, a scuffle was heard outside. In another moment the door was burst open, and our two footmen, in their last Paris liveries, came staggering in, closely pursued by a tall gentleman in moustache, flourishing a roll of manuscript above his head, and gesticulating furiously. He had scarcely entered when he commenced haranguing us, uttering all sorts of anathemas against our great country, and making frequent incoherent allusions to Bow Bells, and "wooden walls." From this, and his peculiar mode of avoiding the letter "H," we concluded he was an Englishman. This supposition he confirmed by proclaiming himself to be an aristocrat, and consigning democracy to eternal perdition. He wound up by flinging the roll of MS. on our table, demanding one hundred dollars, and that it should be printed in the forthcoming number on pain of instant death. He looked so savage that we felt it would be injudicious to refuse, so we drew him a check for the money, on receiving which he rushed off, abusing us very freely, and announcing his eternal adherence to the British constitution. We subsequently learned that on his way down stairs he knocked down both our footmen, bestowing on them the opprobrious epithet of "Flunkies."

On opening the MS. he had left, we found it to contain the following rabid poem, signed Alexander Smith. Can it be possible that our energetic friend is one and the same with the new poet?

WESTERN CITIES.

I'd heard so much about the West
That I resolved the truth to test;
  So off I started
To see these cities, big and grand,
Rich wonders of the Western land—
  These men great hearted—
These enterprising, fearless chaps,
So ready with percussion caps,
  And knives, the bowie.
But since I've seen the towns and crew,
They're not such lions by a few,
  Nor half so showy
As fancy painted them before
I coasted down Ohio's shore.
  My young illusions
Are gone to tatters, torn to rags;
I found these Western Brobdignags
  Mere Lilliputians.

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To prove the matter I'll take down
A portrait of a Western town;
And beg to state, I
Here do a general outline fill
That fits St. Louis, Louisville,
Or Cincinnati.
They're all alike except in name;
Their sameness dull is all the same.
By Jove! I'd rather
Five years of life in Paris live,
Than in a Western city thrive
A great-grandfather!

First, socially—the men are bores,
And live by loafing round their stores.
Their conversation
Is cents and dollars, dollars, cents;
They drink bad brandy, raise their rents,
And swell the nation
By German peasant, Irish Celt.
Such life a Paradise is felt—
Such men, no wonder,
Think, after being starved so long,
Mere poetry scarce worth a song,
And art a blunder.

They feast their eyes on tawdry prints
From France, bedaubed in rainbow tints.
They are the lovers
Of stories, such as Reynolds writes,
Of ardent scenes and savage fights,
In yellow covers.
Their journals prate of liberty,
In language to a critic's eye
Enough to damn her.
Each editor sits in his chair,
And scribbles with complacent air
In scorn of grammar.

They talk about the mighty West;
Yet bend to Eastern talent's crest,
Like slaves in Turkey
Bend to the Sultan, or afar
As cringe his serfs before the Czar
In regions murky.
Their god is peddling vulgar self,
Personified by golden pelf.
No park or terrace,

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No garden fresh, or pleasure ground,
Within their precincts can be found.
  No fountain *there* is;

But all is dry, as dry as dust:
Wit dies and intellect must rust
  In such a region,
Dry is the heart and dry the soul.
There is the mind a vacant scroll;
  There e'en religion
Means politics, and politics
Mean simply how, by any tricks,
  To grasp at places.
No shame affected there is known;
None blush the savage greed to own
  Which all defaces.

A race of rude unlettered men,
Who build and trade, and scorn the pen,
  There breed and traffic;
Nor whilst they eat and drink their fill,
Can modern Horace work them ill
  In metres Sapphic.
But when the boy affects the man,
And turns upon the army's van
  With youngster boasting,
We, who with compass cross the deep,
May bid the Argos measure keep
  Who yet are coasting.

To us, belongs the toil of thought,
For us, the bygone ages wrought,
  As we are toiling
For that young, proud, barbarian West,
Unpainted yet, with arms or crest—
  Mere hunger foiling.
To them the hard rough work to make
The home, for which the poor forsake
  Their woes abysmal,
For lands where work and plenty dwell
In contrast sharp as Heaven to Hell
  To kingdoms dismal.

To such bright joys—good reason why!
Europe's half-starved barbarians fly;
  And Eastern rowdies,
Gamblers and bankrupts. Of all kinds
Save men of cultivated minds,
  The ragged crowd is.

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'Twas such a crowd, of old at Rome,
Beneath Quirinus found a home,
Nor let us scorn them;
Gold must be had, before we gild,
And men, we think, must cities build
Ere they adorn them.

We had just received the proof of the foregoing, and were musing upon the strange views which foreigners take of our finest institutions, when our acquaintance, Snagger, from Wisconsin, called in to see us. Snagger is a walking arsenal. He carries a revolver in each pocket, bowie knives in his boots, a cow-hide in his hat, and an Arkansas tooth-pick down his back. Snagger has fought. It was he who killed Dolly the great duellist. They fought sitting up to their necks in barrels of gunpowder, and firing iron bullets at one another. Dolly's barrel ignited first, and his remains were collected with great difficulty. Snagger was glad to see us, and with usual western curiosity took the proof we were reading out of our hands, and seating himself on the floor, with his feet on the architrave of the door, he commenced the perusal of the savage document. He had read about three stanzas when we saw him deliberately rise, take a knife out each boot, and pistols from all his pockets; the Arkansas tooth-pick was gently drawn from his back, and the cow-hide uncurled itself from his hat. He laid all those on the table, and then turning grimly to me, demanded Mr. Smith's address. "I'm bound to kill this 'ere darn'd fellow. I am, by thunder! I'll tickle him until he'd run up the shadow of a greased pole. I will." Such were Snagger's ferocious words. We trembled. The terrible consequences of our weakness in printing this savage effusion, and the probable result of a meeting between two such terrible characters as Smith and Snagger rushed upon us in a moment. Imagine two comets having it out in a struggle for the championship of space, and the zodiacal belt. Imagine Vesuvius and Etna fighting a duel with lava and red-hot rocks. Imagine—in short nothing one could imagine would give any idea of what would take place if Smith and Snagger met. Our duty rose up sternly before us; we refused to give up Smith's address. Snagger threatened: we were firm. Snagger seized the proof, and muttering dim threats vanished. Next day he sent us the annexed reply, saying that he wasn't accustomed to fight with such weapons, but he must have it out with Smith somehow or other. He farther threatened that if we did not print said reply, he would desolate our hearth, concluding with the ominous words, "of what use is all the world to a man, if his wife is a widow?" What were we to do? with a large and lovely family looking up to us for support; with the whole nation dependent on us for political and literary food—we could not sacrifice so valuable a life, so we printed it. It will be perceived that our estimable friend Snagger handles the pistol better than the pen. His ideas are rather cloudy, and his grammar peculiar.

A cockney on his travels went
Out through our Western Continent
For inspiration,
Sick of the world, of himself sick,
He doubled off in double quick—
On speculation.

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His head was full of Moons and Stars,
Not asterisks thus (*), but Venus, Mars,
  And Muses, Clio,
Yet waxed he furious when he found
Parnassus not each Western mound,
  Nor Helicon Ohio.

He laughed and sneered at all he saw,
And swore their justice was'nt law,
  Their porkers, gammon,
Saw "Rowdies," "Gamblers," "Bankrupts" and
"Half-starvêd barbarians" o'er the land
  To swear and damn on.
We know not what the writer means
Save 'tis—he got no pork and beans
  In Cincinnati,
But then, his *bristling* verses shout,
His stubborn head is not without
  A *hoggish* strata.

He calls them Lilliputians, and
Of course the context's made to hand,
  He's Brobdignagger!
And struts about as though he might
Tread all these "small" folk out of sight,
  Least, make 'em stagger;
But finds like Gulliver, that chaps,
So *very* small *can* give him raps,
  Tho' free from swagger,
And e'en their smallest points give him
A stab, by contrast, in each limb
  As sore as dagger.

He strives laboriously to pelt
Each "German peasant," "Irish Celt"
  With puns and gutter,
And thinks, no doubt, it very bad
While he lack'd *bread*—these "*loafers*" had
  Both—bread and butter.
He swears the brandy, men and rents
Are drunk and *high*, and shouting vents
  His sneers a dozen,
And looks about *intent* to scan
Each honest Cousin-German man
  As German *cozen*.

He damns them all in "sapphic" verse,
Damns them as "bores" and "swindlers," worse
  Than Peachem Lockit—

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Damns all, save dollars, plain it is
He'd none, or they'd be *damned* in his
  Capacious pocket.

"Nor puffed by pride, nor sunk by spleen"
(See t'other Jonathan, the Dean
  That *Swift* Hibernian).
Had he gone West, he might have dwelt
In joy and jollity, not felt
  Quite so *American*,
And drank catawba, till his soul
In dreams with Horace, quaff'd a bowl
  Of old Falernian.

In fact, his head was like, alas!
A piece of silvered convex glass,
  And just as brittle;
In which he saw, States, towns and law,
Corn-growing men, mere men of straw,
  And all things, little.

He never thought, while he was there,
Of that infectious, leprous air,
  Great (gory) Britains;
Nor of that treacherous old she-cat,
Who breeds upon the earth's wide mat
  Colonial kittens.

He never thought of all the chains,
The bestial stomachs, Aztec brains,
  Enthusi-Aztec
Only on food and ignorance,
And villany's right royal dance,
  In steps gymnastic.

He never thought of Yorkshire brutes,
Whose stupid grin all sense refutes,
  And reason sickens;
These, these are facts, who doubts must look
To English authors—'Liza Cook
  And Charley Dickens.

While wandering through young Freedom's home,
He never gazed at Heaven's dome
  In Poet-wonder
At our magnificence, nor sent
A pray'r up for the Will that rent
  Old forms asunder!

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Of course the mighty western sod,
Now trod by Freemen, blest by God,
  In life's a story
One hears, yet scarcely dares believe,
Lest in its radiance it deceive
  The brain of glory.

But I have wasted too much time
In rhyming on a foolish rhyme,
  That writ at random,
Might be called happy, if it were
Not easy to refute all there
  Scrawled *ad captandum;*
And prove his verse all sense outran,
Prating of things, despite he can
  Not understand 'em.

POSTSCRIPTUM.

Smith and Snagger have met! met in deadly enmity and wrath. Smith cowhided Snagger for his reply: Snagger cowhided Smith for his attack. They are now in the next room, which has been darkened for the purpose, armed with bowie knives, and divested of clothing, "having it out," as they call it. There is a dead silence. Perhaps they are both dead. We are bound not to open the door for half an hour. We regret that we cannot stop the press long enough to lay the result before our readers; but owing to our hurry, they must wait until next month for the *dénouement.*

BOOK NOTICES.

The United States, illustrated in views of City and Country, with descriptive and historical articles.—Hermann J. Meyer, 164 William Street, N. Y.

Mr. Meyer has commenced the publication of a work, in every respect worthy of its title, and deserving of National patronage. The work is issued in numbers, and furnishes faithful and spirited illustrations of what is characteristic and beautiful in the scenery, and memorable in the public buildings and monuments, of all portions of our country. The publication will be divided into two volumes; the one "The East," devoted to views in the seaboard States, and the other "The West," issued simultaneously, presents well selected subjects from the magnificent, and characteristic field of the Great West. We are presented with a complete panorama of the country, in all its varied characteristics, while the letterpress, like a tolerably well "posted up" lecturer, shifts along with the scenes, and describes them to those who are unacquainted with the places in reality, while to those who have had the good fortune of seeing them in their natural groups of rock, river, building or forest, his presence leaves a pleasant suggestiveness, and waking up the brain into its own experience of travel. To those who have travelled or intend to travel, Mr. Hermann J. Meyer is a "God-send"—a capital artist, a gossiping historian—a genial tourist, a desideratum.

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PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

We regret that press of matter has prevented us from devoting more space to a critical review of the drama and other public amusements during the present season.

JULLIEN'S Concerts at Castle Garden, and now at Metropolitan Hall, are perhaps the most striking feature in the Musical world. His orchestra is a perfect musical *engine*—it works as one man. His selections must please all tastes, for they embrace every variety of musical composition. His solo performers are each admirable in his line, and merely to have heard Koenig on the cornet, M. Lavigne on the oboe, Bottesini on the contrabasso, or Jullien himself on his incomparable piccolo, is in itself a pleasant reminiscence of New-York and its concerts.

THE OPERA, under the management of MAX MARETZEK, has of late presented unusual attractions—Steffanone, Salvi, Marini, Beneventano have ably sustained their fame as singers, and the orchestral arrangements have been equal to any yet known in this city. *Niblo's* Garden has also been the scene of the recent triumphs of the Ravel family on the off nights of the Opera.

NOTICE.

An appreciative review of the "PLANTER; or, Thirteen Years in the South," has been received too late for insertion in this number. This admirable article, on a most meritorious work, will receive a place in the October No., and we bespeak for it the especial attention of our Southern patrons.

BUSINESS NOTICE.

We have now issued our ninth number, and we respectfully ask all those who have not yet paid for the work, to remit to us the amount of subscription by mail on the receipt of this. Though individually a small sum to each subscriber, in the aggregate it is really of vital importance to us. A hopeful reliance on the generosity of the American Republican party induced us to start the Review on a comparatively small capital, and although we have received every encouragement in the way of subscriptions, the delay in making *immediate* payment of subscriptions on the part of some of our best friends has already occasioned delays of publication, and other business derangements, very injurious to the prospects of the work. While we are unwilling to be understood as complaining, we are still anxious to impress upon a portion of our patrons the great benefits that will accrue from an immediate receipt of their mite, thereby enabling us to fulfil punctually and satisfactorily a sacred contract with those gentlemen who have, in full confidence, assisted us by the pre-payment of their subscriptions in carrying on the work. It is our determination to fulfil to the letter our obligations to subscribers, and we confidently look to our patrons to comply with their contract, *to pay in advance.*

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THE

UNITED STATES REVIEW.

JUNE, 1854.

ABOLITION vs. THE UNION.

THOSE who believed, or affected to believe, that the compromise measures and the declarations of their finality by the late Democratic and Whig conventions at Baltimore, would arrest, if not finally put an end to the agitation of the Slavery question, will, we apprehend, ere long, if they do not already, perceive the futility of their anticipations. The subject is not yet at rest, and will continue to be agitated as the next Presidential election approaches. Nor will it ever be at rest while fed from so many sources, and connected with such great political objects both in the United States, England, and we may add, all Europe. Instead of being quelled or discouraged by the late compromise and the subsequent declarations of the two conventions, it is, on the contrary, strengthened by that compromise. Although the abolitionists failed in gaining all their objects, they attained enough to stimulate them to new efforts, and excite more sanguine hopes of future success.

Fomented and supported by all the influence of the British press, aided by the general sentiment of the people of Europe, and strengthened by its capacity of being made subservient to party politics, it has become one of the great elements in our foreign and domestic policy; a weapon of vast force and power in the decisions of party struggles, and is at this moment the most dangerous instrument wielded by England

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against the peace and union of this confederation. It is not a mere political question, although on the part of England, it aims at great political objects. It has become a question involving those principles which form the basis of our faith, and the organization of our society, and not only the constitution of the United States, but the laws of nature and of nations.

Connected, and in fact, associated with socialism in its wildest form; with the most daring and blasphemous denunciations of the Bible, which stands in the way of its foray against all that has hitherto been considered essential to the repose of society and the decencies of life, and rallying under its black banner all the varieties of fanaticism, superstition, and infidelity, it has become one of the most powerful influences operating on the human mind, and by far the most dangerous of all enemies to the peace and prosperity of the Union. It has been made an apology and justification for leaguing with a jealous rival in a conspiracy against our own country, combining in deep laid plans for undermining and overthrowing its social and political organization, and committing treason against their fellow-citizens under the disguise of universal philanthropy. In fact it is gradually approaching that crisis when the question will resolve itself into one single point—the abolition of slavery or the dissolution of the Union. "To this complexion it must come at last."

In the hope of awakening that portion of our fellow-citizens in the North, which as yet is only hovering on the brink of the crater of fanaticism, to the dangers which menace the peace of the Union through this combination of political and fanatical influences, we propose briefly to notice in detail their actions, their objects, and their probable consequences, should they ultimately triumph over the good sense and patriotism of the people of the United States.

It has been previously stated, and is notorious to all who have seen and reflected on the events of the last four years, that abolition has become a most powerful element in our political contests. True, it has lately affected to abjure politics, and set up for itself; but there is not the slightest doubt that it is still in the market, and will be ultimately knocked down to the highest bidder, whenever it can, by coalescing with either party, attain any great political object, such as the choice of an abolition Senator or the defeat of an obnoxious opponent, as we have seen in Massachusetts, Ohio, New-York, and elsewhere—that while abjuring politics they are strictly

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governed by political considerations. We grieve to say it, but the time has been, (and may come again,) when both Democrats and Whigs courted the support of these trading philanthropists. The Whigs, however, outbid their opponents, and there can be no doubt, will, in the ensuing struggle for power, either openly or in secret, maintain a perfect good understanding between them, notwithstanding their exclusive devotion to the Union.

It appears sufficiently evident that the Whig party must mainly rely on the support of abolition, free-soilism, &c., for the attainment of future ascendency; as notwithstanding the present divisions between the hard shells and soft shells, who, it appears by their mutual declarations at Syracuse, have no difference in political principles, they will be brought to act together at the next Presidential election in perfect union, by the promise, or the hope, of a more equal distribution of the loaves and fishes. The Whigs must, therefore, be prepared for this contingency; and will no doubt make any concessions to the abolitionists short of alienating a still greater number of rational patriotic citizens, both south and north, of their own party. This is their only restraint, and to this extent we have no doubt they will go, since such has been their uniform policy from the period in which, by a more open avowal of their principles, and their recreancy during the late war with England, they deservedly lost the confidence of a majority of the people of the United States. They can now no longer depend on their political principles in their contests with the democracy, and have no resource but that of sweeping up all the elements of fanaticism, which, however discordant, have a common origin as well as a common affinity, into one great mass, and bringing it to bear against their opponents.

There is no excitement, however mischievous, fantastic or absurd; no combination, however dangerous to the peace of society or the rights of citizens, of which that party has not sought to avail itself in political contests, from Anti-Masonry to Anti-Rentism, Abolition and Socialism. There is no element of folly or fanaticism they have not at times enlisted among their auxiliaries; and thus it has happened that the contests of parties, instead of turning on great political principles connected with the rights and liberties of the people, have almost invariably degenerated into appeals to fanatical excitements, sectarian antipathies, religious bigotry, or new-fangled moral dogmas, equally interfering with political rights, and superseding all political obligations.

It is in a great measure owing to these inflammatory ingre-

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dients, that party struggles are gradually involving the entire circle of society, men, women, and even children taking deeper root, and becoming more violent as well as inveterate. Motives of action far more deep-seated, and passions infinitely more irritating as well as permanent, mingle in the strife; and what was before but opinion becomes an inflexible obligation of conscience, founded on a "higher law" than human statutes or constitutional provisions. If we consult the records of history, we shall find that almost all the great modern revolutionists of the world, which were followed by any permanent consequences, may be traced rather to differences in religious than political opinions.

To change the moral, social, and political condition of nations, and bring about a radical revolution, it is necessary to go to the root—to disturb the very foundations of society, by appealing to that sentiment which may be said to be the most powerful as well as universal stimulant when once roused into action. The policy of the abolition Whig party directly tends to revolution; and the establishment of a higher law than that of the constitution in the administration of its government, would bring about a more complete overthrow of our social and political institutions than was wrought by the precepts of the Koran or the sword of Mahomet and his successors among the people of Asia. The ingredients of such a revolution are now fermenting in France and Germany, as well as other portions of Europe, and rapidly spreading in the United States, through the instrumentality of that combination of Abolitionists, Socialists, and their affinities, to which we have previously referred.

That the Whig abolition party is identified with all these, so far at least as respects political objections, and most especially with the British Abolitionists, is clearly demonstrated by the identity of their principles and purposes as well as their course of action. The British Anti-Slavery Society holds the following language at a late meeting in honor of the illustrious authoress of "Uncle Tom's Cabin:"

"We rejoice to find that the great principles upon which your society is based, are so fully and so cordially recognized by your beloved husband and brother: first, that personal slavery in all its varied forms is a direct violation of the blessed precepts of the Gospel, and therefore a sin in the sight of God; and secondly, that every victim of this unjust and sinful system is entitled to immediate and unconditional freedom. For however we might acquiesce in the course of a nation which, under a sense of participation in the guilt of

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slavery, should share the pecuniary loss, if such there were, of its immediate abolition; yet we repudiate the right to demand compensation for human flesh and blood, or, to employ the emphatic words of Lord Brougham, we repudiate and abhor 'the wild and guilty fantasy, that man can hold property in man.' And we do not hesitate to express our conviction, strengthened by the experience of emancipation in our own colonies, that on the mere ground of social and political expediency, the immediate termination of slavery would be far less dangerous, and far less injurious, than any system or compromise, or any attempt at gradual emancipation."

The American Abolitionists hold precisely these doctrines; and that our readers may be made fully aware of the scope and tendency of their designs, we quote at length the resolutions unanimously adopted at the last annual meeting of the *American and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society* in the city of New-York. They will there see that these wild and reckless fanatics are not only aiming a deadly blow at our political, but social and religious institutions, by summoning up all the duties of Christianity in one stupendous dogma, making it synonymous with abolition, and ostracising from the Christian communion all preachers, as well as hearers, who refuse to become parties with them in adopting and practising on what my Lord Brougham is pleased to call "the wild and guilty fantasy that man can hold property in man," which is certainly a most capital dogma, since it is neither self-evident nor susceptible of demonstration, and can neither be proved or disproved. We shall, therefore, leave his lordship in full possession of the honor of this great discovery. We are not Don Quixottes, to attack windmills, or enter the lists with one of whom it was aptly said, when he was appointed Lord Chancellor, "That it was a great pity his lordship did not know a little of law, and then he would know a little of every thing." The dogma is eminently calculated for the use of the American and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society, whose members believe in every thing but the Bible, and recognize all laws but the constitution. We extract these proceedings from the New-York Herald, a paper which has rendered itself peculiarly obnoxious to the fanatical combination, by occasionally holding it up to the public ridicule and contempt.

RESOLUTIONS ADOPTED AT THE PUBLIC MEETING OF THE AMERICAN AND FOREIGN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

1. Resolved, That it is a subject of congratulation and thanks to God, that notwithstanding the luke-warmness and opposition the anti-slavery cause

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has received from large portions of our countrymen, it has been widely extended and prospered, until it is now the theme of general inquiry, consideration and solicitude throughout the country and the world; and, in the opinion not only of its friends, but of many of its enemies, destined to certain and complete triumph.

2. Resolved, That the destruction of American slavery is retarded by political parties, who, in their strife for the spoils of office, repudiate the principles upon which the government was established; by religious parties, who, for the sake of proselytism and the favor of the world, set aside the first lessons of Christianity and the claims of humanity; by commercial men, who, in their eager pursuit of wealth, trample upon both tables of the law of God; and by slaveholders, who in their wilful ignorance of political economy, their disregard of the rights of the enslaved, and their audacious attempts to usurp the prerogatives of the Almighty, run "upon the thick bosses of his buckler," and that we owe it to these misguided men, as well as to the victims of their injustice, to persevere in our efforts with unabated zeal and efficiency.

3. Resolved, That while it is perfectly consistent with the diabolical policy of the slave States to attempt the prolongation of slavery by maintaining a rigorous slave code, trampling upon the rights of the free people of color, and endeavoring to drive them from their native land, the subserviency of the free States to the slave power in the enactment of oppressive, unrighteous and unconstitutional statutes, designed to harass and expel this class of citizens from their limits, merits the contempt and execration of every friend of humanity.

4. Resolved, That the cruelties inflicted upon the people of color, the attempts to disfranchise them, the numerous persecutions they suffer, and the untold prejudices and disabilities which surround them, are chiefly owing to the spirit of caste which obstructs their elevation, and controls the policy of the Colonization Society in driving them to a foreign shore, as a choice of evils; and that while we sympathise with our insulted and deeply wronged brethren, we would encourage them to hope that an impartial and just God will bring them out of the furnace of affliction, and get them praise and fame in the land where they have been put to shame.

5. Resolved, That while it is a matter of surprise that editors of venal presses pander to the slave power, or that those merchants whose god is mammon and whose Bible is their ledger, bow down and lick the feet of Southern customers, or that servile authors, publishers, and booksellers tremble beneath the frown of Southern despots, it is a cause of grief and astonishment that the American Tract Society and American Sunday School Union persist in refusing to publish a sentence on the sinfulness of slavery, while they expurgate foreign publications of sentiments favorable to emancipation before they dare issue them for circulation in the slaveholding States.

6. Resolved, That we deplore the fact that the American Board of Com-

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missioners for Foreign Missions, and the American Home Missionary Society continue to sustain missionaries who gather churches composed in part of slaveholders, who are admitted and treated as Christians in good and regular standing, and that the General Assemblies of the Presbyterian Church, the Baptist Churches, the Episcopal Church, &c., invite slaveholders to their membership, hold them eligible to all offices and appointments in their gifts, believing, as we do, that this fraternization of men denounced in Scripture as "menstealers," and deemed by a large portion of the true Church of Christ to be unworthy of Christian fellowship, is an obstacle to the prevalence of sound piety and the conversion of the world.

7. Resolved, That in the opinion of intelligent patriots and Christians, the advance of freedom, the spread of republican sentiments, and the diffusion of Christian principles are greatly retarded by the fact that in this "model republic" upwards of three millions of the people are held in an ignominious bondage, in defiance of the glorious truths taken from the Bible and put forth in the Declaration of Independence, that all men are made of one blood, and are created equal, being endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights—among which, are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.

8. Resolved, That notwithstanding the discouragements and obstacles that lie in our path, we have unabated confidence in the promises of God, in the efficacy of prayer, in the ultimate co-operation of the wise and good, in the intelligence of the masses in Church and State, and believe, that when once undeceived as to the character and designs of those who have misled them, they will be true to the instincts of humanity, the principles of republicanism, and the precepts of Christianity; and evince their change of feeling and sentiment by discarding the leaders and teachers who will have proved themselves to be unprincipled demagogues and false prophets.

9. Resolved, That we have evidence of an approaching change in the the masses of religious and political men; in the formation and prosperity of anti-slavery missionary book and tract societies; to the more frequent and outspoken sentiments of the religious and secular press; in the multiplication of newspapers devoted to free democracy; in the discussion of anti-slavery topics in numerous independent papers; in the rapidly increasing demand for anti-slavery publications, greatly stimulated by the perusal, by so many millions, of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and their inspection of the "Key" to the American Bastile; in the labors, prayers, and remonstrances of our Canadian and British brethren; in the attention paid to free-labor sugar and cotton; in the beneficial results of emancipation wherever it has been accompanied with appropriate aids; in the increased number of educated and talented persons of color; and especially in the power of truth, which is mighty, and, with God's blessing, will prevail.

10. Resolved, That our strongholds, under God, are the Bible, the di-

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vine charter of civil and religious freedom, and the constitution of the United States, which contains a recognition by our fathers of the same principles —the first teaching that the Creator "hath made of one blood all nations of men for to dwell on all the face of the earth," that he is no respecter of persons, and that He will break the rod of the oppressor; and the second enunciating the glorious fact that it was formed to "establish justice, insure domestic tranquillity, provide for the common defence, promote the general welfare, and secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity."

11. Resolved, That the thanks of American patriots are due to the champions of freedom in both Houses of Congress, for all they have so nobly done in defence of the rights of man and the principles of true democracy; and their intrepidity and patriotism will live in history in striking contrast with the abject and reprehensible conduct of those who have gained political elevation, and maintained it by sacrifices of self respect, the true inter sts of the people, and the just renown of their country.

12. Resolved, That we trample, as we have heretofore done, upon the execrable fugitive slave act, which is alike wicked and unconstitutional; that we refuse all obedience to its requirements, and will do all we consistently can to protect and defend our fellow-men when arrested on the charge of stealing themselves, and leave to public scorn and contempt Northern minions who, for the sake of political advancement or a paltry bribe, seek to deprive men of their inalienable rights.

13. Resolved, That slavery and the slave trade (both foreign and domestic) being unchristian, inhuman and piratical, it is manifestly absurd and preposterous for the friends of Christianity to hold religious fellowship with those who are guilty of such enormities, or for the friends of their country to recognize the validity of their acts or practices.

14. Resolved, That the desperate efforts of European despots to smother the rising spirit of liberty in the Old World, have their counterpart in those of American despots to quench the flame of freedom in the New; that the struggle is the same in both hemispheres; revealing the course of an under current already felt, and destined ere long to defy control.

15. Resolved, That we invite the co-operation of the friends of liberty in the great work of redeeming the country from the crime and infamy of slavery—especially do we entreat ministers of the gospel, ecclesiastical bodies, members of colleges and theological seminaries, home and foreign missionaries, teachers of youth, women in every condition of life, and all who earn their bread by the sweat of their brows, beseeching them to remember that slavery degrades honest labor, and ever has been and must be the enemy of thrift, purity, education, republicanism and religion.

16. Resolved, That it be recommended to abolitionists throughout the country to revive anti-slavery effort, form anti-slavery societies and associations, circulate far and wide, anti-slavery publications, meet in anti-slavery concerts of prayer, petition State Legislatures and the Congress of the Unit-

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ed States for a redress of grievances, vote only for true-hearted friends of liberty, and, in all legitimate ways agitate the country, East and West, North and South, until the principles of the Declaration of Independence and the precepts of Christ shall be recognized and obeyed, and this nation be, what our forefathers designed it to be, an asylum for the oppressed, and a beacon light for people of all lands suffering under tyranny, and panting for personal, civil, and religious liberty.

If the reader will analyze these resolutions separately, and combine the results, he cannot but perceive at once that they strike at the roots of our religious, social and political organization, and that in their nature and consequences, they directly tend to revolutionize them all. They go to establish an entire new standard of Christianity, independent of all other duties or obligations but that of the abolition of slavery, and banish from the pale of the true Church all those who refuse to adopt my Lord Brougham's dogma. They next proceed to sum up all our moral duties and amalgamate the entire Decalogue into one single obligation, that of laboring incessantly for the immediate emancipation of African slaves. They declare the Constitution of the United States, the law of the land, and the social organization of one-half the States of this Union in direct violation of the law of God and the rights of nature; and that, therefore, so far from being under any obligation to respect or obey them, they are bound by their duty to their Maker and their fellow-men, to oppose and resist them to the extent of their power.

They further declare, that so far from paying obedience to those laws and that constitution, they stand ready to co-operate with foreign enemies and officious intermeddles, who have impertinently interferred in the domestic affairs of our country, in undermining, and finally overturning them, by every species of opposition and obloquy. They proclaim to the world their determination to persist in sowing divisions, prejudices, and antipathies among the different sections of the Union, as well as the different denominations of Christians, which are no longer to be united by the bond of practical faith and brotherly love, but by the cement of abolition alone. They will unite in "in stimulating anti-slavery societies and associations; circulating far and wide anti-slavery publications; meeting in anti-slavery concerts of prayer; petitioning State Legislatures, and the Congress of the United States for a redress of grievances; voting only for true-hearted friends of liberty; and in all legitimate ways agitating the

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country east and west, north and south, until the principles of the Declaration of Independence and the precepts of Christ shall be recognized and obeyed."

They denounce both political parties—with the exception, we presume, of the disciples of the great apostle of the "Higher Law;" they denounce nearly all Christian denominations; they denounce the slaveholding and non-slaveholding States, the former for defending their property, their rights, and their firesides, the latter for what they are pleased to call their subserviency to the slave power; they denounce the American press, the Colonization Society, the American Tract Society, and the Sunday School Union Society; they denounce the merchants, authors, publishing booksellers, and the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, the American Home Missionary Society, the General Assemblies of the Presbyterian, Baptist and Episcopal churches. In short, they tolerate no religion but abolition—nothing on earth but abolition and amalgamation. All those who oppose this comprehensive, orthodox, and philanthropic plan for amalgamating the entire human family into one great mongrel race of all colors, who, according to Doctor Tschudi, "united in themselves all the faults without any of the virtues of their progenitors,"* labor under the curse of Ernulphus, are outcasts from the pale of the Christian church, and doomed to everlasting perdition. In short, the members of "the American and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society," are very modest ladies and gentlemen, the only Christians, the only decent, moral, and social people, and the only real philanthropists extant, as is proved by their indiscriminate denunciations of all the rest of their fellow creatures except the natives of Africa and their descendants.

Here is a blunderbuss loaded to the muzzle with slugs and combustibles, and pointed directly at the heads of the people of the South, who have taken shelter under the finality of the compromise which was to settle the question of slavery forever. When we consider that this is the language of a fanatical faction which, as appears from the last Presidential election, polled a number of votes almost sufficient to hold the balance between the two parties; that this faction is sustained and abetted by the combined influence of the British press, aided by British capital employed in American commerce, and by a powerful section of the Whig party in the North,—when

* See quotations in the article on Slavery and the Slave power in the United States, April Number.

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all this is considered, it must, we think, be sufficiently evident that the South, notwithstanding the finality of the compromise, and the declarations of the Baltimore conventions, will ere long be again called upon to defend its constitutional rights, or submit to new insults and wrongs. Every appearance leads us to the conviction that a crisis is gradually approaching, in which the abolition of slavery or the dissolution of the Union is the alternative, on which the people of the United States will be called upon to decide.

We are, however, frequently told by persons, who no doubt seriously believe what they say, that this abolition ingredient is a mere drop in the bucket; that its advocates are comparatively insignificant, and its numbers still more so; that it is principally sustained by mad-brained fanatics in and out of the pulpit; desperate old spinsters, who in the absence or neglect of all domestic duties, or in default of a parrot or a poodle, seek a temporary excitement by doing all the mischief in their power; and addle-pated philanthropists, who, though too deficient in brains actually to run stark mad, are always luxuriating in some fool's paradise of perfectibility. But it is not so. It is clear that there are men of profound intellect and deep design at the bottom of this crusade; and even if this were not the case, the impetuous energy of fanaticism makes amends both for want of numbers and want of talent. No matter how contemptible it may be in the estimation of the reasonable portion of mankind, it is not a thing to be laughed at. It is a spark that often has, and will again, set the world in flames. It is to be feared, not despised; for when in a paroxysm, like the drunken Maylay, it will run a muck against all mankind.

We are also frequently assured by those who have been admitted behind the scenes, and become adepts in the management of the machinery by which these movements are directed, that though the men who appear to take the lead in this war against the peace and unity of this confederation, run into these ferocious excesses of fanaticism, they are only the mere tools of more discreet and temperate leaders, who are themselves restained by the cool dictates of a keen-sighted selfishness from going too far, and whose influence will at all times be sufficient to curb the gambols of fanaticism whenever they become really dangerous to the Union. They moreover console themselves with the comfortable conviction, that if the worst comes to the worst, the republic will find in the good sense and patriotism of the people, a panacea for all these malignant wounds which are festering in the vitals of the Union.

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Such views, however, accord neither with history nor experience, both which furnish sufficient evidence to prove that those who raise the whirwind of fanaticism are seldom, if ever, able to allay its violence or direct its course. To maintain their influence over enthusiasts they must aggravate instead of restrain them, for the moment they attempt to curb the fiery steed the rider will in all probability be thrown and trampled under his feet. They must not only swim with the stream, but stimulate its violence; since those who lead madmen must either be, or affect to be, more mad than all the rest. The idea that those who direct in secret the movements of the Abolitionists will have either the will or the power to retain them, is to the last degree improbable. They must go with them or they will be left behind; they must pilot the ship to please the crew, or the crew will mutiny and throw them overboard, as the Abolitionists have done every man who halted or looked behind him in the race of fanaticism.

Thus, though most, if not all the prominent actors and speakers who make the greatest figure at abolition meetings, are men who possess little or no influence in the society of rational people, and less talent; it is evident from past events, that so far from being directed or controlled by political leaders, the latter have uniformly been their tools, from the great apostle of the Higher Law, down to the late senator from New-Hampshire, the jester and Jack Pudding of that grave body. If they expect to gain their support, they must go the whole length of their principles; they must swallow the dose entire, or they will be banished from the fraternity, as they have banished every sect from the pale of Christianity, which declined joining in the crusade against the Bible, the Constitution and the Union.

We have great faith in the intelligence of the people of the United States, and rely much on their "sober second thought." But second thoughts sometimes come too late, and Truth, though it may be said that she always comes at last, is too often the last coming. She is prone to wait till falsehood has done its work, and like the dilatory fireman, only makes her appearance when the house is burnt down. It is but little consolation after having our heads broken by a madman, that he comes to his senses afterwards, and is sorry for what he has done. For ourselves, we had much rather he had never run mad and broken our heads. It is thus with fanatical excitements, which too often produce mischiefs that can never be repaired. The zealous old Scotch covenanters pulled down churches, and it is probable their posterity are ashamed

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of these excesses. But the Churches remain in ruins. So with the people of the United States. When the Union has been shaken to its centre, the different sections not only alienated from each other, but imbued with the bitterest prejudices and antipathies, and all fraternal bonds dissolved in the fiery furnace of fanaticism; they may then awake, rub their eyes, shudder at the precipice to whose verge they have walked in their sleep, and earnestly set about remedying what is in its nature irremediable. "Friends, once thoroughly alienated, never become friends again."

We are greatly mistaken if this subserviency of politics and political leaders to abolition, will not become still more apparent as the next Presidential election approaches. Unless prevented by party feuds, some false step in the administration of our foreign affairs, or some unlucky combination of circumstances, the present democratic ascendency we think is very likely to be maintained. In that case the Whig party will have scarcely a chance of reinstating itself in power, except by coalescing more closely with the Abolitionists and their pernicious affinities. They must rally round them all the enemies of the constitution; all the disciples of the higher law, and all those who believe the Bible behind the spirit of the age; not forgetting Lucretia Mott, Abby Folsom, Lucy Stone, and least of all, the illustrious author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin;" they must summon the Anti-Masons, Anti-Renters and Spiritual Knockers, to their aid, and evoke the ghost of Morgan from its grave if they can find where he is buried. In short, they must sweep together all the rubbish of fanaticism in every form and every disguise, merge all their political principles—if they have any—in the great chaos of the new philosophy, and put on a new patchwork coat to hide their identity.

All appearances indicate that unless they can get astride of the Pacific Railroad, or some other great hobby, this desperate party, which at every election is obliged to appear before the people in a new character, will become identified with abolition. As usual in all their political contests, they may depend on the aid of the British press, and British influence. The late apotheosis of Mrs. Beecher Stowe in England; the intervention of the Stafford House clique, many of whose leading spirits are the wives of members of the British cabinet, and one of them reported to be the keeper of the Queen's conscience; the proceedings of meetings of the different dissenting churches in England and Scotland; the great manifesto of the Abolition Society in London, and the renewed

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agitation of the subject in Blackwood's Magazine, as well as almost all the British periodicals and newspapers,—all these go to show that a great effort is preparing in that quarter to give a new impulse to abolition, and aid that party in whose successes and defeats the British ministry have always so deeply sympathized.

If we look at home, we cannot fail to detect a similar movement. As in all previous cases, it is evident there is but one pulse beating, one spirit existing and impelling the Abolitionists on both sides of the Atlantic. Those of the United States, have become strengthened by the example and encouragement of their cis-atlantic brethren, and incited by new hopes to more energetic exertions, as may be seen from their resolutions of which we have given a copy. All these proceedings directly tend to array the feelings of Europe against the United States, their government and institutions; and, what is far more dangerous, to alienate the different sections of the Union, and sow the seeds of bitter, irreconcilable antipathies, that will render it impossible for them to live together in peace and harmony.

What is it that constitutes the strongest bond of union among families, communities, states and nations? Is it not an innate perception of a great common interest superior to all others combined? Is it not a conviction that every member of the family, community, state, or nation, is happier, safer, and better protected in his person or property than he would be if left to himself, or placed under any other guardianship? When this perception of a common interest is weakened or destroyed by a system of aggression on the rights, the interests, or the feelings of any member or section of the family, community, state, or nation; the great bond of union is either broken, or so loosened that the sentiment of kindred affinity, social attachment, or more enlarged patriotism, is no longer strong enough to overcome the sense of individual injury. In such a state of things union, if it subsists at all, must be maintained by fear or force.

If we analyze the nature and objects of this confederation of States, we shall at once see that its basis is an equality of rights and duties among each and all of its members. Common rights of persons and property among all those recognized as citizens, is the corner stone of the whole fabric. We shall also, in going through this process, soon discover that there is no power on earth that can keep the States together in harmony, or indeed in any way at all, through the agency of force, or by coercive legislation. Such a thing was never

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contemplated by the framers of the constitution, nor the people by which it was adopted. It was a voluntary union based on mutual interests, rights, and duties, and can only subsist by a voluntary cohesion. To attempt to maintain it by force, is dissolution; and so sensible of this were the wise and patriotic men who framed the constitution, that they made no provision for coercing the authorities of a State into submission.

The power vested in Congress "To provide for calling forth the militia to execute the laws of the Union, and suppress insurrections," is limited to the militia alone. Nothing is said about employing a standing army, and when Congress in the case of the Whiskey Insurrection, and on a more recent occasion, conferred on the President authority to employ that potent instrument of tyranny against the citizens of the United States, it assumed a power not conferred on it by the constitution. The framers of that instrument had seen and felt too much of military coercion in the present struggle against laws they deemed oppressive and unjust, and had an invincible repugnance to all military agency or interference in the civil government of the country. They were also men well versed in the past history of the world, where they had read of many nations subjected to military despotism, which might almost invariably be traced to the employment of a band of hireling soldiers under pretence of executing the laws, or suppressing insurrections, like that of the United Colonies in North America, originating in oppression or misgovernment. They had learned that it was in this way the people have in all ages been enslaved, and it was against this, the most imminent of all dangers, they designed to guard, when they thus limited the power of Congress to calling out the militia, and that only for certain specific purposes. If their posterity require any additional examples of the dangers arising from the interference of the military with the civil power, they have only to look across the Atlantic, where they will see two hundred and fifty millions of men pinned to the earth by the bayonet.

Those wise and virtuous men, who bestowed on us the inestimable legacy of the Constitution, apprehended no danger to the liberties of the people from the militia, because the militia are themselves the people, and it was not probable they would turn against themselves. Their social and domestic ties were not weakened or severed by a temporary service, nor do they lose sight of the rights of citizens while performing the duties of a soldier. They cannot easily be brought to shoot down their fellow-citizens and neighbors at the com-

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mand of a corporal, sanctioned by a justice of the peace. They represent the public opinion and feelings, and the lives as well as the freedom of the brethren are safe in their hands. If they should sometimes carry their forbearance beyond the limits of their duties as members of the general community, it is better, in our opinion, to err on the side of humanity, than to make the law a shrine for offering up the lives of men to what is frequently the offspring of interest, passion, or caprice, and in its essence unreasonable or unjust.

If the people of the United States are, as we believe them to be, sufficiently moral, enlightened, and patriotic, to comprehend and fulfil their duties as citizens, it will seldom be necessary to coerce them into submission to all really constitutional enactments; and when they become so lost to all sense of duty, all feelings of patriotism, as to require standing armies to administer their laws, then, and then only will they deserve to be governed by the bayonet, which, when it enforces obedience to the law, is virtually the only law maker. There is nothing of which a free people should be so jealous as the interference of the military with the civil power, either as an opponent or an auxiliary.

The authority conferred on the President of "seeing the laws faithfully executed," is not so much a delegation of power as the injunction of a duty, in the fulfilment of which he should be especially careful not to violate a provision of the constitution in his zeal to enforce the laws. We do not believe it was ever intended by the framers of the constitution to refer to any power but that which the President exercises through the agency of civil officers of his own choice, for whose conduct he is responsible, at least so far as that he can displace them when he thinks proper. If he cannot remedy what is past, he can provide against the future. The phrase, "He shall see that the laws be faithfully executed," to our apprehension, simply implies that he shall exercise a strict supervision over those whose province it is to carry them into execution, and who are subject to his control. In the employment of a military force for this purpose, he can only act by the direct authority of Congress, and we have seen that this authority merely extends to calling out the militia for certain specific purposes. To this extent it may go in executing the laws, or suppressing insurrections; and when it goes further, we again repeat, in our opinion, it transcends the limits of the power conferred by the constitution. If at any time it should happen, as has sometimes happened, and will again, that the civil power is too week to enforce the laws, or too

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disaffected to make the attempt, there are in the constitutions and laws of every State, provisions to meet such exigencies. Or, if the discontents of any portion of a community or State produce actual insurrection, and rise beyond the control of all these, the Governors of the States have authority to call out the militia in the last resort. The State of Massachusetts suppressed what is called Shay's Rebellion, without the aid of the President, or a standing army, and the insignificant insurrection in Pennsylvania might have been quelled, in the same manner, had it not furnished a specious pretext for raising a standing army, whose great object was to overawe the democracy, and prepare the way for "a strong government," sustained by the bayonet. When a free people cannot be governed by laws constitutionally framed, they deserve to be, and will become, slaves.

Neither do we believe it was ever contemplated by the framers of the constitution, that this constellation of stars should be kept in their orbits by any force but that of attraction. It was to be, for certain specified objections, one great family; the individual interests of which, though not perhaps identical, were merged in one great paramount common interest, which, it was supposed, would at all times operate as a common bond of union. The idea that one, or more sections of the Union, would place themselves in direct opposition to the interests, safety, and happiness of another, conspire against its internal peace; undermine the foundations of its social organization, and the security of its property; calumniate its inhabitants in mass, and make actual war on it, in obedience to a higher law than the constitution, it is believed, never occurred, even to those far-seeing and sagacious men. If it did, however, it was without doubt accompanied by the conviction that, should such a strange phenomenon present itself, it would be worse than useless to prescribe the application of force as a remedy in the event of the section on which these injuries were inflicted being impelled by every motive of interest or safety to resist, or, if it should think it expedient, *retire out of reach of such aggressions in future.* They were wise and just men as a body; they had a little while before successfully resisted a system of encroachments on their rights and their feelings, far less irritating and vexatious than that we have just sketched, and they recognized the the inalienable right of self-defence as equally extended to States as well as individuals.

This great common interest to which we have referred as the cement of the Union, is distinctly recognized in the pre-

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amble to the constitution, which was framed expressly "to form a more perfect union, establish justice, insure domestic tranquility, provide for the common defence, promote the general welfare, and secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity." To each and all these great purposes, the doctrines and practice of the Abolitionists are diametrically opposed. Instead of establishing justice, they are attempting to overthrow its principles as recognized by the laws and the constitution, and sanctioned by divine authority.* Instead of insuring domestic tranquility, they are throwing firebrands in all directions, disturbing the peace of families, establishing separate conflicting interests between the two great sections of the Union, and arraying them against each other in a contest in which one is spurred on to insult and aggression by a fanatical excitement, the other impelled to resistance by every motive of interest and safety. Instead of laboring to form a "*more perfect union*," they have, by fomenting sectional prejudices and antipathies, in some mnasure dissolved that great common bond of union derived from the perception of a common interest, and placed the North and the South in direct conflict with each other, on points so vitally interesting to the latter, that there is reason to apprehend occasions may arise when they will refuse to co-operate with the former, either in the common defence or general welfare. Instead of promoting the general welfare, which is based on a sacred regard for the rights of persons and property of every section, and every class of citizens, they are instigating one section to violate the constitutional rights, and interfere with the legalized property of another, on the authority of a dogma of my Lord Brougham, and a dictum of William Lloyd Garrison, which are to supersede the laws and the constitution. And finally, instead of securing the blessings of liberty to that race which was alone contemplated in the phrase "ourselves and posterity," they are laboring incessantly for an object, which, if attained, will place the posterity of many of the framers of this preamble in a position, where, for aught we know, they may one day be obliged to dispute their freedom with the descendants of their quondam slaves. In all this, they are aided and abetted in the United States by a numerons party, both in Church and State; by the influence of European literature, and a large portion of the British press, forming such a combination as has more than once revolutionized half a world. Either this combination must be resisted and conquered, or the alterna-

* See 25th Chapter of Leviticus.

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tive is inevitable. The Union is at an end when the Abolitionists triumph.

This, then, is the alternative we must look full in the face, and we adjure all patriotic, reflecting men, of all parties, to reflect deeply on the subject, before they give their support to any party identified or even affiliated with either Free-soilers or Abolitionists, whose objects are in reality so similar, that it is hardly worth while to separate them. As to the late compromise, it was no settlement of the question it involved; nor will any future one be more effectual, since it will be only offering additional encouragement to new demands on the part of Abolition, and new suggestions on the constitutional rights of the Southern States, aggressions which every State of every section is bound to resist, since all are equally interested in maintaining the rights of each other.

We are greatly mistaken, should the result of the next Presidential election depend, in any great degree, on the support of the Abolitionists; if the Whigs, at least that portion of them which adheres to the great apostle of the higher law, will not bid high for their suffrages. We feel confident, from the present appearances and future probabilities, that it will not be long before the people of the South will be called on to resist, or submit to new insults and wrongs, and we cannot withstand the inclination to express a hope that they will either submit quietly, or resist with more firmness and unanimity than they did on a recent occasion. Nothing but a union of all parties in the South in defence of the rights of all, can preserve these rights, and the Union *at the same time*; for they may be assured that there is no party or faction in the North, with the exception of the most ferocious of the Abolitionists, so lost to all feelings of patriotism, as to persist in a policy which they are assured must result in the secession of the Southern States, or any one of them. Once certain of this, and by far the larger portion of those honest, well-meaning men, who have been caught in the web of fanaticism, would at once, and for ever, shrink from the precipice to which they have been led blindfold. We know for a certainty, that had not one southern member after another, in the early stages of the Compromise discussion, deserted his position as a faithful sentinel over the rights of his constituents, they would have found aid from the North sufficient to defeat the Whig-Abolition-Free-Soil conspiracy. But they wavered and vacillated, made one step forward and two backward, or on one side; and those who would have stood by them even at the risk of forfeiting their

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popularity at home, did not deem themselves called on to sacrifice themselves for the sake of rights which those most immediately concerned, did not think worth defending.

We profess to be sincere and determined friends of the rights of the South, because we believe that section has been treated with injustice and obloquy, and because we know that the rights of all the States are embarked in the same bottom, and must sink or swim together. It is in that character we feel ourselves authorized to tell them wholesome truths, which may possibly be of service hereafter. All parties in that quarter, with the exception of itinerant merchants who come there to make fortunes, and go home again, have one and the same common interest at stake which outweighs all others, and it behooves them to make common cause in its defence. Let them show that they are determined in future to do so, for otherwise they may be assured there will be no peace for them hereafter. The course they pursued during and since the agitation of the Compromise measures, has rendered it extremely difficult to make us of the North believe that when they pledge themselves to "resist at all hazards, and to the last extremity," they mean anything more than simply boasting. In future their threats will be laughed at, and they must deal in actions, not words.

We shall here probably incur the reproach of being disunionists, and this consideration naturally leads to the inquiry as to who are the friends and who the foes of the Union. In the first place we take it that the only sincere friends of the Union are those who maintain the great fundamental principles on which it is based. It is not crying out "the Union must be preserved," and, at the same time, taking the most effectual means for its dissolution, that constitutes a friend of the Union. If, for example, the general government should encroach on the reserved or conceded rights of the States, grossly transcend the limits of the Constitution, and adopt a system directly tending to the establishment of a great central power, and this should be opposed by any State or sections of the confederation to the extremity of actual secession, which of these parties would merit the reproach of being disunionists, that which commits, or that which resists the aggression? There can be but one answer to this question. Again. Should one, and that the most powerful section of the confederation, adopt a course of aggression on the constitutional rights of another, and pursue a system of direct hostility to the people of that section, equally injurious to their rights, their feelings, their reputation, and their safety,

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would those thus assailed merit the reproach of being disunionists, by adopting such measures as they might deem necessary to self-defence, or threatening to withdraw beyond the reach of these hostile demonstrations if they were not discontinued, and thus avail themselves of a right common to all created beings? This great, universal, natural right has never been called in question by any competent authority. It is recognized as a principle of neutral law even by Grotius, one of the stanchest advocates of legitimacy, as well as by all his commentators and successors; and the only question has been, as to the precise degree of aggression and oppression which would justify a resort to this right. This, of course, can never be defined, and it is generally conceded, that in such cases the aggrieved party must judge for itself. And this conclusion is strictly in conformity with reason and justice, since nothing would so effectually conduce to render oppression equally intolerable and interminable, as to concede to the oppressor the right of deciding at what point resistance became justifiable.

This is precisely the position of the Slaveholding States. Their most dangerous enemies are a portion of their sister States with whom they formed a voluntary union "to establish justice, insure domestic tranquility, provide for the common defence and general welfare, and insure the blessings of liberty to themselves and their posterity." These enemies are making perpetual assaults on their feelings, their interests, their rights, their reputation, and their safety; and while pretending to be the exclusive friends of the Union, are steadily pursuing a course that is sapping its very foundations. As previously stated, it cannot be preserved by actual force or coercive legislation, based on the despotism of numbers. Its only cement is mutual harmony and good feeling among all its members, which can only be produced by mutual benefits, and the perception of one great common interest in the prosperity and glory of their common country, in which all are equally concerned. Those who arrest the distribution of one, or impair the influence of the other, are the real traitors to the Union.

The position of the Southern States has almost ever since the Union was consummated for purposes recited in the preamble to the constitution, been altogether defensive—and against whom? Not foreign but domestic assailants, who call them our "southern brethren." They have been obliged to stand perpetually in the breach; to be forever on the watch to guard against open or insiduous enemies, and to sleep on their

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arms, lest they should be assailed by surprise, blown up by the explosion of a Wilmot Proviso, or stabbed in the dark by some abolition incendiary. They have been the victims of compromises, which, however disadvantageous, their assailants have been the first to violate; and at this moment it cannot but be seen, that their most momentous and vital interests are placed in imminent jeopardy by the assaults of the abolitionists, aided by the great combination of influences they have rallied around them. In short, they have ever been, and still are, placed in a belligerent position, not from choice, but necessity, and to charge them with habitual disaffection to the Union—we mean the constitutional Union—is to add calumny to injustice and persecution.

If there be any party in the South which really aims at a dissolution of the Union, it has its origin in this course of calumny, injustice, and persecution. It is notorious that the delegates from the South, in the convention that framed the constitution, were the most strenuous advocates of the Union, and that to bring it about, they—most especially Virginia—made the sacrifices, without which it could not have been consummated.* If, since that period, they, or any of them, or any portion of their citizens, have become in some degree alienated from that Union they were originally so anxious to form, to what cause is it owing? We have already answered this question. We have the Whigs, the Free Soilers, the Abolitionists, the pseudo Philanthropists, and the devotees of the "higher law," to *thank* for it, who, both in principles and practice, have been, and still are, perpetually assailing their property, their firesides, their safety, and their good name. We believe we are well acquainted with the general sentiment of the South, and, from long experience, are confident that there is not a native Southerner living, who would ever have dreamed of secession, had he not become convinced there was no safety to his rights or his interests in the Union. It is to this conviction, daily and hourly strengthened by indications that cannot be mistaken, we are to look for the origin and progress of disaffection to the Union, if it exists to any extent in the South. And for our part, we are free to say, and care not whom we may offend by saying it—that if this course of insult and aggression is persisted in, the slaveholding States will, in our opinion, be not only justifiable in seceding, but that it will become their bounden duty to seek self-preservation, by with-

* Referring to the cession of the North Western Territory.

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drawing from a union in which they find neither peace nor safety.

Are we then disunionists? We disclaim the imputation. The real disunionists are the Abolitionists and Free Soilers, with whom the Whigs, or a considerable portion of them, are closely affiliated. These last, who are the loudest in shouting, "the Union must be preserved," are, as before observed, the most deadly of its foes, since they are pursuing a course which inevitably tends to its dissolution. Ere they can accomplish their objects, there will exist no Union; for it is clear as the light of the sun to our perceptions, that its dissolution will long precede the abolition slavery. So sensible is the combination of fanaticism and political hypocrisy of this truth that it has, over again, openly declared war against the constitution and the Union; and there is every reason to believe, that the zeal of the government of England, in behalf of the emancipation of African slaves in the United States is greatly quickened by the perception that it will inevitably be preceded by the rupture of a confederacy of whose power and prosperity they are every day becoming more jealous and apprehensive.

It is not to foment disunion that we have written this article: our object is to warn all honest, partiotic, temperate, and rational men who love their country and countrymen better than the cannibals of Africa, Australia, and New Zealand, or even the root-diggers of California, against that disunion which must finally result from the triumph of abolition principles in the northern section of the United States. We desire to hold up to their view the nature, the objects, and the consequences that will assuredly follow the ascendancy of any party obtained through a union of Abolition, Free-Soilism, and their farrago of fragments of fanaticism. When the rights of property, as recognized in the great Bond of Union, are assailed, and the safety of persons, as guaranteed by that instrument, endangered in one-half the States, which have taken shelter under its wing, there no longer exists that common interest, that social brotherhood, which forms the great cement of a union like ours, which is, or ought to be, a union of hearts as well as hands.

The sentiment of attachment to the Union originates in an experience of the rights it secures and the benefits it confers on all recognized citizens equally. It is not a mere abstraction, but a palpable, practical deduction from what all know exists, and in which all participate. If, however, instead of this, a long-continued succession of experience in the past,

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and all indications presented by the future, have taught any State or section of the Union that there remains no security to its property and its rights, there no longer exists any common interest or common feeling, sufficiently powerful to counteract the sense of individual wrong, or the indignation arising from unmerited obloquy.

The Abolitionists and their allies on both sides of the Atlantic have sought to stimulate the sectional feelings of the North by persuading the people of that quarter that, to use their favorite expression, "they are governed by the Slave power." When the South bristles up against their attempts to stab it to the heart, and by its combined energies sometimes wards off the dagger of the assassin, the fanatical chorus proclaims that the Union is governed by the slave power. If in return for its relinquishment of its equal claim to participate in territory it had assisted in acquiring, it attains the pitiful equivalent of a law guaranteeing what was already a constitutional right, it is only another triumph of the slave power. If it murmurs or protests against its "northern brethren," for stealing a portion of its property, and rendering all the rest insecure, the good people are told, my Lord Brougham has decided that "man cannot hold property in man," and that they are a set of man-stealers and dealers in human flesh. And if it has the unpardonable audacity to threaten to dissolve partnership with these most excellent associates, who are at one and the same time stealing their property, and calling them thieves, forsooth, the slave power is attempting to govern the Union, and the defenders of constitutional rights are disunionists.

We must take leave to tell those who attempt to play upon the prejudices and impose upon the credulity of their fellow-citizens, that the real disunionists are not in the South, but the North; and that there is not in any or all the Southern States so dangerous, so deadly an enemy to the Union, as the great apostle of the higher law and his disciples. It is from the North emanated every measure which has disturbed the repose of the Union, and weakened its bonds, by irritating and alienating the Southern States. The Protective Tariff, the Missouri controversy, the Wilmot Proviso and its legitimate offspring, the Compromise, all either originated in the North, or were stimulated by northern influence. Yet, we are told, that the Union is governed by the slave power, and that the South aspires to dictate to the confederacy.

We again repeat, the South has been perpetually under the necessity of protecting and defending its dearest rights, or its

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most vital interests, and has thus been stigmatized as exclusively sectional, simply because it was incessantly called on to become so or surrender those rights. The great and illustrious citizen of South Carolina, who lately withdrew his bright light from this world, was thus called a sectional politician by being from the commencement of his career almost always placed in the breach advocating and defending the rights and interests of his constituents, which were peculiar in some most important points. But we take this occasion to express the opinion that of all his contemporaries, and far above all, he was in fact the most national in his politics, since he uniformly appealed to the rights of the States, which constitute the nation, and to that constitution, which is the basis of all that is national in this great confederation.

But we are told that all those who maintain those principles are disunionists, with about as much reason as we should charge a man who defends himself against a violent unprovoked assault with a breach of the peace. And we are furthermore assured by the Abolitionists, Free Soilers and Higher Law Whigs, who are friends of the Union, *par excellance*, that these efforts in self-defence are nothing but attempts to dictate to the Union. Dictate! Have the people of the South ever interfered with the local policy, or fireside institutions of the North? Have they ever attempted to impose on them a new code of religion and morality, which, if adopted, would utterly ruin them by undermining their whole system of social organization and reducing them to the lowest stage of poverty and degredation? Have they organized a furious crusade against their constitutional rights, their repose, their safety, their feelings and their good name, and declared to the world that they will persist in it until they have accomplished their object? Have they leagued with foreign rivals and enemies in this crusade, and by false representations and exaggerations combined the whole civilized world against the rights, the feelings, and the reputation of any other section of the Union? Or lastly, have they ever announced to the world, that they will continue to wage inveterate, unceasing warfare against the people of the East, West, or North?

There is no such example in the history of this confederation. All their attempts at what is called dictating to the Union, have consisted in opposing measures vitally injurious to their prosperity and safety. This is most essentially exemplified in the history of abolition. They neither opposed, nor in any way interfered with the manumission of African slaves in the North, nor with the abolition of slavery from any new

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State admitted into the Union, with the single exception of California, and there only because they believed its exclusion had been brought about by political juggling, and a departure from the course uniformly pursued on such occasions. They recognized the principle that the subject of slavery was exclusively within the jurisdiction of the State in which it existed; that this was a local measure voluntarily adopted by those alone concerned; and though they must have seen that the example would be eventually dangerous to themselves, they did not attempt to interfere in any way, much less to dictate to independent States the course they should pursue in a case of such a delicate nature.

They have not instituted societies, periodicals, and newspapers to pour forth a perpetual stream of calumny and abuse; nor have they entered into a conspiracy with foreigners to disturb the peace, and render insecure the property of those obnoxious people who had thus aimed an indirect blow against them; nor have they sent missionaries to the North to incite the free negroes to rise against their old masters, who after enjoying all the benefits of their youthful labors thus set them adrift to sink or swim, in their old age. The great offence of the "slave power," is not the attempt to dictate to the Union, but, that of resisting, and as far as possible, repelling the dictation of those who have usurped the prerogative of dictating.

For these reasons we have taken sides with the people of the South in maintaining what we conceive to be the true principles of the constitution, and the rights it guarantees. So obvious and unquestionable are those guaranties, that the Abolitionists finding the Bible and the constitution equally in their way, have stigmatized one as obsolete, the other as a violation of the law of God and the rights of nature. Who, then, we again ask, are the real disunionists? Is it those who are striving to annihilate that constitution which is at once the basis and the cement of the Union? or is it those who have inseparably combined one with the other? But we have already reached the extent of our limits, and must draw to a close.

We have not addressed ourselves in this article to the Abolitionists, nor to those who use them as political instruments, or—what is coming nearer the truth—are themselves their instruments. The former are in a state of fusion, always boiling over. They neither reason nor listen to reason, and know no other law than that of their own unbridled will. The latter are too indurated, too case-hardened by cold and selfish hypocrisy to receive any permanent impressions. Your

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true fanatic holds the deity in chains, and makes laws for Omnipotence. Whatever is engendered in the fiery furnace of his over-heated brain, or hatched in the chaos of his bewildered fancy, is to him of higher authority than the oracles of the Most High delivered from the "burning bush," on the sacred mount. Thus he who presides over the destinies of all created beings, is debased into a tool of fantastic fanaticism, foaming madness, or unfeeling hypocrisy. Neither reason nor ridicule can sway the human mind when in this state of effervescence. The one is silenced by the higher law, and the other is a feather directed against a whirlwind. To be sneered at and despised by the more rational part of their fellow-creatures, is to them the highest testimony to the divinity of their mission; and when men becomee so consummately self-sufficient as to hold the laugh of contempt, or the pointed fingers of scorn the highest of all earthly honors, the most infallible proofs of their superiority over others, there is no medicine can minister to the disease of such patients. The flame must be left to burn till the oil is consumed, or the lamp broken. We shall not therefore trouble them with our reasonings or our exhortations. There is no use in appealing to the constitution, for they are governed by a higher law. It is equally useless to invoke the spirit of patriotism, for they recognize no *natale solum*, no fatherland; and still more useless to appeal to the domestic affections, the ties of kindred, or the social duties, for all their feelings and sympathies are swallowed up by an exclusive devotion to the entire human race. It is idle to whistle jigs to milestones, for they will not dance; and though folly may be shot flying, the wild goose of Fanaticism soars too high for the most consummate sportsman.

But there is, we earnestly hope and believe, a large class of rational, reflecting men in the North—men who make little or no noise in the great hubbub of human life, and neither spout stump speeches, figure in legislative halls, at ward meetings, lecture-rooms, or abolition orgies—men who are seldom appealed to in the struggles of party—men who think for themselves, whose silent, unseen influence pervades the very depths of society, and constitutes the great safeguard of the world by counteracting or restraining the mischievous gambols of unreflecting folly, and the malignant excesses of reckless fanaticism, arrogating the sanction of the Divinity for the violation of all his precepts.

To these we address ourselves, and these we call to pause and reflect deeply on what must be the inevitable result of this crusade against one-half the States of the Union by the

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other half. What can it end in but the dissolution of the Union? Do they believe that wormwood and vinegar can cement that Union? Do they believe that assailing the property, the safety, repose, nay, the lives of whole communities, outraging their feelings, and slandering them with imputations of unfeeling oppression and barbarity, is the proper way to preserve that Union? Do they think they can render it perpetual by leaguing with those who publicly boast that it is their aim and intention to destroy it, or by siding with a party which, if not actually united with them, is courting the support either openly or in secret of these incendiaries, and at all times playing into their hands? Is this the way to preserve the Union, and this the only mode its boasted friends can devise for its preservation? We tell them in sad and sober sincerity, that they are laying the axe to the very root of the Union, and that while they are shouting "the Union must be preserved," they are assisting in preparing the way for its certain dissolution. Abolition and union cannot exist long together. One or the other must fall. Let the true friends of the Union—those who have not merely hoisted its flag as a rallying point for the time being, as a decoy to stay politicians without any principles in common—let those love that Union better than they do the loaves and fishes, and their country better than Africa, show their sincerity, not by leaguing with its enemies abroad or at home, but with those who best support the Union by maintaining the great principles on which it is based. The friends of the constitution are the best friends of the Union, the foes of the constitution its worst enemies.

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THE MARBLE MAIDEN.

A FLORENTINE LEGEND.

PART I.

A sculptor at his marble wrought,
Working out his darling thought,
Every day new grace it caught.

By fine degrees, the stone became
A lovely woman's perfect frame;
Beautiful beyond all fame!

Hour by hour the artist stood
Before it in admiring mood,
Till at length his spirit wooed.

This miracle of grace, which grew
Diviner every glance he threw
Upon its calm and palid hue.

In this one marble figure lies
His verdant earth, his starry skies,
His ecstacy of ecstasies.

Oft steeped in love's delicious trance,
He gazed upon the countenance,
Which seemed to give him back his glance.

It gained upon him, till one night
His admiration grew delight,
In all its wild and feverish might.

And, falling on his knees, he prayed,
That gracious Heaven would lend its aid,
And give *life* to the Marble Maid!

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Whate'er the price, his soul should pay!
Life, only life, to that dead clay!
(Sometimes how wickedly we pray).

He rose, and as the sunset threw
Upon the shape its purple hue,
A strange delight the sculptor knew.

While o'er his soul a rapture fell,
So fine, yet so perceptible,
Like dew from heaven on star-lit dell.

The marble maiden's palid cheek
Grew flushed with life's warm roseate streak,
Her lips—they seemed about to speak!

Throughout her frame he saw the rush
Of quick sensation, like a flush
Of tender thought, which brings the blush.

One deep-drawn breath unloosed the thrall;
She steps from her cold pedestal;
Her footsteps, like soft music, fall

Upon the sculptor's ear: his eyes
Grow dizzy with the wild surprise;
To make his heart beat less he tries.

She sees him not, but treads with care
The studio, strewed with marbles rare,
But nothing as herself so fair!

With starting eyes, and clasped hands
As one just burst from frenzy's bands,
Speechless—entranced, the sculptor stands.

She steps as though she had her sight—
He gazes—panting with delight,
Oh! blissful moment! exquisite!

He treads behind each step she takes,

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His frame with trembling rapture shakes;
A sigh at last the silence breaks.

She turns around; his eyes grow dim,
All things in mazy distance swim:
She pauses—stops—and smiles on him!

Then moves towards him: he not stirs:
But rooted 'neath that glance of hers,
Stands, happiest of worshippers!

Great Heaven! what thoughts were his that day;
Language has not the might to say!
Bliss almost shivered life from clay!

At times, his face turn'd silver white;
Then it would flush with his delight;
Thus passed the hours till starry night!

Hand clasped in hand—heart now to heart—
Ah! what makes happy Guido start?
Sure joy has in that look no part.

He feels no pulse in that dear side
Where her sweet throbbing heart should bide,
No beating of life's crimson tide.

As thus he ponders deep in thought,
The midnight tolls! what has it wrought?
Has sleep or death the maiden caught?

PART II.

Opprest with sorrow Guido sate,
Bewildered with the sudden fate
Of her, who was his bliss so late.

Gazing upon the pallid stone,
He felt in all its dreary tone,
The bitterness to be alone.

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Was it a madness, or a dream?
Thus sat he till the noonday beam
Did through his southern casement stream.

Rapture to Guido! for that hour
Brought Life, in all its wildering shower,
To the cold statue! wondrous dower!

Once more she sits at Guido's side;
Again he felt his marble bride
In love's sweet world to him allied.

For his fond ears she had no speech,
But eyes will to the soul's depths reach,
And more than any language teach.

Another day of bliss was past,—
It was too full of joy to last.
The midnight comes! He stands aghast!

Life leaves her, as the purple flies,
From golden clouds in Western skies,
When sunset in its glory dies.

Woe to the sculptor; she stands there,
A moment of his despair,
And yet than Helen's self more fair:

But when the clocks in ev'ry tower,
Told Florence the meridian hour,
Life was again the statue's dower!

Days rolled: from noon to midnight, he
Tasted a wild felicity:
Yet not from haunting sadness free!

Meantime the Grand Duke heard the name,
Of Guido, and one morning came
To look on works of such high fame!

The sculptor show'd his Prince around
His spacious studio, where he found
Those statues to the world renowned:

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Strong Hercules, of giant limb,
There Mercury, the winged and slim!
Or Nun, deep rapt in vesper hymn.

And Jupiter, upon whose brow,
The everlasting ages grow,
With not a trace of years to show!

Here Venus, in the majesty,
Of her own loveliness, as she
Rose proudly smiling from the sea!

Here Phœbus, when about to dart
His arrow thro' the monster's heart—
So perfect 'twas—it seemed to start:

And weeping on the sea-shore drear,
Stood Niobe. that human tear;
Pure sorrow e'en the bad revere!

But chiefest of the sculptured group,
Was one whose spirit would not stoop—
But dared God to the battle proof:

Stern Satan, girt with Hell's grim crown,
Gazing unawed on God's dread frown;
Immortal! Terrible renown!

He sat; no fiend nor seraph near!
Alone—majestically drear,
Hell's king—without a hope or fear!

But Guido his fair maiden wheeled,
Into an alcove, close concealed
By velvet drapery—vain shield!

For as the Grand Duke turned to tell
The sculptor he must say "Farewell!"
Clanged loud on high the noonday bell.

Straight from the purple veiled recess
She stept—the marble loveliness!
Surprised—the Duke stands motionless!

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Another glance: the Duke retires,
The hopeless slave to his desires—
All night her form his fancy fires.

Next day he for the sculptor sends,
And much his wondrous skill commends,
Which every other man's transcends.

Then asks with hurried, careless tongue
(As words at random idly flung.)
"Who is that maid, so fair and young?"

"Your wife?" "No, sire!" the sculptor cries,
"Your mistress then!" the Duke replies;
"No, sire," said he, with troubled eyes!

"Your sister, sure? "Yes, sire!"—Then said
The Duke, "I will that damsel wed,
And place a crown upon her head!"

Then round the sculptor's neck he flung
A golden chain, to which was hung
His portrait glittering gems among!

And bids him to his home repair,
Saying, "The Duke will soon be there!"
Poor Guido went, dumb with despair!

PART III.

Next day at early dawn the Duke
His solitary couch forsook,
And with a gallant escort took,

His way to Guido's: he found there,
The sculptor, sitting sad with care,
"Where is your sister, Guido, where?"

"I know not, Sire!" he faltering said,
"When I returned I found her fled.
"My gracious Prince, would I were dead."

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The rooms were searched on every side,
When suddenly the Duke espied,
The marble Figure of his Bride.

Then bursting into tears he said,
" How like the beauteous girl that's fled!
" This shall console me in her stead!"

" Never like this did Angelo,
" Or Phidias, make the marble glow:
" Never before was life mocked so!"

Then straight commands his guards should bear
The statue to his palace, where
It should his own apartment share.

The marble form is borne away,
They all depart:—the sculptor lay
An instant more like senseless clay!

Within the Duke's own cabinet,
By his command the statue 's set,
Then stood he gazing long on it!

Then forth to council to dispel
The weight of grief that on him fell,
Yet went to gaze ere midnight's bell!

He enters—starts as tho' with pain;
The statue 's gone! He turns again
To call his palace chamberlain!

When—can it be his fancy's whim?
He sees the figure walk to him;
He staggers with unsteady limb!

" What sorcery is here?" he cries;
She answers with beseeching eyes,
Then to the next apartment flies!

He follows straight. The midnight bell
Clangs thro' the palace! At that knell
The usual change on her befell!

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The damsel into marble grown,
The awe-struck duke was left alone
Once more with that cold shape of stone!

Then fell to earth with sudden cry.
The courtiers hear the noise, draw nigh,
And marvel at the mystery!

Slowly the duke revives—amaze
Comes to them all at what he says!
They deem his fevered fancy strays.

'Twas swiftly through all Florence spread.
The Duke was seized with madness dread,
And then 'twas whispered what he said!

The sculptor heard the tale, and flew
Straight to the palace: he walks through
To where he can the image view!

Then seized a ponderous battle axe,
The shape with frenzied rage attacks,
And shivers it like fragile wax.

The effort woke him—'TWAS A DREAM!
The morning's wonted glories beam
On Florence and her Arno's stream!

And in his studio strewed around,
In fragments is that statue found,
For which his name was so renowned!

But in a vision that same night,
The statue came an angel bright,
And spoke this comfort infinite—

"Sculptor, rejoice! Thy saint hath saved
Thy soul from being aye enslaved
By shapes, which thy own hand hath graved.

"For what thy dreaming fancy thought,
Thou wouldst with waking powers have sought,
And thus thine own DAMNATION wrought!"

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BARRINGTON'S SKETCHES.*

THE reading world, or at least that portion of it fond of a laugh, are under many obligations to Mr. Redfield, for resuscitating "Sir Jonah Barrington's Sketches," by far the most amusing book of its day.

A "Jonah" has certainly a prescriptive right to fish stories, but we fear that captious readers may deem some of our witty author's amusing historiettes, to be little better than funny fictions. As for ourselves, we are content to laugh over the book as it is, and to put the most implicit faith in every word—that we can.

Had Sir Jonah written his sketches earlier in life, or before he had compiled his "Historic Memoirs of Ireland," it must necessarily have been quite another, and a far more tame affair. In the land of punch and pugnacity that gave him birth, had he not been sheltered by the mantle of old age, he must have been "called out," once at least, for every page, and although of a fire-eating family, and not without a personal propensity for powder, it is questionable if he could have fought his way through the book.

In composing the "Memoirs," a thousand merry jests and pleasant scandals, were doubtless recalled to the witty author—tales altogether too capital to be lost—and so by way of "apocrypha" were these sketches written. Without either the weakness or the diffusive style, yet the garrulity and egotism of old age, are very apparent in them. Taking the reader familiarly by the button, the antiquated wag spins out a lengthened chain of anecdote and fun, in the most off-hand way in the world, and without giving himself the slightest trouble about the connection of his subjects.

Opening the book with a quaint account of his family, he dilates somewhat upon the exploits of a grand-aunt Elizabeth—an incorrigible Bloomer—who preferred her castle to her husband, and permitted the latter to be hung under the very walls of the former, rather than surrender it.

"Flag of truce!"—said this strong-minded woman and pugnacious patriot—"I *wont* render my keep, and I'll tell you why. Elizabeth Fitzgerald *may* get another husband, but

* Personal sketches of his own times, by Sir Jonah Barrington, Judge of the High Court of Admiralty in Ireland, &c., &c. New-York: Redfield.

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Elizabeth Fitzgerald may never get another castle; so I'll keep what I have, and if you can't get off faster than your legs can readily carry you, my warders will try which is the harder, your skull, or a stone bullet."

By his own account, Sir Jonah must have been quite a nice young man, and Dublin was, without reasonable doubt, a pleasant place for a quiet family to reside in, as the following doth clearly indicate :—

"We were in the habit of going about the streets on dark nights, in coaches, and by flinging out half-pence, breaking the windows of all the houses we rapidly drove by, to the astonishment and terror of the proprietors. At other times we used to convey gunpowder squibs into all the lamps, in several streets at once, and by longer or shorter fuses contrive to have them all burst at the same time, breaking every lamp to shivers, and leaving whole streets in utter darkness. Occasionally we threw large crackers into the china and glass shops, and delighted to see the terrified shopmen trampling on their own porcelain and cut-glass, for fear of an explosion."

What a blessed time glass-makers and glass-menders must have had about those days. Why, a full bred Papal bull, a half a dozen of the true Irish breed, even of Sir Boyle Roche's own stock—would do less mischief in a china shop than did these youthful Guys.

Powder among plates and platters, pennies against window panes, crashes of crockery at every carousal; the manufacturers of the brittle fabric, should in gratitude, erect an immense monument stuccoed all over with shivered glass and ruined porcelain, in memory of the blessed time before the "Union" and the jovial roysterers of that day.

The Theatre must have been a particularly pleasant place to pass an evening in. Two soldiers with fixed bayonets were stationed, one on either side of the stage—probably to prevent adventurous youths from carrying off the actresses *vi et armis*.

When anything occurred to displease the young gentlemen of the University—the projectors and performers of all this mischief—then they entered the house in a body, on which occasons, all the ladies, well dressed men, and peaceable people generally decamped forthwith, and the young gentlemen as generally proceeded to beat, or turn out the rest of the audience, and to break every thing within their reach.

These exploits were so common, and so many were engaged in them, that the College authorities could not punish the par-

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ticipants in this mischief, without entirely depopulating the University.

As for the civic authorities, *arma cedunt togæ*, that is to say, the watchmen, when requested, resigned their entire paraphernalia—clubs, rattles, and cloaks, to the collegians, who went about making arrests, smashing lamps, breaking up petty *hells*, &c., and reforming the town generally. For their patronage and assistance, the charleys were rewarded by their own delight at the fun, all the trophies of the war, and aregular weekly stipend of seven shillings each, per week.

Sir Jonah thinks the manners and habits of young men of family, of the present day, suffer much by comparison with their "hard going" fathers, and is quite scandalized at seeing "the grandsons of those joyous and vigorous sportsmen, mincing their fish and tit-bits at their favorite box in Bond-street, amalgamating their ounce of salad on a silver saucer, employing six sauces to coax one appetite, sipping their acid claret disguised by an olive, or neutralized by a chestnut, lisping out for the scented waiter, and paying him the price of a feast for the modicum of a Lilliputian, and the pay of a captain for the attendance of a blackguard."

As an illustration of the good old days, he introduces us to a hunting lodge of his brother, prepared to stand a siege of seven days! The garrison consisted of nine gentlemen and five supernumeraries; the commissariat, "a hogshead of superior claret, a fat cow, killed, plundered of her skin, and hung up by the heels, chickens, bread and bacon;" the attendants, Wallace and Hosey, my father's and brother's pipers, Doyle, a blind and famous fiddler, (we wonder if *he* could execute the "*Carnival of Venice*,) one old huntsman and his still more ancient spouse; space of action, "until the cow became a skeleton, and the claret should be on its stoop."

The fun of this carousal however, pales before that of one which he dropped in upon some years later. His elder brother is again the host; the occasion, the christening of a new lodge.

It is ten o'clock in the morning succeeding the opening banquet when Sir Jonah arrives. The room is paved with empty bottles, broken glasses, dishes, knives and spoons, Three or four of the Company are fast asleep on chairs, two on the floor and the piper "laid out for dead" on the table, with a dozen or so of candles now burnt to their sockets, around him. Joe Kelly and Mr. Peter Alley fast asleep in their chairs and thereby hangs a tale.

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Our author aroused the servants, had the room cleared and an appetizing breakfast prepared.

The table is laid. Fresh eggs, milk just from the cow, new bread, brandy, sugar, nutmeg, fresh butter, a cold round of beef, roasted potatoes, ale, whiskey and port are on the board. We find no mention of coffee, or tea and toast. All *is* ready, and all *are* ready, saving the piper, who is stowed away to sleep himself sober, and Joe Kelly and Mr. Peter Alley aforesaid, whom we found fast asleep on their respective chairs, with their heads against the wall, and where they yet remained, *ast* asleep, as we shall soon find. But Sir Jonah must now tell his own tale:

"All being duly in order, we at length awakened Joe Kelly and Peter Alley, his neighbor. They had slept soundly, though with no other pillow than the wall; and my brother announced breakfast with a '*View halloo!*'

"The twain immediately started, and roared in unison with their host most tremendously! It was, however, in a very different tone from the 'view halloo!' and perpetuated much longer.

"'Come, boys,' says French, giving Joe a pull—'come!'

"'Oh murder!' says Joe, 'I can't.' 'Murder! murder!!' echoed Peter.

"French pulled at them again, upon which they roared the more, still retaining their places.

The wall had only that day received a coat of mortar, and, of course, was quite soft and yielding, when Joe and Peter thought proper to make it their pillow. It was, nevertheless, *setting* fast from the heat and lights of an eighteen hours' carousal, and in the morning, when my brother awakened his guests, the mortar had completely *set*, and their hair, being the thing most calculated to amalgamate therewith, Joe's stock, together with his queue and half his head, was thoroughly and irrevocably bedded in the greedy and now marble cement. One side of Peter's head was in the same state of imprisonment. Nobody was able to assist them; and there they both stuck fast.

"A consultation was now held upon this pitiful case, which I maliciously endeavored to prolong as much as I could, and which was, in fact, every now and then interrupted by a roar from Peter or Joe, as they made fresh efforts to rise.

"At length it was proposed by Dan Fagan to send for the stone-cutter, and get him to cut them out of the wall with a chisel. The old woman meantime tried to soften the obdurate wall with butter and new milk, but in vain.

"I related the school story, how Hannibal had worked through the Alps with hot vinegar and hot irons. This experiment was likewise made; but Hannibal's solvent had no better success than the old crone's.

"Peter Alley being of a more passionate nature, grew ultimately quite out-

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rageous. He roared, and swore vengeance against the mason; but as he was only held by one side, a thought at last struck him. He asked for two knives, which being brought, he whetted one against the other, and introducing the blades close to the skull, sawed away until he was liberated, with the loss of only half his hair, and a piece of his scalp, which he had sliced off in his zeal and haste for his liberty. I never saw a fellow so extravagantly happy."

Joe Kelly at length obtains relief from the services of a barber, who clips away his hair, and roots out his head with an oyster knife.

Having released these unfortunates from their mortifying position, let us now turn to our author's friends of the Bench and Bar. Having gone through all the grades of his profession, from briefless Barrister to Judge of Admiralty, of course he was brought in contact with all the men of mark of his time and country, and countless are his anecdotes of them.

The Bench was then, simply a reward for political service, and occupied by many not peculiarly worthy of it.

Judge Henn—an odd chicken, apparently—was once dreadfully puzzled on circuit by two young barristers, each haranguing the court, and laying down the law of the case in direct opposition to the statement of his adversary.

"The Judge listened with great attention, until both were tired of stating the law and contradicting each other, when they unanimously requested his lordship to decide the point.

"'How, gentlemen,' said Judge Henn, '*can* I settle it between you? You, sir positively say the law is one way, and you, as unequivocally affirm it is the other way. I wish to God, Billy Harris (to his registrar who sat beneath,) I knew what the law *really* was."

"'My lord,' said Billy Harris, most graciously rising at the same moment and casting a despairing glance *towards* the bench; 'if I possessed that knowledge, I protest to God I would tell your lordship with a great deal of pleasure!'

"'Then *we'll save the point*, Billy Harris,' exclaimed the Judge."

These extracts, taken at random, are fair specimens of the whole book.

The chapters containing an account of the author's residence at Havre and Paris, during the "hundred days, possess much historic interest, as for the remainder they are but a prolonged farce, so full of humor, that it never wearies the reader—and one that it is impossible to read with a very sober countenance and a tightly buttoned waistcoat.

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"ALL MEN ARE BORN FREE."

All men born free? There's not a soul
That treads this earth from pole to pole,
Save the wild Indian tribes that roam
Through boundless prairies without home,
But lives and dies an abject slave,
E'en from the cradle to the grave.

From the first moment of his birth,
Ere man can crawl upon the earth,
A poor dependent being, he
Lies helpless on his nurse's knee,
An instrument in others' hands,
A slave to every slave's commands,
Without a will his course to sway,
Or reason to direct his way.

Anon the slave is driv'n to school,
Where some stern pedagogue holds rule,
To drone his tedious hours away
And study when he'd rather play;
To con his task against his will,
Repeated, and repeated still;
With grammar to perplex his brain,
And learn but to forget again.

When his apprenticeship is done,
And he arrives at twenty-one—
That happy age when man is free
To run his race at liberty—
He enters on a new career
Of slavery still more severe.
Slave to his wants, he toils all day
To keep the hungry fiend away:
When those of nature are supplied,
With self-created wants he's plied,
Which satisfied, a new succeeds,
Just as one seed another breeds.
Thus he fags on from day to day,

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And sweats his weary life away
To gain what, when 'tis gain'd, inspires
But new insatiate desires,
Each one more hungry than the last,
And thus our freeman's life is past—
In bondage to himself he stands,
The willing slave of his own hands.

All men born free? Pray look around
And see where Freedom's sons are found;
Where breathes the man on earth can say
His will alone directs his way.

Is he born free in Afric's clime,
Where slavery, from the earliest time,
Has rais'd his lash and forg'd his chains,
And still o'er all the desert reigns?
Where every petty despot holds
Freedom and life in iron folds,
And sells and buys, and maims and kills
His fellow creatures as he wills?
Born free? three-fourths of Afric's fry
Are born in slavery, and so die,
E'en among their kindred band,
In their own home and native land.

Is he born free in Eastern lands,
Where despots bind him feet and hands,
Crushing him deeper in the earth,
From the first moment of his birth,
While grovelling at the tyrant's throne,
He dares not call his soul his own?
Is he born free in Europe's clime,
Where 'mid the mouldering wrecks of time,
Old customs and old musty laws,
Not one free breath through life he draws?
Like culprit to the treadmill bound,
He toils his weary, endless round,
Making no headway—poor free man!
And ends e'en just where he began,
Counting his labor for his pains,
And nothing as his utmost gains.
Where laws are kings and man call'd free,

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Still a predestined slave is he
In one eternal cobweb bound,
And fenc'd with statutes round and round,
That thrall his actions, curb his will,
And make him but a bondman still;
An instrument in others' hands,
To come and go at their commands;
To do but what to do he 's made,
A traitor by himself betray'd;
He creeps along from morn till night,
And never dares to walk upright.

Ask why this is man's settled doom
From ages past to those to come,
The answer is, ' 'tis his own work;'
Or Pagan, Christian, Jew or Turk,
He cannot be a freeman till
He learns to curb his stubborn will;
Himself, it is himself enslaves,
While other despotisms he braves.
When nature's wants are all supplied,
Ambition, avarice, or pride,
Lust, hatred, envy, or heart spleen,
Some passion, wicked base or mean,
Requires the curb, the bit, the rein,
The sturdy rebel to restrain;
Or, the bold outlaw to withhold,
From preying on his neighbor's fold
And thus his vaunted freedom proves
A galling yoke where'er he moves.

The first man was created free—
Save one restraint, no curb had he—
He roamed through Eden free as air,
Alike devoid of pain or care;
One high command alone was given,
Whose sanction was the will of heaven,
From which he sought himself to free,
And by it lost his liberty—
Was banished from his Maker's face,
Pil'd deep perdition on his race,
And drew from heav'n the stern decree
That man should ne'er again be free,

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But live a slave in fetters, till
He learn'd to govern his own will,
To love his kind, his God adore,
And go his way and sin no more.

It is on vice, and vice alone
That Despotism erects its throne;
'Tis vice that forges all our chains,
Fetters our will, our acts restrains,
And makes the honest man a slave,
Lest wicked men the laws should brave;
Thus hobbling them in the same tether,
As if they were all rogues together.
The just man ever pays the score.
The bad one chalks behind the door,
And all alike are placed in pounds,
Because one rascal breaks his bounds.

Let men ne'er from their duty stray,
And then their chains will fall away;
Then may they shout with truthful glee,
"All men are equal, all born free!"
He who wills nothing wrong, may still
Be left to follow his own will,
But he who treads the paths of evil,
Is a born slave and serves the Devil.
Man must be good if he'd be free—
Virtue alone is liberty.

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LONG ISLAND.*

[*An advance Chapter from a graphic and humorous work soon to be issued from the Press of* J. S. REDFIELD, *New York.*]

CHAPTER I.—LONG ISLAND PHILOLOGICALLY CONSIDERED.

THERE is a certain portion of the United States of America known upon the map as Long Island, and to sundry citizens of Gotham, who to avoid the devastating heat, supposed to lay waste the city during the reign of Canis Major, fly to those equally intense and far more unavoidable—as the Island.

The more philosophic of the visitors, and the few natives who happen to be wide awake and possessed of thinking faculties, designate it as "Sleepy Long Island."

Why it should be an island, anybody owning the usual quantum of brains can discover at a glance, since it fully realizes Mr. Morse's idea of one, viz.: "a body of land surrounded by water;" but why it is called Long Island, to the prejudice of sundry and divers other narrow strips of earth similarly circumstanced, is a matter not so easily to be comprehended. Many an island is longer, nay many a one possesses a greater length in proportion to its breadth.

As this is a subject that hitherto has never been fairly broached, or brought before the public, the writer feels no delicacy, and perhaps some excusable pride in advancing his opinions upon it; the truth of which a minute study of the Island itself, and of the manners, customs, and modes of life of its inhabitants, has convinced him.

Length is its external peculiarity as well as external characteristic; every thing in it is long—the men eat long, drink long and sleep long; the stages before the innovations of the rail-road, were universally known as Long Island rope walks, and performed long journeys with long-winded horses, terminating—not journeys but horses in long tails. They carried long lists of long passengers, generally from twenty to thirty

* "The Wonderful Adventures of Captain Priest." J. S. Redfield: New York

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—not in age but in number—who longed to be at their journey's end long before they arrived there.

The news of the day is a long time indeed in travelling down upon Long Island. "A great fire in New-York, and a great loss of life," as the newsboy hath it; a steamboat disaster or rail-road collision, and nobody to blame; the elopement of Mrs. So-and-so with her husband's dear friend, or of Miss What's-her-name with her father's footman; the demise of Smith Brown, Esq., the eminent and wealthy butcher, or the birth of another Victorian juvenile, under the conjoined auspices of Locock and Lilly, and other equally important and interesting items are telegraphed to New Orleans and St. Louis, and forwarded by expresses half way to Mexico or Santa Fe del Norte, long ere the people of sleepy Long Island rub their eyes, until a state of semi-wakefulness being attained, they slowly open and prick up their ears to drink in the—to them—fresh intelligence.

If the Long Islanders have any prominent and peculiar idiosyncrasy, it is the saltiness of their habits; nor is it singular that this should be the case. Breathing from earliest infancy an air, impregnated with saline exhalations, they naturally turn their attention to the ocean and its products. It is said, and I see no reason for doubting it, that the protruding neck of a soft-shelled clam is as efficient an agency in quieting the yells of an infantile and refractory Long Islander as ever was a bit of rag crammed with brown sugar, with which ordinary nurses are wont to fill the mouths, and still the troubled bosoms of more inland urchins, when the results of a slap on the sly may have compelled the attendants to stop the repeated squalls, and perchance lie too, as to the cause of them.

The Long Islander, therefore, from the first, takes to the water as naturally as a spaniel; he digs long clams with long-handled hoes, fishes up oysters with long-handled rakes, shoots ducks at long distances with preposterously long guns; cuts long salt grass for his long-tailed horses and longer eared mules; catches fish to manure his fields with long seines; perhaps ships for a voyage, but it is always a long one after whales; and after a long life is carried to his long home in a long two-horse waggon, followed by a long concourse of friends and neighbors.

If I have not proved to the satisfaction of the reader that the term Long Island was worthily bestowed, I have at least to my own, which, under the circumstances is some consolation.

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CHAPTER II.—THE BAY.

On the northern shore of Long Island, an offshoot or arm of the great Sound has deserted the main water, and forced its way far into the land, boldly and broadly at first, but perchance finding it had fallen upon a pleasant home, or it may be, fearing a sudden recall, and thinking that out of sight would be out of mind, it turned a short corner and crept quietly away miles inland.

Although now snugly hidden, its pulse still beats responsive to the parental throes, and though rushing lustily in now and again, as it were about to march bodily over the land and return by the shortest cut to repose once more upon the ever yearning bosom of its grand-mother, the Ocean, its strength is soon exhausted, and at the word command the vagrant creeps quietly and timidly back again like a dog with a depressed termination to an offended and deserted master.

This endless coming in and going out of so great a body of water is a mine of wealth to the dwellers upon its shores and in many ways do they reap great advantage from the restless activity of the Bay.

The young flood makes his appearance gallantly garlanded with gay wreaths of algæ, as for a nuptial feast, and with impetuous ardor embraces his bride, the shore; then the heartless Lothario that he is, troops off again, leaving her a true grass widow, bedecked with weeds—weeds that are hastily gathered by the neighboring farmers, and thrown up into vast heaps to be converted in the great laboratory of Nature into oats and corn, wheat and rye. Then great shoals of inquisitive and rapacious fish flock in to pay a passing call, and very often fail to make their way out again, but find themselves promoted ere long to a situation upon a corn-hill; and evidently displeased at the scaly trick, announce, in very plain English indeed, that "the offence is rank, it smells to heaven." The breezes of balmy morn and the zephyrs of dewy eve, acting as general postmen, carry their plaints far and near, and every breath of air is redolent with anything but Sabœan odors. If this agent of fertilization is more peculiarly applicable to one plant than to another, we should give the palm to "summer savory," although an Oriental friend once sagely remarked that it smelt like "thyme." The men do not mind it much, but I attribute the *petit nez retrousse*, so peculiar to Long Island belles, entirely to the wonderful airs the fish give themselves upon their appointment to agricultural situations. The exodus of the water also discloses great mines of oysters,

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clams, and scollops, for human consumption and quantities of muscles, horsefeet and fiddlers for porcine palates. Sometimes even this very inconstant disposition of the tide, is, by the cunning of man, seized upon, and made to promote his ends in an extremely base and mechanical manner.

When a small body has straggled off from the main army, and is established temporarily in a sunny quarter, it often finds itself imprisoned and locked up, totally incapable of joining in the general retreat that has been sounded and only able to escape by working a passage, and paying the miller an outside toll in turning his wheel.

Another and very important service yet, is the facility which it affords to small vessels in the Bay to discharge their cargoes of various kinds of manure, offal, and garbage, brought from the great city, to be converted here into grain, then into flour, pork or beef, and then again to be returned transmuted into red gold or pallid silver—" promises to pay" upon paper not being much regarded by the matter-of-fact Long Islander.

Docks are superseded and every proprietor of a modern Argo brings her to anchor at high tide opposite his farm; and when the water has receded, drives up his wagon to her, keeled down as she is, and succeeds without difficulty in transferring her cargo to the shore.

It is a curious, although not very romantic sight, at low tide, this Bay that I am describing, with its wide spread mud flats, black as Erebus, its shores covered with sea-weed, and its disconsolate clams throwing up tiny *jets d'eau*,—briny tears, superinduced by their disconsolate and widowed condition—whole armies of fiddlers, *uterque paratus* carrying aloft his one preposterously huge claw, a formidable weapon for its size; and last, but not least, the stranded fleet of black-hulled, keeled-over vessels, exceedingly ugly and not over cleanly guardians of the soil.

Look again upon the same spot a few hours after.

The tide is in, and countless gulls and water-fowl have accompanied it, screaming out an *Io Pæan* to its progress; the tiny waves are playfully curling and creaming upon the glistening shingle; the flats now exhibit a rich field of darkly-green grass, nodding a graceful welcome to each successive ripple; the once unseemly vessels are [illegible] gallantly at their anchors, their black hulls nearly con[illegible] their decks and sides washed off and the green on the [illegible] visible: the burnt powder effluvium of marsh mud is ban[illegible], and replaced by the pure and exhilerating breath of the sea.

The lusty old trees upon the shore bend down approvingly

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upon the waves that wash their very feet, and the reflections of their broad leafy tops impart a deeper tint to the water shadowing forth submarine groves upon its surface.

A few neat cottages are scattered here and there; fields of waving corn are standing in bold relief upon the hill-sides; a few sails are visible entering or leaving the port; the rough but cheery shout or song of the fisherman and the stroke of their oars echo across the bay; and let there hang over this bright scene a delicate misty veil, such as young summer or early autumn loved to cast over their brightest and fairest pictures, making every thing seem gentle and quiet, the fiery sun himself look large and jovial and benignant, throwing a dreamy haze over all animate and inanimate nature, and you have a fair but not overstrained view of the Bay on theeventful afternoon of the 10th of June, 183 — as pretty and heart-warming a sight as you would wish to meet with inthat indefinite space of time, a month of Sundays.

THE GENIUS OF SLEEP.

A STATUE BY CANOVA. — A SONNET.

IMITATED FROM THE ITALIAN OF MISSORINI.

Ah! see, where purer than the Alpine snows,
Born of the chisel of creative art,
The angel beauties of the creature start
To being, — couched in delicate repose!
A peace celestial wraps his flowing hair,
As if consenting heaven and nature there,
Had both wrought gladly on the form divine,
To bless the sculptor in his dream of grace!
Such, and [illegible] was Adam, when he first
Sat, [illegible] of innocence; — so pure
The [illegible] on his countenance lay sure; —
Thus full [illegible] the smile upon his face,
When from his shadowing side, fair Eva burst,
And her first accents told him — "I am thine!"

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LIFE LOVE.

A LANGUID feeling fills my frame,
  My every nerve 's unstrung,
  The greatest love is still unsung
That ever yet to mortal came.

Some love is sought, and sowed with skill,
  Nourished, and nursed with warmth and shower,
  Until it bursts the earth, a flower,
Which any careless hand can kill.

Some love comes borne upon the breeze,
  And dropt by chance on fruitful soil
  Grows without aid of human toil—
Grows grandly up with other trees.

It waves in concert with the rest,
  Bends as they bend, or stately stand,
  A simple soldier of the land,
To fight the storm—the wind to breast.

These loves are well, aye, good and fair,
  So gladly let them live and grow,
  There is one love that few can know,
To which these loves cannot compare ;

The love that welds its iron roots
  Into th' unyielding granite's side,
  Laps with its tendrils far and wide
The food to nourish noble fruits ;

Grasps with its knees the mountain's flank,
  In every crevice locks its shoots,
  Coils each projection with its roots,
And towers a love of peerless rank.

But still the fury of my love,
  Is altogether unexprest,
  These paltry symbols are at best
Babes throes to clasp the stars above.

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NATHANIEL PARKER WILLIS.*

THE character of a nation can be pretty accurately judged by its religion—the nature it worships. Samuel Johnson said: "what can be expected of a people who have a monkey for their God," in like manner, what must a *clique* be which has Willis for its chief?

That he is the fitting head for so distinguished a body as the shabby, genteel set, who flutter midway between small literature and stale fashion, and from whom all true minds intinctively shrink, no one can dispute. Poets, like Willis, may be called the bats of Parnassus, equally rejected by birds and beasts. Altho' they have wings like the one and legs like the other, their real atmosphere is a moral twilight, when the dove and the eagle have retired. The sunlight of Truth is too much for their weak eyes.

Having thus premised our opinion of bat-dom, whether of Fashion or Literature, we shall briefly sketch one of its chief ornaments, its present poet laureate, Mr. N. P. Willis, in whose proper person the analogy is very remarkably sustained, his powers of poetical flight being very much like those of the creature whose leathern wings enable it to only hop from object to object, in a manner midway between a flutter and a crawl. Our laureate has likewise proved his true bat-dom by a creeping affection for the Church, (we presume its outside) by his numerous Sacred poems, which are the most tailor-like specimens of fashionable piety on the ecclesiastical record.

We believe that it was in this solemn employment that Mr. Willis first found favor with the religious public—a singular sympathy seems to have consecrated owls and bats to the service of the Church—and as, according to Dryden, Nature made a third Epic poet by a mixture of Homer and Virgil, so Fashion seems to have completed the Trinity of Beadledom, by amalgamating the owl and bat, and producing a Willis! We do not mean to deny but that modern Frankenstein might have produced a poet laureat, by making his skeleton out of a satin corset, with *Eau de Cologne* for blood, a nervous system of silk, a ball of almond soap for a heart, and a bottle of hair-dye or cosmetic for a moral centre: these

* Sacred Poems and Dramas, by N. P. Willis.

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placed in a covering of *Gros de Naples* for a skin, with a pair of curling tongs for a *thyrsus*, and we have the pet of the Fifth *Avenoodledom*.

We shall, however, leave our great zoological writers to settle between these origins: it is quite sufficient if we believe that either account might be the true Genesis of so distinguished a wonder. It is very clear that our modern Psalmist is so largely indebted to female clothing for his similes, as to justify the suspicion that he must have surprised his Bethsheba in her bath, and stolen her petticoats to furnish her with a wardrobe of Metaphors, or he may be the laundress of Parnassus, as in every Sacred Poem he hangs out the linen of the Nine Virgins to dry upon his lines. His Pegasus is really and truly a clothes-horse—possibly half brother to Barnum's woolly one.

We dismiss his Sacred Poems—heaven save the mark—with the conclusion that Mr. Willis has no idea of Nature. His heroes are milliners, his heroines are taken from fashionable boarding schools, redolent of sentiment borrowed from the last novel, and lisping bad French, and whose bible is Paul de Kock and George Sand. His Arab and Hebrew women are Union Square ladies, dressed in the height of Broadway fashion, and frequenters of Thompson's' the Opera, and Stewart's. He calls in the aid of the upholsterers to furnish Eden like a Parisian drawing-room, perfuming the shrubs and flowers with otto or musk, and pouring lavender water into the crystal streams. We verily believe he would curl all the poodles in paradise, and employ the archangels as barbers. In lieu of sparkling springs we have iced champagne or claret, and *bon bons*, and trifles instead of the luscious and glowing fruits. A Turkey carpet hides the vulgarity of the green sward, a piano supplies the music of the birds, and velvet ottomans and rocking-chairs are planted in lieu of rising slopes and grassy hillocks. The Sun is shut out on account of its low habits, being frequently seen in the Bowery, and a substitute found in chandeliers and hot-air stoves, profusely ornamented with brass, gilded to look like gold.

As a dramatist, he is a mass of such glaring inconsistencies, that as long as the drama professes to deal with the human heart, he can never be considered one. His two most ambitious attempts are Bianca Visconti and Tortesa; these have been weighed in the public scales, and found wanting.

The character of Bianca is an incongruity, amounting to the unnatural. We all know that men and women are inconsis-

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tent, and to draw an inconsistent or capricious character, is not to stray from the truth, but there are certain qualities perfectly incompatible, and could never be found in the same being—such as a mixture of Lucretia and Messalina, Agrippina and Penelope, which reminds us of the monstrosity predicated by Horace, in his *de arte poetica*—a species of animal with the woman's body and the fish's tail—even more impossible and revolting than the fabulous Centaur, or the Medusa's head. Such a character is that of Bianca Visconti. It is just as though the same woman alternated between Lady Macbeth and Cordelia—the former made more murderous, and the latter more virtuous and tender. Lady Macbeth could not plunge the dagger into the sleeping Duncan, because he reminded her of her father; but what are we to say of Mr. Willis' Bianca, who plots the death of her young brother deliberately, and who as deliberately accomplishes it? To add to the anomaly, she is represented as being deeply attached to him—a young and confiding boy. This is not creative genius, but distorting absurdity, partaking more of the Fantoccini than Shakspeare—Punch, without his quick, practical jokes and hard raillery, and bearing the same relation to the drama as the tattoing on a hollow cask does to the rolling music of the kettle drum!—there is nothing but the noise of the stick in it!

Nor is Fortesa much better; for, although it escapes the startling monstrosity of the chief character of his former tragedy, it makes up a larger sum of absurdity by a congregation of numberless minor incongruities. The plot is commonplace; indeed, every incident is borrowed; the language alone is Mr. Willis' own, and that is so artificial as to bear its paternity unmistakably in every line. There are, however a few amusing Willisisms in this particular play, which redeem it somewhat, such as Zippa, one of the heroines, being in love with two gentlemen at the same time, and a still graver *fiasco* in Tomaso, the drunken valet of Angelo, the hero, placing Isabella, the heroine, in his masters bed, when she has come fresh from the grave, clothed in her sepulchral raiment; this is a piece of indelicate profanity, which no true poet could have committed; it is a sacrilege, which we had hoped went out with the ghouls.

So much for its profanity—let us now turn to its absurdity.

The plot hinges upon Isabella's love for Angelo, a poor painter—we were about adding glazier, so far has Willis's *artificial nature* affected us. In order to escape from marrying Tortesa, the usurer, (who has got her Father Fal-

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cone in his power by sundry mortgages, and who, as a matter of course makes the daughter's hand the condition of release,) Isabella swallows a potion which all believe except herself, to be poison, but which is merely a potent sleeping draught. Appearing to be dead she is buried, no doubt with that expedition which characterizes New-York funerals. In the middle of the night the lady arouses from her trance, gropes her way out of her dormitory, and like a good girl goes home to her papa: He, however, upon her ringing the bell refuses to let her in, considering it to be her ghost, which was very natural, as ladies are not in the habit of coming back to plague their husbands or fathers when they have been put to the expense and trouble of a funeral, altho' in such cases perhaps the trouble is a pleasure, and the expense a great pain.

Finding "no admittance" at her paternal home, she resolves to take a turn down Broadway or Bleecker street, where she meets Tomaso, her lover's servant, reeling home from Niblo's after an oyster supper. He recognizes her, of course, and escorts her to his master's lodgings, and instead of ringing them up at the New-York Hotel as we have said before, places her in his master's bed. The lover is of course delighted on his return from the Opera or Brougham's—it does not matter which—to find his lady-love in his nest. He therefore secretes her, hoping that all will blow over. Her father, Falcone, however, getting scent of this affair, and suspecting old from the absence of the corpse from the vault that his midnight visitor was no ghost, but his own daughter alive and well, resolves to search Angelo's lodgings for her.

Our readers will scarcely believe that Mr. Willis makes this old gentleman so very stupid a person as to allow Angelo to pass off the young lady upon her papa as *her own portrait* ready framed and glazed. Mr. Willis's way of managing this remarkable optical delusion beats Professor Anderson out of the field altogether — his stage direction being thus: "the back wall to be so arranged as to form a natural ground for the picture." But even this ingenious device is not original, being stolen from the "Winter's Tale," where Hermione is palmed off on her husband as a statue: here, however, it is possible, however improbable; but Mr. Willis in stealing what in the original is a possible stratagem, by his clumsiness converts it into an absurdity, which is really an impossibility as well. Our laureate should remember with the poet,

"For what's impossible should *never* be,
And *therefore* very *rarely* comes to pass.

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Mr. Willis likewise uses his *asides* to a ludicrous extent: they form almost a good half the text—Every man like the inhabitants of Bedlam is talking to himself as though each was two characters, and every one a man beside himself.

Mr. Willis is rather a costumer than a Creator—the Andrew Jackson Allen of the Drama—he makes dresses, of the best silver leather, and silk, into which he places dummies, with words into their wooden heads, which run up and down the *gamut* of a vocabulary, composed of fine sounds, and vapid conventionalities, whose only merit is their smoothness, but it is the merit of Lord Fanny's muse who wrote a thousand such a day!—whenever he comes to a difficulty, he skips it like a child who is only in her first primer;—if he wants to account for a *hiatus* he fills it up by inventing a fact, extemporising a tradition, or passing a law—in Tortesa, coming to a little gap he boldly leaps it in this fashion:—

> "My gracious liege, there is a law in Florence,
> That if a father, for no guilt or shame,
> Disown and shut his door upon his daughter,
> She is the child of him who succours her;
> Who by the shelter of a single night,
> Becomes endowed with the authority
> Lost by the other."

Of course, it is easy to write dramas upon this principle, just as it is easy to go through a volume, if every word above two syllables is skipped.

The chief staple of our poet's dramatic genius is his Egotism: it is N. P. Willis from the rising of the curtain to the going down thereof. It is the alpha and omega, with all the other letters placed between them as well. Mr. Willis is Hero—Mr. Willis is Heroine in satin and starched muslin. Mr. Willis as Father—Mr. Willis as Mother—Mr. Willis as Grandmother—Mr. Willis as Funny man—Mr. Willis as Grave-digger—Mr. Willis as rescuer in distress—Mr. Willis as first villain—if the cock has to crow or a donkey to bray behind the scenes, the voice reminds you of Mr. Willis. In a word he does all the thunder, taking the bread out of the mouths of the tin teaboards, who have been the Joves Tonantes, since the days of Dennis. Even the snow storms are supplied by his *billets doux* or Home Journals torn into fragments. Since Bottom monopolized the *dramatis personæ*, as well as the scenery, including the lions roaring, moonshine, and plaster wall, the stage has seen no such weaver as our Laureate of Bat-dom!

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THE DISBANDED OFFICER.

CHARMING in his conversation, always simple and elevated, a minute observer and profound thinker, a child in his changeful gaiety, now indulgent, now caustic, always amiable and always new; such is the old man whom I am happy to call my friend. His house, like that of Socrates, is small and modest. None are there wearied by ceremony, but all may converse with elbows upon the table and feet upon the andirons; all laugh, yet each receives just and extended ideas, consoling morals and divine hopes. So far from feeling constraint near him, one believes himself sole possessor of the wit that is borrowed from him; nobody feels at a loss, but all pay their tribute from which the ingenious host shows the best part, either for amusement or for general instruction.

But a few days since, I passed some hours in this happy retreat, and as usual we glanced lightly at a thousand fugitive subjects, apparently incoherent, but drawn together by imperceptible threads, when a gentleman, an occasional visitor, arrived, and recounted to us some sad particulars that he had just learned of the embarrassment of one of our common friends, who, having scarcely the means to furnish his table, felt himself obliged to support an equipage. His servant, a species of Caleb, concealed from the eyes of the world the real poverty of the house to satisfy this mania of his master, who would have felt the dignity of his name compromised, if by going on foot, he had enabled himself to make a better distribution of his resources. None of us were wanting in examples of analogous manias, and we gave ample proof of our experience in such mistaken vanities.

Our indulgent friend, himself so wise in his mediocrity, always found some motive of excuse, taken from the character or situation of individuals. "It is necessary," said he, "to let ideas and habits have some weight with us. Nothing is absolute in this world. Poverty, like everything else, is relative, and these hidden wounds are a thousand times more sensitive than those which are exposed to the light of day."

"I, also," interrupted my neighbor, with vivacity," feel a profound pity for poverty that dreads exposure. One is more miserable in proportion as he fears to show it, because moral

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agony is added to physical suffering, and assistance comes but slowly to him who hides his rags."

"Without taking into consideration," said I, "that assistance is often a pain to the soul that retains its pride in the midst of misfortune, there are so few services well rendered, so few hands light enough to dress the wounds and draw no cry from the sufferer."

"It is because money rests so seldom in generous hands, that know how to distribute it. In general, the possessors are avaricious, egotistical and insolent, and I cannot but admire the virtuous resignation of the poor man, who, near the rich, disdaining and taking advantage of him, endures privations without hatred and without envy."

"You are right," said our friend; "if probity is a virtue in the man to whom its exercise costs nothing, it is heroism in the poor. The law, morality and society, should, if I comprehend rightly, stigmatize and punish the unfortunate being whom excess of suffering has rendered forgetful of the severe principles of honesty, but by reflecting upon ourselves and that which passes each day around us, our hearts should be open to indulgence. What virtue can boast strength enough to resist imperious want? and when so many easy consciences are seen among individuals who need nothing! How can any one dare to condemn those whom the most cruel necessities have drawn aside? I have seen the proudest man—one having the most delicate sense of honor—led, by the unhappiness of his situation, to the commission of a disgraceful act. I would relate to you the incident were it not a true history."

"So much the better," cried we altogether. "Tell us, we will gladly listen to you."

"But it is an old history, it dates back many years, and it will be necessary for us to return to the time of the Bourbons and the invasion."

"We will follow you wherever you will."

"Have patience, then."

"The Restoration, which, together with the great concourse of strangers, changed the destiny of France, plunged the proudest of her children in mourning and humiliation. Many were overthrown from higher fortunes, but no family more deserving than that of Captain Gerbaut, was reduced to a condition more miserable. At the time when her husband occupied a more honorable grade in the army, Madame Gerbaut kept a post-office in a provincial city. With her resided two daughters, whose entrance into the Imperial College of the Legion of Honor she looked forward to, as soon as they

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should arrive at a suitable age; but the disasters of 1815 destroyed all hope in that regard. With the army of the *Loire*, the Captain was disbanded; the House of Saint Denis was shut to his daughters, and the post-office of his wife returned, *by right divine*, to a cousin of the hero of the army of Conde.

"While the Captain, thus fallen, sought uselessly some modest employment, apart from the government, his family lived upon their slight savings. More than a year passed on, and their resources were all exhausted. Gerbaut, overcome by misfortunes, discouraged in all his vain efforts to obtain occupation, became a prey to disease; he would have died, had not his wife, with the courage of dispair, consecrated her days and her nights to labor, no less painful than insufficient. It was touching to see so frail a creature laden with so many cares, fatigues and inquietudes; and Gerbaut suffered all the anguish of a proud and delicate soul, supporting the burden of life only by the hope—always disappointed, but always renewed—of being able, at length, to relieve his poor wife, and to find some means to maintain his family by his labor. All the efforts of Madame Gerbaut were directed towards preserving a certain appearance, less from shame of an honorable misery, than from feelings of personal dignity. She wished, also, to render less evident to her husband and herself, the painful view of their deep distress, and for these reasons the family imposed upon themselves the most cruel privations; besides, she thought, perhaps with much reason, that the more their need was visible, the more difficult it would be for Captain Gerbaut to obtain a situation. Nothing was calculated to excite pity in their dwelling, apparently more modest than poor, and an air of extreme neatness excluded the idea of misery.

"Gerbaut would have been resigned to any species of labor that would have brought relief to his family. Although he was no longer young, he would have courageously resorted to the expedient of learning a trade, had it not been necessary to remain so long as an apprentice. As he wrote a good hand, and understood accounts, he found, from time to time, some papers to copy, or some accounts to settle. But these were only passing resources; nevertheless, employment brought hope to his heart, and he returned happy to his lodgings when he carried there the means to procure for his wife some days of repose. His children, also, had their fetes, rendered the more lively because they were rare. Notwithstanding life showed itself in its most severe aspect to the young daughters of the Captain, they zealously assisted their mo-

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ther. All three took great pains to keep in repair the remains of the former wardrobes, and if this task occasioned sad recollections, yet it occupied them, and brought with it the satisfaction of a duty fulfilled. The Captain was the most unhappy. His wife could not see him, used as he was to an active life, wasting away in idleness, and desperate almost to madness at the idea of being not only useless, but a charge to his family. Every day she invented a new pretext for diversion, or for going out; she would prove to him the necessity of making other efforts, of calling upon other pers sons, often giving him a hope that she had not. But thie man, so brave before the enemy, wanted courage to exposs himself to refusal or humiliation; he could not avow all his penury, and to succeed, he solicited with too much delicacy and reserve; he was too proud to be importunate. Notwithstanding his reverses, he had continued his intimacy with some former companions in arms, and particularly with a General who held an enviable situation under the government. A seat was reserved for him once a week at the abundant table of the General; for these occasions, one should have seen Madame Gerbaut pass in review the poor and scanty toilet of her husband; the injuries of time were not allowed to appear there. The children were more joyous than ordinary when they saw their father so elegant, and all believed they were less miserable. However, every day rendered these miracles of economy more difficult. One Thursday—it was the Captain's gala-day—Madame Gerbaut saw with inexpressible grief, that the old black coat, so religiously kept for grand occasions, would soon refuse to serve its master; it would then be impossible for him to present himself at the General's. This little circumstance, recalling so long a series of sufferings, of which it seemed impossible to forsee the termination, overcame this courageous woman, and she wept as she used her best endeavors to repair that witness of better days and sweeter hopes.

"She turned, to make it appear newer, a little red ribbon, that had already many times submitted to the same operation. At length the Captain departed, and his dress appeared well to those who knew nothing of these hidden miseries. Moreover, the General remembered that he had been a soldier, and he was not a man to measure his consideration by the value of a coat. He had besides a real esteem for Captain Gerbaut, whose honorable character was appreciated by all the officers of the corps. The table of the General that day presented a reunion of a dozen guests. During dinner the conver-

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sation turned upon industry. French activity had commenced to bring into the arts of peace a little of that ardor which had been squandered during 15 years on the field of battle throughout all Europe. Some parallels were drawn between the products of France and England, The General directed to be brought as *apropos* to the subject, a little *chef-d'œuvre* of mechanic art. It was a new and curious watch, of great value on account of the multiplicity of its delicate wheels and all the subdivisions of time which its various dials indicated. After this *bijou* had passed all around, the conversation turned upon other subjects, and they had argued twenty questions without solving them before leaving the dining room. On reentering the saloon the General remembered the watch, and ringing for his valet, directed him to go and take it from the table where it was lying, and return it to the same place where he had found it. After some moments, the servant returned with looks of dismay; he had not found the watch. The General, surprised and fearing some inattention, returned with Baptiste, but was not more fortunate.

"'May not some one, or even Monsieur the General himself, have carried it by accident into the saloon?' demanded the uneasy servant.

"'I do not think so, but it is easy to see.'

"A new search was made but with no better result.

"'What I fear,' said the General, 'is that some one may have made a thoughtless movement and that the watch may be broken.'

"'We will not go out from here until it is found,' said one of the guests, with a solemnity in sufficiently bad taste.

"'This decision,' smilingly replied a young man, who had perhaps otherwise disposed of his evening, 'appears menacing to the General and a slight outrage upon the liberty of all. I propose a measure more expeditious, it is to allow ourselves to be searched.'

"This proposition was received with loud acclamations. 'Adopted! adopted!' cried they all laughingly, and the young man delivering himself the first, demanded that the valet, created Custom House officer, should make a severe inspection of his pockets. The General who at first opposed this, pleasantly finished with a laugh. Each new search furnished some subject for gaiety. The Captain took but little part in all these follies. He assisted with a constrained and solemn air, seeming to hold himself as much aloof as possible without occasioning remark. In proportion as the search advanced his inquietude appeared to increase; one would have

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said he thought to elude his turn, and perhaps he flattered himself that he would succeed in the midst of this uproarious confusion; but such was not to be the case. Quite the contrary, after his companions had all submitted to this unexpected examination, they turned themselves towards him with a redoubling of noisy mirth, and indicated him as the culpable one since he was the last. The Captain, pale and troubled, stammered some excuses which were lost in the uproar. They stimulated the severity of the servant for this last operation.

"'Baptiste, behold the decisive moment!' cried one.

"'Baptiste, no distraction—have thy eyes about thee,' said another, 'bring forward the proofs!'

"'Courage, Baptiste, the last are the best!'

"Baptiste advanced, but Gerbaut crossed his arms upon his breast, declared with a trembling voice, that unless by violence, no one should place his hand upon him. A profound silence succeeded suddenly to the deafening cries. The General spoke immediately.

"'The Captain is quite right,' said he; 'this child's play has already lasted too long. I demand an exemption for him and for myself.'

"Gerbaut unable to speak and scarcely supporting himself, thanked him by a look full of gratitude and left instantly to hide himself from the shame and embarrassment of his position. The General, after his departure, made no reflections and his guests were obliged to imitate his reserve, but each face seemed to interrogate the other and the general himself remained anxious and pre-occupied.

"Gerbaut walked a long time before returning to his own house, he had need to be alone and to calm a little by external motion the almost maddening agitation to which he was a prey. It was with great difficulty that he succeeded in reducing his ideas to sufficient order to form a resolution. He entered very late, and his wife, who expected him with impatience, could not restrain a cry of terror when she saw him enter pale and disordered.

"'*What has happened?*' demanded she.

"'Nothing,' said Gerbaut, letting himself drop into a chair, exhausted by fatigue and emotion, and laying upon the table a little packet said, '*you have cost me very dear.*' In vain Madame Gerbaut sought to calm him; endeavored to learn more.

"'To-morrow,' replied he, 'to-morrow... we shall see... I will go out very early... leave me and be tranquil, to-morrow I will tell you all.'

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"In the morning, the Captain retraced his steps to the mansion where he had dined the preceding day, and, although he walked resolutely, an inexpressible tumult agitated his wearied mind. How should he present himself? In what manner would he be received? Would he be received at all? Would it be better for him to write? To write what it would cost him so much to confess? However he could not rest under the weight which was crushing him. He repeated to himself in a hundred different ways, the terrible avowal that it was necessary for him to make. With what language could he address the General to prevent a word, a look, that he could never forget nor pardon? His reception by the valet disquieted him no less, and with him explanation was impossible. Gerbaut was almost beside himself when he arrived. It is not Baptiste whom he encounters. The servant to whom he addresses himself hastens to announce him. This one, without doubt, knows nothing, thought he. What agony! Is the General going to receive him? Yes. They usher him in. Gerbaut dares not raise his eyes. He assures himself by a glance that the door is shut. Then without hesitating, his voice deep and rapid as that of a man who sacrifices all.

"'I cannot disguise to myself, General,' said he, 'how strange my conduct must have appeared yesterday evening, nor to what suspicions it must have given rise. I cannot bear the idea, and whatever it may cost I come to avow to you the full extent of my unhappiness and the humiliation to which it has reduced me.'

"The General, who had made a gesture to interrupt him, allowed him to proceed.

"'But my misery is at its height. In that lies my whole excuse. I am a charge to those to whom I should be a support. A wife, a mother indefatigable, scarcely secures at the price of unremitted toil, our children's daily bread. I touch only with trembling this bread of grief.'

"'Captain,' interrupted the General, in great emotion. But Gerbaut heard not, saw not. The most painful part was yet to be said. Impelled by despair he continued without listening to anything:

"'I reproach myself for partaking of a better repast, taken far from those who add the climax to my cruel destiny. Seated at your table, where the heart-rending picture pursued me, I yielded to the irresistible desire to carry to my poor daughters some remains of your superfluous abundance, and I have almost always succeeded in subtracting for their profit some portion of what was offered me. Such was my position yes-

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terday, and I should have died from shame had it been necessary to render your guests and those in your service, witnesses of the abasement to which poverty has constrained me to descend. I should have been ridiculed, and that, in the eyes of the world, is worse than to be culpable, but to you, General, I could not rest in a state of suspicion.'

"Gerbaut's voice faltered, and he commenced to speak with less volubility. 'The General can now be heard.'

"'Thirty honorable years,' interrupted he, 'place you above all suspicion; were it otherwise, behold here what will reply to all!' and he displayed to the bewildered vision of Gerbaut the watch so anxiously sought. It is I who should demand pardon of you all,' continued the General; 'I, without doubt, placed it unconsciously in my fob, where I found it in the evening, in presence of the astonished Baptiste.'

"'If I had known,' murmured Gerbaut, petrified.

"'Regret nothing,' replied the General, 'I have only learned what you ought not to have hidden from me, yet nothing but the fear of a dishonoring suspicion could induce you to expose your painful wounds. It is, however, a friend who has listened to you; soon you shall hear more from me.'

"Gerbaut departed more calm, but still confused. Some days after, he received an invitation to dine with the General. The guests were the same as at the last re-union. The host failed not to recount, in excusing himself, the inconceivable abstraction that had occurred, and which he had discovered so late. The Captain, placed near him at table, found in the fold of his napkin his nomination to an honorable and modest employment which would thenceforth ensure the support of his family."

TO MILTON.

The world's cold malice—Mammon's bitter smile,
  And Sleep's undreaming brother, rigid Death,
  Wage ceaseless war upon the Poet's breath,
And, with their fiendish mockeries, revile
His sacred mission: brothers, heed them not,
  But with thy Father's holiest music fraught,
  Waste not one flash of thy immortal thought
On their contumely. They are Nature's blot!—
So, Poets! to your harps! for had Death sealed
  Great Milton's lips, e're he had tuned his tongue,
  And that Olympian lay of Eden sung,
How had upon his dying moments prest,
The unborn rapture, stifled in his breast,
And all that weight of glory unrevealed!

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TURKEY AND RUSSIA.

[The following article was sent to us in September last. We publish it, even at this late date, under the conviction that the able paper will be acceptable to our readers :)

SINCE the dismemberment of the Roman Empire, which was figuratively said to comprehend the world, though comprising less than one-half the area occupied by the territories of the United States, no nation has acquired such extensive conquests as that known among Christians by the appellation of Turks,* who, though not in possession of all the States subjected to the Roman Eagle, are masters of others, of whose very existence the Romans were ignorant. The first followers of Mahomet were Arabs, who assumed the name of Charquins, since corrupted to Saracens, which signifies Orientals, in order to distinguish them from the people of Africa, who were called Maghrabyrs, or inhabitants of the West.

Under this name the successors of Mahomet subdued Persia, Syria, Egypt, Africa and Spain, and but for the valor and conduct of Charles Martel, the Crescent might perhaps have ever waved over a great portion of Europe. It was with the Arabs, under the appellation of Saracens, and led by the celebrated Saladin, Lieutenant to the Caliph of Bagdad, that the wars of the crusades for the recovery of the Holy Sepulchre were waged.

These conquests and the vast accession of wealth and power which resulted from them, produced their inevitable consequences. The Caliphs gradually became effeminate and corrupt, and the nation followed their examples. At the time of Haroun al Raschid, so celebrated both in romance and history, the Caliphet had begun to decline from its primitive vigor and simplicity. Luxury, with its invariable attendants, effeminacy and corruption, gradually succeeded to the vigor and hardihood, and we may add, the fanaticism of the earlier Saracens; and poetry, music, and the pursuits of literature, not deeds of arms, became the paths to the favor and rewards of the sovereigns.

In this state of things, a nation of barbarians and idolators issued forth from no one knows where, forced the Caspian Gates, overran and laid waste Armenia and Iberia, penetrated into Thrace, and menaced the existence of the Greek Em-

* The Turks reject this name, and call themselves Osmanlis, or Osmanlees, from Othman, or Osman, the founder of their Empire.

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pire. They finally established themselves in Turkistan, and became followers of Mahomet; and such was their reputation for courage, hardihood and enterprise, that they became the main instruments of the Caliph, either in defending himself at home or acquiring new conquests.

Here the leaders of these formidable barbarians soon perceived the effeminacy and corruption of the Caliphet, which preceded the approaching downfall of the dynasty of the Abassides. In the meantime, aided by these hardy auxiliaries, the Saracens continued to extend their conquests to the very gates of Constantinople, and the Empire of the East trembled before the Crescent, as that of the West had fallen under the weight of another race of barbarians. At no distant period, the Turks established a separate independent power, and from the auxiliaries became the masters of the Saracens. In the year 1300, of the Christian Era, Othman assumed the title of Emperor, and established his seat at Bursa, a city of the ancient Province of Bithynia, in Asia Minor; and finally, in the year 1453, Mahomet the Second captured Constantinople, thus extinguishing the last remnant of the Roman power, which had once ruled the world.

The successors of Othman pursued an almost uninterrupted career of conquest, and by their acquisitions in Europe, Asia and Africa, perpetually kept alive the apprehensions of the former which were in some measure allayed by the decisive naval victory of Don John, of Austria, over the Turks at Leparto. Still, the feeling of political and religious antipathy was kept alive by a succession of wars between the Musselmans and Christians; and the hatred engendered by those of the crusades never subsided for a moment, until within a few years past, when it pleased the Christian powers of Western Europe to take under their protection an Empire they had for ages been laboring to weaken or overthrow.

"In the year 1094," says quaint old Fuller,* "it happened there came a Pilgrim from Jerusalem, called Peter, the Hermit, born at Amiens, in France, one of a contemptible person. His silly looks carried with them a despair of any worth; and yet (as commonly the richest mines lie under the basest and barrenest surface) he had a quick apprehension, eloquent tongue, and what got him the greatest repute, was accounted very religious. With him, Simon, the Patriarch

* Historie of the Holy Ware: by Thomas Fuller, B. D, Prebendary o Sarum, late of Sydney Coll ge, Cambridge, 1640.

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of Jerusalem, often treated concerning the present miseries of the Christians under the Turks—what hope of amendment, and how the matter might be secretly contrived, that the Princes of Europe might assist and relieve them. Peter, moved with the Patriarch's persuasions, the equity and reasonableness of the cause, and chiefly with a vision (as they say) from Heaven, (wherein our Savior himself appointed him his Legate to negotiate the Christian cause,) took the whole business up in time and travelled to Rome to concert with Pope Urban, the Second, the advancing of so pious a design."

After premising that Peter was suspected of "being little better than a counterfeit and cloke-father for a plot of the Pope's begetting, because the Pope alone was the gainer by this great adventure," he proceeds: "As to the apparition of the Saviour, one may not wonder that the world should see most visions when it was most blind, and that the most barren in learning should be most fruitful in revelations. And surely, had Peter been truly inspired by God, and moved by His spirit to begin this war, he would not have apostatized from his purpose. So mortified a man would not have feared death in so good a cause, as he did afterwards and basely run away at Antioch. For when the siege grew hot, his devotion grew cold; he found a difference betwixt a voluntary fast in his cell, and a necessary and indispensible famine in the camp; so that being well hunger-pincht, this cunning companion who was the trumpet to sound a march to others, secretly sounded a retreat to himself and ran away from the rest of the Christians, and was shamefully brought back again as a fugitive."

Such was the origin, and such the instrument of a series of sanguinary wars, which at different times precipitated upwards of a million of men into Asia, few of whom ever returned, and which, as the author eloquently expresses it, "converted Jerusalem into a Golgotha, a place of skulls, and Palestine into an Aceldema, or field of blood."

Thus, in the year 1094, and for a long series of successive years, almost all Europe united in a crusade, the object of which was to substitute the Cross for the Crescent, and either to subdue or resist the progress of the Empire of the Saracens and Osmanlees. During all this period, and for ages afterwards, the Christian world viewed the followers of Mahomet as its bitterest enemies, and these last never forgot or forgave the losses and sufferings inflicted on them by these holy wars. The early romance and poetry of Europe teems with the atrocities of "Paynim Knights," and Eastern Magi-

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cians; and the exploits of the renowned Seven champions of Christendom, are almost exclusively confined to triumphs over the diabolical disciples of "Mahoun." Children from their cradles shuddered at the apparition of a Turban, and the aged anathematized the Crescent with their dying breath. In short, for a period of almost eight hundred years, the Cross and the Crescent had been arrayed against each other in deadly hostility. Their disciples were scarcely on "speaking terms," and no diplomatic relations subsisting between them, they may be said to have been in a perpetual state of war. The followers of Mahomet called the Christians dogs and made slaves of them, and the Christians repaid them with interest.

Our more mature readers will doubtless recollect the strong feeling of sympathy called forth in behalf of the Greek Christians during the insurrection which resulted in the independence of Greece. The whole civilized world rang with denunciations of the extortions, persecutions and oppressions of the Osmanlees. Both in Europe and the United States, the popular feelings were excited to a degree almost equal to those awakened by the first French Revolution, and even governments partook in the universal enthusiasm in behalf of a people struggling for liberty, or at least independence, with a barbarous despotism. The United States committed more than one breach of neutrality; the English, French, and Russians, did the same; and it was then the two former achieved that masterly stroke of policy exhibited at the battle of Navarino, where they co-operated with Russia in the total destruction of the Turkish fleet, by which they secured to her the command of the Black Sea for all time to come, and thus forced the way for the speedy and certain downfall of that Empire they are now attempting to sustain.

But times change, men change, and with them the policy of nations. In the middle of the nineteenth century, and amid the blaze of light shed on this unequalled age of progress, we find a considerable portion of Europe, and that boasting to be the most Christian as well as orthodox and enlightened, taking the old inveterate persecutor of the Cross under its special protection, and apparently ready to commence a second crusade, not to pull down but to sustain the Ottoman Empire. This seems a strange sight; but though strange it is, as we shall shortly proceed to show, not altogether unaccountable. We might hail it as significant of a more humane and enlightened toleration, which may peradventure lead to a gradual amelioration of that stern and bitter spirit of bigotry which has deluged the earth with the blood of almost countless

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millions. But we fear it has little to do with religion in any aspect, and less with human liberty. It is altogether political; and though England, one of the principal pillars in bolstering up this rotten, ruined edifice of tyranny and persecution, will no doubt put on the old device of Philanthropy, there is not the least reason for doubting that this great "Eastern question" is one of sheer policy. Like Peter the Hermit, it is merely a "cloke-father" to those vast projects of avarice and ambition on the part of England, through which, as a British writer says, "The British Empire is ultimately to extend over one-half the globe."

Although, as we conceive, the United States have little interest in the future destinies of the Ottoman Empire or the future ascendency of Russia in Asia, yet as its position is at this moment so important to the policy of Europe, and is now exciting such deep attention on both sides of the Atlantic, the remarks we are about to offer may not be considered altogether out of place or uninteresting. The fall of great States and Empires always presents a lesson showing the instability of human grandeur and power, calculated to check those presumptious anticipations of universal empire and eternal duration which so often lead to the most disastrous consequences to nations. The subject is curious, if not interesting, in another point of view, as pretty clearly indicating the substitution of the King-craft of the nineteenth century for the Priestcraft of what is called the dark ages.

In order to enlist the sympathies of the civilized world in behalf of this people and expiring despotism which from first to last has been the scourge of Asia and Europe, we have been assured that the Ottoman Empire is in a rapid process of regeneration; that all Christian sects are now tolerated; all strangers equally protected; and that a great general system of reform is in successful operation which must necessaly in the end, approximate this old Oriental despotism to the institutions and governments of Christian nations. As an illustration of this, we commend our readers to a late work entitled "Turkey and its Destiny," by Mr. Charles McFarlane, who travelled through European and Asiatic Turkey some twenty years ago, and again very recently, and is therefore well qualified to judge of the effects produced by the new system established by Sultan Mahmoud—certainly one of the most remarkable men of his age—and continued under Abdul Medjid, his feeble successor. This gentleman did not confine his researches to Constantinople and the great cities. He visited and resided in the interior of European Turkey and Asia Minor;

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he spent much time in the villages, associated with their inhabitants, heard their complaints of the injustice and oppression they endured, of which he himself was frequently an eyewitness, and of which he exhibits a picture equally calculated to excite indignation and disgust. As the result of his experience and observation, he gives it as his deliberate opinion that no such thing as practical toleration of the Christian religion exists in the Ottoman Empire; that unless under the protection of some great Christian power, there is no safety for the rights of person and property to strangers; no impartial administration of justice in the courts where the evidence of Christians cannot be received in opposition to that of a true believer, without the violation of a precept of the Koran; and finally, that at the period of his last visit, the condition of the subjects of the Ottoman Empire, both Christians and Osmanlees, was in every respect worse than at his previous one. Everywhere he found the taxes had been increased, and the mode of collecting them more arbitrary, unprincipled and oppressive; the villages were gradually depopulating, especially those inhabited by Mussulmans; the houses going to ruin; the rich and fertile soil uncultivated, and almost all without exception suffering the extremity of destitution. The universal language of the villagers was, that there was no use in laboring to better their condition, since it only led to new oppression and new exactions; and we know that when a people adopt this conclusion, there is an end of all exertion as well as all hope. Ruined villages and uncultivated fields in a country blessed by nature with every constituent of fertility, present unerring testimony of the ravages of war, or of the neglect, incapacity, or oppression of the government. Nothing but these can neutralize the bounties of nature and the blessings of Heaven.

The testimony of Mr. McFarlane is corroborated by that of Bishop Southgate,* who spent twelve years travelling through Turkey; of M. Blanqui who was deputed by M. Guizot expressly to examine and report on the condition of the people of the European Province of Bulgaria; by Monsieur Cyprian Robert, who travelled over the same ground; by Mr. Layard, in his late work on the antiquities of Assyria, Mesopotamia and Kurdistan, and of every other traveller that has come under our observation, with the single exception of Mr. Urquhart who differs from them all. To give extracts from all these

* See his Travels in Turkey.

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writers would occupy more space than we can spare, and we therefore present only their general conclusions, referring our readers to the works themselves.

Assuming the relations of these travellers to be well founded, we are naturally led to inquire why four of the great Christian powers of Europe at one time, and two at the present moment, seem prepared to institute a new crusade, not against, but in support of the long obnoxious Crescent. It is a curious, if not an interesting subject of enquiry, as to what motives may impel these two great Christian powers in protecting and supporting an Empire so saturated, so wringing wet with abuses and corruption of every kind, and a religion which from first to last has been the bitterest enemy, the most unrelenting persecutor of the Christian Church. We do not wish to administer to sectarian feelings, or in any way contribute to bringing about a crusade of the equally fanatical Russians against the fanatical Turks. We want no more "Holy Wars" or Peter the Hermits. Still, we have no doubt that should the protectors of the Mussulmans and the protector of the Greek Christians in the Danubian Principalities actually come to hostilities, it will go hard if they don't manage to enlist the sympathies of the church in their behalf. They are now calling on the Crosier, and beating the "Drum Ecclesiastic," in order to aid the bayonet, and bigoted Priests have become as essential as soldiers to the safety of thrones.

To explain this modern phenomenon in the history of European policy, it may be proper to look back a few centuries. About the year 1500, the King of Portugal having through the agency of Vasco de Gama, discovered a new route to the East by way of the Cape of Good Hope, despatched the famous Alphonzo Alboquerque to make an establishment in the Indies. He succeeded in laying the foundation of Portuguese dominion over a considerable territory, and for a brief period Portugal, then the first maritime power in Europe, was the only Christian State which held possessions in that quarter. But in the mean time Holland had succeeded Portugal in the dominion of the seas, and put in her claim to the spoils of Asia, which, like the newly discovered Continent of America, was considered *feræ naturæ*, and consequently fair game for the ambition and avarice of enlightened Europe. The Asiatics, with the exception of the Chinese, we all know are lazy dogs, who, like the ignorant philosophers of antiquity, value ease, repose and contemplation, beyond money or pelf, and had rather sit cross-legged and smoke their long pipes than fulfil the great command to earn their bread by the sweat of

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the brow. Their maxims for the conduct of life are entirely different from those of the Christians, especially of the Anglo-Saxon race, who spend their whole lives in laboring for acquisitions which they seldom live to enjoy; and they differ from them in so many respects, that it is the general opinion the people of Europe have an inalienable right to those possessions of which they make such a bad use. It is therefore the bounden duty of all good Christians to civilize and convert these barbarians, if necessary by fire and sword, after the manner of Mahomet and his successors.

The two Christian powers, Portugal and Holland, who, by the way, would neither of them allow the other to be Christians, maintained a bloody rivalry in the East, which ended in the Dutch establishing themselves in some of the great islands of the Indian Archipelago, while the Portuguese retained possession of their acquisitions on the continent. In process of time, however, England and France, having succeeded to the trident of Neptune, and being ambitious to share in the spoils of the East, carried their ancient rivalry into that quarter, and a struggle commenced, which, owing in a great measure to dissensions among the French commanders, resulted finally in the triumph of England, who has ever since maintained a decided preponderancy in the East. By fomenting and taking advantage of the dissensions of the native Princes; by diplomacy, bullying and force; by unparalleled aggressions with or without any pretence whatever; and by taking advantage of her maritime ascendency, she has acquired territories comprising upwards of 1,200,000 square miles, containing a population of some 130,000,000, and is still extending her conquests beyond the Indies toward Persia, doubtless with a view of taking it under her protection, and christianizing and civilizing that barbarous country after the manner of Hindostan, which is now happy in the enjoyment of the dead calm of a military despotism. In other quarters she is playing the same game, having lately taken possession of the great Island of Borneo, and subjugated a considerable portion of the Birman Empire, besides quietly helping herself to Aden, which commands the entrance to the Red Sea and looks into the Gulf of Persia. This is almost equal to the voracity of the great American vulture which is so obnoxious to the moderate appetite of our venerable Anglo-Saxon ancestor.

Until within a brief period, England has been without a rival in the rich pastures of Asia, where she has foraged almost at will, with the exception of an incidental skirmish with some refractory Nabob, , who had more than usual seri-

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ous objections to being christianized or civilized. But of late a most formidable rival has suddenly appeared. A great colossal power has been growing up in both Europe and Asia, which is becoming the terror of one, and threatens to be the scourge of the other. Russia, once tributary to the Tartars, and whose sovereign, no less a man than Peter the Great, was for a long time refused the title of Emperor by the monarchs of Western Europe, has now become so formidable as to menace their safety. Most especially is she an object of peculiar jealousy to England, not only as a future great maritime power, but as a candidate for the spoils of Asia. She, too, has been making rapid advances in that quarter toward Constantinople, the heart of the Ottoman Empire. She has subjugated her former masters, the Tartars; conquered Eastern Siberia; and is thus brought face to face with China, which like the Ottoman Empire, seems equally on the eve of dismemberment. She has extended her conquests in Georgia and Armenia, in the East, and acquired additional territories on the Baltic, the Pruth, and the Dniester; obtained possession of a large portion of Poland, and thus while menacing the West—to use the words of a British traveller—"hangs like a great avalanche over Asia."

More than sixty millions of people inhabiting the greatest consolidated Empire in the world, governed by an absolute power, and in that social state which is most favorable to the propagation of a hardy and martial race, are now wielded by one single arm and directed by one single mind. These people are as much fanatics as were the followers of Mahomet, and as ready to fight for the Cross as the Osmanlees for the Crescent. They have been taught to believe that the Catholics and Protestants of Europe are no more Christians than the Mussulmans; in their estimation they are equally unbelievers, and the Greek Church is with them the only standard of orthodoxy. Their wars, against either Musselmans or Christians, are Holy Wars, and every man that perishes in them is a martyr. What a tremendous weapon in the hands of an ambitious Prince! Well may the Western powers of Europe tremble for that balance of power, the scales of which have so often been filled with blood, and well may England quake for the safety of her usurpations in the East.

One of the great barriers to the progress of Russia is Turkey, which stands sentinel, as it were, on the frontiers of Europe and Asia, and which holds the key of the Bosphorus and

* See Eman's Travels in Russia and Siberia.

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Dardanelles, the only outlet to the Black Sea, of which Russia may now be said to have had the entire command. The other outlet is the Baltic, of which Denmark has the key. Thus Russia may at any time be corked up like a bottle, and excluded from all foreign commerce except that of the Arctic Sea, and the Sea of Ochotsk. While this state of things continues, Russia can never become a great naval and commercial power, and one prime object of the intervention of those of Western Europe, most especially England, is to shut up the great leviathan in the mill-pond of the Black Sea. This, in our opinion, is becoming every day more difficult, and will soon be impossible.

Such, in brief, according to our views, are the reasons which have operated on the powers of Western Europe in their efforts to sustain the tottering fabric of the Mussulman Empire, and such, we presume, are the objects of Russia in occupying the Danubian Principalities, which, by the way, she has a right to do by treaty in joint co-operation with Turkey. It is another step towards Constantinople. That the Tzar will maintain his present position in that quarter, we have not the least doubt; and we are equally convinced that should he do so, the London Times, and other of our transatlantic oracles, will, by hook or by crook, persuade the good people of the United States that Big John Bull has succeeded in preventing him, and thus obtained a great triumph of universal philanthropy. We shall still continue to believe he is able to bully the Tzar, as he has so often bullied Brother Jonathan, and that he is the great arbiter of Europe as well as America.

Whether, should the Emperor of Russia persist in his interpretation of the first Note of the Conference at Olmutz—which seems to have been a master-piece of diplomatic perspicuity—and the result should be a war with Turkey, England and France will make common cause with the Crescent, seems not yet decided—at least not demonstrated. Our own impressions are, that they will not do so. The political and financial condition of France, and the financial condition of England, would render a war with Russia somewhat hazardous in other respects than a mere contest of arms. The system of borrowing has been pushed too far, and the old coat worn so long that it is rather out at the elbows, and the great king makers, and the king sustainers, the Rothschilds, the Barings, the Hopes, and the Hottinguers, are beginning to be shy of those illustrious creditors, who may be said to exhibit examples of the sublime in raising the wind. The risk is becoming too reat for prudent men, or at least will not probably be incur-

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red without better security than has hitherto been required, and a premium corresponding with the risk of the bankruptcy of the borrowers. At this moment no potentate in Europe can portion his daughter, much less engage in war, without a resort to the money lenders. With regard to Russia, there is no government in Europe can carry on a war so cheaply. A Russian does not cost one-half as much as an English, French or German soldier in his support, and he has a knack in maintaining himself at the expense of the enemy. The debt of Russia is small in comparison with her wealth and resources; her credit is not yet exhausted; and though her paper money is depreciated to somewhat less than one-half the value of specie, the Russians are such barbarians that they don't mind such a trifle. They seem to get along just as well with bad money as good, and a national bankruptcy would make little impression, unless it affected the interests of the Church. They will fight just as well as ever.

Should, however, England and France, now the protectors of the Ottoman Empire, Austria and Prussia having apparently become neutral, resort to actual hostilities with Russia, what can they do against that vast Empire, shut up, as it were, in its shell, and almost everywhere inaccessible by sea? They may cut up her foreign commerce, but Russia is not, like England and France, dependent on a foreign commerce. A great portion of her trade is inland, and consists in an exchange of her own commodities. From the Ural mountains, where the greater part of her gold, iron, copper, and other precious products is produced, to the great Fair of Nischnei, Novogrod, to Tobolsk, Moscow and St. Petersburgh, a distance of nearly 3500 miles, these commodities are transported by rivers and canals, with which no foreign power can interfere without penetrating the heart of the Empire, and by far the greater portion consumed at home. It is the same with the furs of Siberia. Her trade with China is concentrated at the frontier town or station of Kiakta, out of the reach of a maritime enemy, and her commercial intercourse with Persia, Bochara, and Independent Tartary, is equally inaccessible.

Admitting the English and French fleets should enter the Black Sea, they will find no harbors there but what are in possession of Russia, and with a single exception, from the shallowness of the water, inaccessible to vessels of war. Such is the case with Odessa, Asoph, Taganrog, and other trading ports, which cannot be approached to within a distance of from ten to twenty miles by vessels requiring any considerable depth of water. The great naval establishment of Russia

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on this sea, is Sebastopol, one of the safest and most impregnable harbors in the world. If properly fortified, as we have no doubt it is, it is out of the reach of an enemy both by sea and land. It is surrounded on all sides by high volcanic mountains and precipitous cliffs, inaccessible to man, and consequently to cannon. Its entrance is so narrow as to be completely commanded by the forts erected on either side, where the extremities of the mountains approach each other, and which, we are informed, are so placed as to fire into the decks, while sufficiently elevated to be beyond the reach of the ship attempting to pass.

The commerce of the Black Sea is principally in the hands of the English, Germans, Italians, Maltese, and Greeks of the Archipelago and Ionian Isles. Since the establishment of lines of Steamers by the English and Germans, much of this trade has been monopolized by them. A hostile fleet could therefore make little impression on Russia in the Black Sea worth the risk of shipwreck and the trouble and expense of the attempt. It should also be borne in mind that the policy of Russia is not like that of England and France almost exclusively commercial, and that her external trade has a greatly subordinate influence in the conduct of her foreign relations. Her commerce and her resources are in a great measure internal, and consequently she will not sacrifice what has been a leading object of her policy for many years past, involving the most important interests of the Empire, to her foreign trade. This policy has been steadily pursued since the time of Peter the Great, and there seems no reason to believe it will be abandoned either from apprehension of Turkey or her allies. It has a long perspective before it, at the end of which is commercial and maritime ascendency in Europe. If however, notwithstanding the recent and memorable example of Napoleon, an attempt were made to invade Russia by land, we may again ask, what could England and France do? They might create a diversion in favor of Turkey, but could make no permanent impression on the Empire. To do even this, they must pass through neutral territories, or transport their armies by Sea to some point where Russia is accessible. To make any effectual impression on that power will require great armies, attended by large fleets to afford them a refuge in case of being beaten as they probably would be in the end. In short, neither England or France is in a condition to enter into a contest with Russia for reasons previously stated, and for an additional reason. Both these great powers have been exhausted by a long succession of efforts beyond their strength,

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and it takes a long time for old nations to regain, if they ever regain, their lost vigor. They are afraid of Russia, and afraid of each other. England will never forgive either the Uncle or Nephew for frightening her "out of her propriety" with the spectre of an invasion; and the present Emperor of France, who—let what else be said of him, is excellent at keeping his own secrets—having about equal reason to cherish any partiality for Russia, will probably be governed by his interests, rather than his feelings, in dealing with either.

We are, therefore, of opinion that the Tzar will maintain his position in the Danubian Principalities, and that if the conditional declaration of war by the Porte should result in hostilities, the Protectors of the Ottoman Empire will not resort to the *ultima ratio regum*. For the present, we believe the battle will be between Russia and Turkey, if at all; and in that case, we think the event will not be doubtful. It will necessarily be a bloody war, for there is an old spirit of rivalry subsisting between the two Empires, aggravated by a spirit of fanaticism equally animating both. The Emperor of Russia has placed this occupation of the Danubian Principalities on the ground of protection to the Christians inhabiting them, who, almost all, belong to the Greek church, as do the Russians. Both parties will enter the field in the full persuasion they are fighting for their religion, and sad experience has taught the world that such wars are ever the most merciless and unsparing. We do not believe this Eastern Question has any intimate connection with the interests or safety of the Greek Christians in the Turkish Empire, except as furnishing an orthodox pretext for the prosecution of great political purposes. It is a master stroke of policy to enlist religion as an auxiliary in war, since men never fight with such zeal and desperation as when they believe themselves its champions. The monarchs of Europe have been well aware of this ever since the first French revolution, and have one and all become excessively pious. Like the old Holy Alliance, they partition nations and devastate countries "in the name of the most Holy Trinity." They depend equally on the support of the Crosier and the Bayonet; and though Bishops neither fight, nor rob on the highway, as in the glorious age of chivalry and orthodoxy, the Pulpit has become one of the strongest entrenchments of legitimacy. To make war in behalf of the Church, is, therefore, almost as orthodox as in the time of the crusades, and a really pious king may now outrage all the precepts of the Decalogue without forfeiting his claims to admission into the Calendar of Saints.

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But be this as it may, combinations of various nations are seldom long lived, and it is as difficult to sustain a falling State as a falling mountain. This is most especially the case with great Empires, which are always formed by conquest. Their only cement is force, and when that is withdrawn, they invariably separate into their constituent parts, and never unite again. They all follow on the same track and arrive at the same goal. They exist by coercion, and for the most part, perish in anarchy. When the centripetal force is withdrawn, or becomes too feeble to maintain the system, the different discordant materials fly off in a tangent and assume their natural position. Such was the case with the Assyrian, Persian, Macedonian and Roman Empires in ancient, and those of Chalemagne and Napoleon in more modern times. The United States alone, though covering an extent of territory greater than either of these, are exempt from this element of dissolution. With the exception of a few Spaniards, there are none of these discordant materials incorporated with the Union; and in our view, though the possession of such vast uncultivated and unpeopled lands may at this moment be a source of weakness, it is destined, at no distant period, to become one great constituent of strength, by affording ample space for expansion, and preventing a superabundance of population—a great cause of the decay of nations. Thus, in the course of a generation or two, without effort, and in the natural progress of things, the United States will consist of one homogeneous people, extending from the shores of the Atlantic to those of the Pacific ocean. Such a thing never happened before, and probably never will again.

The Ottoman Empire has probably nearly reached its allotted period. But for the timely interposition of Russia, Ibraham Pasha would in all probability have succeeded in its overthrow. Instead of being regenerated by the efforts of Sultan Mahmoud and his successor, all travellers agree in representing it as in a state of rapid decline. The Koran itself is an insuperable obstacle to reform, and so long as the Osmanlees remain true believers, their system of government cannot be radically changed, because it is inseparably intertwined with their faith. But if this were not the case, it would seem that the very materials of reform are wanting; both those employed in carrying these reforms into effect, and those on whom they are to operate, are incapable of applying the remedy, or being benefitted by its application. The public officers, from the three-tailed Pasha who governs a province, to the lowest subaltern who collects the revenue, or directs a conscription,

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are, almost without exception, represented as equally oppressive and unprincipled. The author of "Turkey and its Destiny" gives numerous examples of their rapacity, injustice, and cruelty, which passed under his own eyes, but which we have not space to insert; and Mr. Layard, who is rather favorably inclined towards the new system of reform, speaking of the Nestorian Christians, says:

"The Turkish government so far from fulfilling the pledges given to the British Embassy, had sent officers to the mountains, who grievously ill-treated and oppressed the christian inhabitants. The taxes which the Porte had promised to remit for three years, in consideration of the losses sustained by the unfortunate Nestorians during the massacres, had not been, it is true, levied for that time, but had now been collected all together—whole districts being thus reduced to the greatest misery and want. Every mode of cruelty and torture had been used to compel the suffering Christians to yield up the little property they had concealed from the rapacity of the Turkish authorities. The pastures and arable lands around their villages had been taken away from them and given to their Kurdish tyrants. Taxes had been levied upon every object that could afford them food, and upon their mills, their looms, and their hives, even upon the bundles of dried grass for their cattle, brought with great labor from the mountains. There was no tribunal to which they could apply for redress. A deputation sent to the Pasha had been ill-treated, and some of its members were still in prison. There was no one in authority to plead for them. They had even suffered less under the sway of their old oppressors, as a priest touchingly remarked to me, "The Kurds took away our lives, but the Turks take away wherewith we have to live."

Again; says Mr. Layard:

"We stopped at Gunduktha where four years before I had taken leave of the good priest Bodaka, who had been among the first victims of the Kurdish invaders. The Kasha who now ministered to the spiritual wants of the people, the Rais of the village, and the principal inhabitants, came to us as we stopped in the church yard. But they were no longer the gaily dressed and well armed men who had welcomed me on my first journey. Their garments were tattered and worn, and their faces haggard and wan. The church, too, was in ruins; around were the charred remains of the burnt cottages, and the neglected orchards overgrown with weeds. A body of Turkish troops had lately visited the village, and had destroyed the little that had been restored since the Kurdish in-

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vasion. The same taxes had been collected three times and even four times over. The relations of those who had run away to escape from these exactions, had been compelled to pay for the fugitives. The chief had been thrown, with his arms tied behind his back, on a heap of burning straw, and compelled to disclose where the little money they had saved had been buried. The Priest had been torn from the altar and beaten before his congregation. Men showed me the marks of torture on their bodies, and of iron fetters round their limbs. For the sake of wringing a few piastres from this poverty-stricken people, all these deeds of violence had been committed by officers sent by the Porte to protect the Christian subjects of the Sultan, whom they pretended to have released from the misrule of the Kurdish chiefs."

Speaking of the Yezidis, a roving tribe of the plains of Mesopotamia, recently subjected to Turkish sway, and with whom he sojourned some days, Mr. Layard says—

"The new regulations"—the system of conscription—"had been carried out with great severity, and had given rise to many acts of cruelty and oppression, on the part of the Turkish authorities. Besides the feeling common to all Eastern people against compulsory service in the army, the Yezidis had other reasons for opposing the orders of government. They could not become *nizam* or disciplined soldiers without openly violating the rites and observances of their faith. The bath to which the Turkish soldiers are compelled weekly to resort, is a pollution to them when taken in common with the Mussulmans. The blue color and certain portions of the Turkish uniform are absolutely prohibited by their law; and they cannot eat certain articles of food included in the rations distributed to their troops. The recruiting officers refused to listen to these objections, enforcing their orders with extreme and unnecessary severity. The Yezidis, always ready to suffer for their faith resisted, and many died under the tortures inflicted upon them. They were, moreover, still exposed to the oppression and exactions of the local governors. *Their children were still lawful objects of public sale*, and notwithstanding the introduction of the reformed system of government in the provinces, the parents were subject to persecution on account of their religion."

These details, among many more examples to be found in Mr. Layard's interesting work, sufficiently show the workings of this great reform, which has been trumpeted forth to all christendom, as a pretext for christian powers combining to preserve the existence of such a system of corruption, persecution, and

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violence. All Western Europe, and all America has been made to believe, through the influence of the British press, and the French papers published at Constantinople, that Turkey is fast becoming a model empire; and the people of the United States are called upon to sympathize with this rotten, corrupt, and tyrannical skeleton of an Empire, the despotic head of which possesses no other power than that of oppressing his slaves. Because it suits the policy of England to sustain this stupendous system of abuse and tyranny which has depopulated, and converted into a desert the fairest regions of the earth, the people of the United States are expected to join in the great hue and cry against the Emperor Nicholas, for encroaching on this mighty mass of corruption, intolerance, and fanaticism, and to laud the British Queen for her exemplary philanthropy in its defence. We trust they will do no such thing. Their proper position is to stand and look on quietly. They have no interests at stake, or if any, it is in our opinion much more to their advantage that the policy of Russia should triumph over that of England in the East. One is, in spite of the contrast of the two systems of government, our natural friend, and the other our natural rival and foe.

For the purpose of exposing the rank hypocrisy of the British and other European governments, in their efforts to crush the slave trade, and abolish slavery, we shall offer a single extract from "Turkey and its Destiny."

"The great Yassin Razary or slave market, was indeed closed by order of the Sultan in 1846, but slaves are publicly sold in other places. The poor Nubians have indeed been losers by the change. In the old market there was at least plenty of elbow room; but now they are huddled together in confined apartments, in miserable cellars. One of these subterranean dungeons—and now the most frequented of the slave marts—was close to the grand mosque of Suleimaniah. There six days in the week, the traffic in slaves might be seen in full activity—the Arab sellers exposing their goods, and the Turks chaffering with them for prices.

"Except when they were smuggled in, a duty on slaves continues to be levied at the Stamboul Custom House. The newspaper published in the Turkish language by the government, and entirely directed by persons salaried by the Porte, admitted advertisements for the sale of slaves. *Whites were advertised as well as blacks.* In the month of February, Mr. Long gave me this literal translation from the Turkish paper which had just appeared:

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"This is to give notice that at the Suleimaniah in the Thareaki market, there is to be sold, for 10,000 piastres, a Circassian nurse. Inquire at the office of Achmet Agha, dealer in slaves, and chief, &c. &c.

"Public announcements like this were very common. On my first arrival I had been confidently assured that the English flag in the Black Sea often waved over decks crowded with Circassian slaves, and that the commanders of the steamers of our Peninsula and Oriental Company, running to Trebizond, had repeatedly—and indeed commonly—brought down white slaves to be sold in the Capital. Upon careful enquiry I found this if not utterly false, was greatly exaggerated. At first these vessels brought down slaves; but Sir Stratford Canning called the resident agents before him, and warned them of the danger of such proceedings. The strictest orders were given to the Captains to embark no slaves whatever. Yet I would not be so bold as to assert that no slaves have been brought down at every trip they make. * * * The Austrian steamers carried, without any scruple, the passengers refused by the English; and whether they came from the Black Sea, or up the Archipelago, these boats rarely arrived at Constantinople without having slaves, white or black, on board. I have seen some of them enter the Golden Horn, from Egypt or Syria, with their decks crowded with black slaves, looking like regular slavers, that would assuredly have been captured and condemned if, instead of the Mediterranean, they had been found outside the Straits of Gibraltar." The author adds, that "to destroy slavery you must root up Turkish society, for of that system it is an integral part." Yet the christian powers of Europe, with England in the van, are sustaining with all their influence, this very system, while at the same time stigmatizing the United States, not for participating in the slave trade, for that has been abolished long ago, but for declining to manumit those blacks already enslaved.

Mr. McFarlane continues:

"Many black slaves are brought from Egypt, but I believe still more are imported from Tunis and Tripoli. The mortality which takes place among them on their journeys from the interior of Africa, is said to be enormous; and there used to be a heavy per centage of loss in the sea voyage to Constantinople, when they were crammed into small country vessels. Their sufferings have been materially decreased since the introduction of steam boats; but still many of these black slaves are brought in old crazy vessels as far as Smyrna, and

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sometimes up the Dardanelles. An Arab slave dealer told Mr. White* that the mortality from the period of their quitting Africa to their arrival at the Turkish capital, exceeded sixty per cent. It is said in the mart near Suleimaniah, that if for two slaves bought in the interior the dealer could sell one in Constantinople, he did very well."

The author concludes with a severe and just rebuke to those pretended, or at least one sided philanthropists whose sympathies depend altogether on the color of the skin.

"There are many considerations and circumstances—upon some of which I dare not dwell—which has always rendered this white slave trade far more horrible in my eyes than the trade in negroes. Must our anti-slavery societies have the warrant of ebony to excite their zeal, or kindle their indignation? Is their philanthropy dependent on color? Have they no sympathy for slaves that are white? They have stunned us with the woes of the African negro race, and they are mute upon the degredation of the superior race of the Caucasus. But there is so much routine in all philanthropy of the day, that their attention is seldom called to the subject of Circassian slavery, and the moral corruption to which it gives rise."

In contemplating the present condition of the subjects of the Ottoman Empire, as presented in the preceding extracts from the works of recent travellers of unquestioned veracity, and whose opportunities for forming correct conclusions were greater than those of most others, one cannot, we think, fail of being brought to the conclusion that the Ottoman Empire is nodding to its fall, and that the sooner it falls the better for the general happiness of its subjects. They can hardly be worse off than they are; and if they could, their condition is only becoming worse every day. The central power, though entirely despotic, is incapable of keeping the extremities in subjection, or maintaiaing its authority except by partial extermination of those who resist its oppressions. The Bulgarians whose province adjoins Roumalia, of which Constantinople is the capital, and who, according to different estimates of travellers number from 3,500,000 to 7,000,000, have been but lately in a state of insurrection, and are represented as panting for it again. The Albanians, the Bosniacks, the Croatians, and inhabitants of the provinces bordering on the Adriatic and Gulf of Venice, are in a ferment of discontent; the

* Author of "Three years in Constantinople."

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Greek and Armenian Christians, who outnumber the Osmanlees in Europe and Asia Minor, are still grinding in the mill of Turkish oppression; and without any effectual protection to their persons, their property, or their faith, stand ready to welcome the Russians as people of a kindred creed. The Druses of Mount Lebanon are at this moment in a partial state of rebellion, having only lately been reduced to subjection to the Crescent by the benevolent intervention of England; Syria is boiling over with discontent; the Bashaw of Egypt is only kept in restraint by the intervention of the European powers; the warlike Kurds, though lately nominally brought into subjection, incapable of being governed by force or conciliated by kindness, are foaming with the new bit placed in their mouths, and a Russian invasion would be the signal for the recovery of their independence. In short, look where we will in Europe, Asia, or Africa, we shall find nothing but a collection of incongruous materials, which have never been thoroughly amalgamated, and are now crumbling to pieces like the ancient tombs and edifices of Assyria and Mesopotamia.

The Tanzimat, or System of Reform, began by Sultan Mahmoud, and continued by his less energetic successor, has thus far only added to the weakness of the Ottoman Empire, and hastened its fall. It has uprooted everything and planted nothing in its place. The Janissaries, the ancient bulwark of Islamism, have been exterminated, and the Dore Beys, a sort of Feudal Barons holding, their lands by military tenure, and who composed that famous body of Cavalry to which Turkey owed so many of her victories—these too are annihilated, their lands taken away, and their tenures abolished. The only defence of the Ottoman Empire is an army partially disciplined after the European fashion, and recruited by a conscription so rigid and oppressive, that the Turkish matrons are often heard to declare "they will not bring forth male children to be dragged from their homes when scarcely arrived at manhood, and subjected to a system of discipline at war with the Koran." It appears to be well ascertained that many of them resort to the most unnatural modes of making good their word.* Certain it is that the Mussulman population is everywhere rapidly diminishing, and as Christians and Rayahs cannot be enrolled in the army without violating an express command of the Prophet, this decrease of the only class

* See "Turkey and its Destiny."

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from which soldiers can be drawn, is ominous of the waning vigor of the Empire. So sensible are the more reflecting portion of the Turks of this process of decay, that their common language is, "We are no longer Mussulmans. The Mussulman sword is broken. The Osmanlees will be driven out of Europe by the Ghiaours, and chased through Asia to the region from which they first sprang. It is "*Kasinet*" (Fate). "We cannot resist destiny." This is a fatal symptom. The conquests of the Mussulmans were in a great measure owing to their conviction that it was their destiny to conquer, and their fall will be greatly owing to the conviction that it is their destiny to fall. Without doubt they will fight bravely, for they believe they are fighting for their faith as well as their country—for here as well as hereafter—for Heaven as well as Earth. But we doubt their hour is not far off, and that no extrinsic force can much longer keep together such an incongruous medley of moral and religious antipathies. If such a thing were possible it would not be worth the blood and treasure that must be wasted in its attainment.

We are not the apologists of Russia, nor the eulogists of England. They are both, we believe, impelled by the same motives, and aim at the same object. Two wrongs cannot make a right, nor can one man find an excuse for his offences by pleading the example of another. It may be, however, conducive to a just decision between the two great powers which are candidates for the suffrages of the world on this occasion, to ask what has Russia done to the Tartars, and Turks, and Georgians and Circassians, that England has not done, and is not now doing in Hindostan, Affghanistan, Birmah, Borneo, and wherever her commercial interests prompt her to action?

The people of Hindostan are quite as civilized, and quite as much Christians as the Turks and Tartars; and those of France, at the commencement of the first Revolution, were certainly as well prepared for the enjoyment of freedom as the Hungarians. If Russia interfered to repress that freedom in Hungary, so did England to repress it in France, by joining the other powers of Europe in a crusade for its destruction—a policy which by preparing the way for the career of Napoleon, was without doubt one of the great causes which prevented France from being at this moment a Republic. If we look to motives of interest or ambition, Russia has certainly as strong temptations to make inroads on Turkey, as England has to make inroads on Hindostan, and the nations which lie in the way of her creeping, serpent-like progress towards Persia, which, but for the rivalry of Russia, would in all

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probability be the next sacrifice to her new deity—Philanthropy. Why then should the people of the United States persist in railing at Russia, and lauding England to the skies as the model State, the great defender of the rights of nations, the magnanimous Protector of Sultan Abd-ul-Mejid, and the puissant King of the Musquitoes. It is not worth their while to make any distinction between two Vultures that are pecking out each other eyes. Let them peck if they will till they become blind. The little birds will fare the better for it.

We do not think however, this great "Eastern Question," will involve Russia in actual hostilities with any of the powers of Western Europe. We believe that Turkey is on the eve of becoming a second improved and enlarged edition of the dismemberment of Poland. The old rickety despotism will, in all probability, be finally disposed of by a Congress of European Sovereigns—by far the cheapest process if it can be brought about by an amicable division of the spoils. Probably the Tzar in consideration of being permitted to take possession of Constantinople, together with a reasonable portion of Asia Minor, commanding the opposite shore of the Bosphorus, the Propontis, and the Dardanelles, and including the spacious harbour of Smyrna, would concede to England—whose moderation in these matters is quite exemplary—the land of Egypt, together with the Islands of Cyprus and Candia, the latter of which is extremely convenient for intercepting the trade to Smyrna, Constantinople, and the Black Sea. France—pious Catholic France—might take Syria and Palestine and thus become the protector of the Holy Sepulchre, which doubtless would be highly gratifying to the piety of the Emperor. Germany would probably accept of Albania, Bosnia, and Croatia—provinces bordering on the Adriatic; and Prussia, being only a sort of fifth wheel of the old European wagon, and already possessing a disjointed territory, might take up with Bulgaria, and establish a monopoly of Attar of Roses.

Thus the great Eastern Question would be disposed of to the satisfaction of all the dancers, except those who paid the piper. The new Holy alliance might then issue a second edition of the famous declaration which sanctified the division of the spoils of Europe at the Congress of Vienna—to wit:

"In the name of the most Holy and undivided Trinity: Agreeably to the words of the Holy Scriptures which commands all men to love one another as Brethren, to remain united in the indissoluble bonds of true brotherly love; always to assist one another; to govern their subjects as parents; to maintain religion, peace, and justice: They consider them-

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selves as one Christian family, commissioned by Providence, to govern one Christian family. They call on all Christian powers who acknowledge similar principles to join this Holy Alliance, &c., &c., &c."

It is thus these anointed hypocrites, by making religion an instrument of tyranny, have left to their subjects no other alternative than to become either infidels or slaves.

THE FAMILY OF YESTERDAY, AND THE FAMILY OF TO-DAY.

"Here we go, up, up, up,
And here we go, down, down, down O,
Here we go, backwards and forwards,
And here we go, round, round, round O."

THIS world has always been famous for what are familiarly called, the ups and downs in life, and of all portions of the earth, the United States exhibit the most numerous examples of the wayward freaks of the blind goddess. Nowhere else are there such facilities for acquiring or losing a fortune, and in no other country do we see so many sudden transitions from the summit of apparent prosperity, to the opposite extreme of depression and poverty. By far the larger proportion of all classes, from the richest to the poorest, may be said to be in a state of transition, some from poverty to competence, some from competence to wealth, and others from wealth to poverty. The changes of life, are, in the United States, more sudden and various than in any other country, and both as regards the acquisition of wealth, position or power, there is nothing permanent or stationary. The rich man, or the man who fancied himself rich one day, is the next a bankrupt, the recipients of public patronage are displaced without warning, and the bestower of offices is himself the sport of popular feeling which changes with every wind that blows. In short, nowhere does the wheel of fortune revolve so swiftly, and nowhere do men climb up so rapidly or descend with such preipitation. We require no agrarian laws here, to produce a division of poverty. It is going on all the time.

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One might suppose that those, who are in the habit of thus every day contemplating these sudden vicissitudes, and seeing these uncertainties thus perpetually exemplified, would become more and more indifferent to the acquisition of wealth, honor and power. Above all, one might suppose that the possession of one, or all these evanescent advantages, would create no distinctions between those who had attained, and those who had failed in attaining them, inasmuch as nothing is more probable, than that in the course of a few years, they will change situations.

But this does not seem to be the case. In no country in the world, not even in those where wealth, honors and power are hereditary and permanent, are they sought after with such avidity and purchased by such labors and sacrifices. The appetite for both, seems more intense and insatiable than among any other people, and the distinctions they create, are almost as wide and impassable for the brief period they exist, as in the most despotic monarchies, or under the old feudal system. The appetite for wealth seems to have increased with the uncertainty of possession, and the longing for office and power to have become only the more rampant, from the precarious tenure by which they are held. The temporary distinctions they confer in society, are clung to with as much tenacity by those who partake in them, as are those of rank and station by families abroad, which have enjoyed them for ages past, and may for aught we know, enjoy them for ages to come.

I am often amused with contemplating what is called the fashionable—that is, the rich—world, with which I occasionally mingle as a mere looker-on, and cannot help laughing in my sleeve, at the desperate attempts of its members to exclude all those who are a step or two lower on the ladder, or whose pretensions are more recent. The family of yesterday, looks down on that of to-day with as much dignified contempt, as the English descendant of a robber knight of William of Normandy, or of the ancient owner of a ruined castle on the Rhine, whence the lordly bandit was wont to sally forth on errands of plunder to support his state, contemplates a low born plebeian, and nothing can produce the slightest approach to any thing like equality except the vulgar intruder can prove himself a millionnaire. This levels all distinctions, and is quite equal to a patent of nobility. It would seem from these examples, that the less claim people have to these distinctions in the fashionable world, the more tenacious they are in excluding others, just as the cur growls over his bone in propor-

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tion to the little nutriment it contains, or the beggar is most vociferous in claiming his crumbs.

I am, or rather was, acquainted with a couple of families that had lived opposite to each other in the same street, for at least two generations, without ever having exchanged a good word or a good office. One of these had been running to seed for many years past, and though originally wealthy, in comparison with its opposite neighbor, was now comparatively poor, partly in consequence of a vast rise in the expenses of living while their resources remained the same, and partly because the young sprigs of the family, had always been gentlemen who scorned to demean themselves by any useful occupation. The opposite neighbor was a shoemaker, as was his father before him, and always made my dancing pumps. By honest industry and careful economy, the family had been gradually rising in the world, or in other words, they had acquired the means of making a greater show, both in doors and out. This, the family of Yesterday had taken in great dudgeon, and every new indication of "Progess" in the family of To-day, invariably produced reminiscences of past time, to the disparagement of their opposite neighbors.

This aristocratic family consisted of three maiden sisters—the last of their race—who, in virtue of the former pre-eminence of their ancestors in the beau monde, and most especially on the score of one of their great aunts having danced with the Earl of Bellamont, one of the British Governors of New-York previous to the Revolution, carried their heads so high, that being no beauties, they all missed a prize in the matrimonial lottery and remained spinsters to their dying day, though the eldest used to hint she had refused three British officers. But with many foibles they were in the main very worthy people—kind-hearted to the poor, exemplary in their sober piety, and as honest as the day in all their dealings. In short, in very many things they presented an example which those who viewed them as subjects of ridicule would have done well to follow. Their great foible was an odd sort of envy of their opposite neighbor, disguised under the veil of contempt. Every new indication in the progress of this upstart family put these venerable ladies in a fidget, and I could always tell when they had been outraged in this manner. I never failed to be regaled with a lecture on *parvenus*, (the old ladies did not call them so, as they neither talked good, bad, or indifferent French,) their impudent attempts to ape their betters, and their still more impudent efforts to thrust themselves into "good society."

This feeling towards the harmless family of To-day, had

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been growing up ever since they began to exhibit symtoms of "progress," and had now become the master passion of the "three graces," as they were irreverently called by their fashionable acquaintances, who occasionally honored them with a call, in consideration of the antiquity of the family, and we know that fashionable people are exceedingly good natured, never laughing at any body in their presence. I sometimes thought it was indispensable to their health, and am sure that without it they would not have known what to do with themselves, for they had been brought up in idleness, and the only time I remember to have seen either of them employed, was one day when I caught the youngest fast asleep over a piece of knitting of some kind or other. Their principal occupation was sitting at the front window, keeping an eye on their opposite neighbor, who suffered considerably whenever he exhibited a new suit of curtains, or any other article that took the shine off the good ladies' rusty old damask, that had weathered at least two generations, or the high-backed leather chairs, in which the lady who danced with the Earl of Bellamont had often reclined. The mansion of these good ladies (for good they are, notwithstanding this single foible,) was an old-fashioned house which, if suddenly placed in Union Square, or any other vicinity to which the fashionable birds are every day taking flight, would doubtless cause a fearful depopulation of those sacred precincts, appropriated as they are, to the happy few who rank among prosperous brokers, lucky speculators in cotton, Canton stock, and mail-steamers, and travelled exclusives.

The house, be it known, was ante-diluvian. It had but one window in the lower front, and that not large enough to accommodate the three ladies—who were somewhat square built, after the good old fashion—while occupied in their reconnaisances, and I was often amused at seeing the manœuvres of the different parties to obtain and keep possession, or dislodge the fortunate possessor. Such significant looks, such side hints; and such an ingenious system of tactics, was scarcely ever seen; and when all failed, the disappointed candidate always reminded me of an inveterate Quidnunc, impatiently waiting for his neighbor to lay down a newspaper.

Calling one day, as I frequently did—being distantly related to the old ladies—I found them in a state of great agitation, and, apprehensive of some serious domestic calamity, inquired the reason.

"There—there—only look there"—exclaimed the eldest sister, who was always courteously permitted to speak first—

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pointing to the residence of the family of To-Day. "There, cousin—what do you think of that—is'nt it too bad?"

Looking to that direction, I soon found what it was that occasioned this commotion among the venerable sisterhood. A splendid new carriage stood right before the shoemaker's door, with superb horses, pawing and champing the bit; a coachman in a gold laced cocked hat, and a livery of all the colors of the rainbow; a footman in red breeches, and yellow silk hose, covering a pair of legs as thick as mill posts; and a coat of arms, with at least a score of quarterings, selected with great care from the books of heraldry, and covering the whole panel. At this moment, the mistress of the family of To-Day came forth in all her glory, and as she stepped into her carriage, cast a look at her opposite neighbors, that as they unanimously declared, was enough to provoke a saint.

"Too bad—too bad"—cried the oldest sister, taking three pinches of snuff in succession, "not content with setting up a carriage, the vulgar upstart must have a livery and a coat of arms forsooth. And madam too, with her flaring and flaunting, I wonder she had the impudence to look this way. I can't stand this, girls," as she always called them, "girls I can't stand this; we must sell our house and buy another as far off as possible."

The girls cordially assented, and I was deputed to look out for a new house and a purchaser for the old. Fortunately however for the repose of my cousins, the family of To-day, soon after took flight towards the upper regions about Union Square and Thirteenth-street and relieved the family of Yesterday from their obnoxious presence. But this after all gave no permanent peace to the excellent spinisters. In a little while they began to yawn desperately for want of some excitement, and to complain to me that they slept a good part of the day, and lay awake the better part of the night. I advised them to undertake the business of bettering mankind, by joining some society—that of woman's rights for instance; and thus by taking an active interest in the welfare of their fellow creatures, relieve themselves from tne burden of unoccupied time. I pointed out the example of Mrs. Fry, at the mention of whose name they become quite indignant, protesting they were not going to keep such company as that lady so highly relished. I mentioned Lucretia Mott, Abby Foster, Lucy Stone, and Mrs. Uncle Tom's Cabin, but all would not do, as they unanimously declared, what in fact I could not deny was the truth, that it was much better for women to stay at home and do nothing than to go abroad and do mischief. I

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therefore give up in despair, and verily believe the four ladies would have in process of time, sunk into absolute inanity and died of atrophy, but for a most fortunate circumstance, which probably lengthened their existence some years.

The family had been in possession of a large square pew most eligibly situated for seeing and being seen, in what was considered the aristocratic church of the city, and where the fortunate proprietors were so tenacious of their rights, that I have often seen a stranger of respectable appearance walk up one aisle and down another without having a single pew opened for his reception. No tradesman had ever been able to make a lodgment in the sacred precincts of this holy temple; and nothing below a great wholesale merchant of forty years' standing was ever admitted, except in the galleries. One never to be forgotten Sunday, however, the family of Yesterday were horrified at seeing the shoemaker's wife seated in the pew immediately before them with her three grown up daughters, dressed in the extreme of the mode, as is the custom now-a-days, and as fine as fiddles. The sight threw them into such agitation, that not one of the sisters could remember the text or the sermon, a thing that had never happened before within the memory of man or woman.

I joined them, as was my custom, in coming out of church, and noticing they were in a great flurry, inquired what was the matter.

"Why—why—did'nt you see what took place in church this morning?" replied the eldest sister. To which I responded, that I had seen nothing remarkable, except the sexton chasing a little dog through the aisles to the great amusement of the congregation.

"It was not that—it was the shoemaker's wife," said the sister impatiently.

"The shoemaker's wife! why what has she to do in the matter."

"Why did'nt you see the impudent creature paraded directly in front of us dressed in all her fancy? I never saw any thing like it in all my life. I could'nt look at the parson without seeing her right before me turning over the leaves of her great gilt book—I'll be bound she can't read it; and I could'nt say my prayers for thinking how the impudent thing got there. What is worse than all the rest, the cushions are covered with velvet. But every body is coming to a dead level now-a-days, and there is no distinction between people even in church. However, I shall make inquiries, and if I find this impudent upstart shoemaker has really purchased

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that pew, I am resolved to sell ours, for I can't bring myself to keep company with such people. Dear me! what is this world coming to, when even the churches are getting vulgar."

Just then the shoemaker's wife rolled past in her splendid carriage, with the cocked-hat coachman, the thick-legged footman, and the armorial bearings of a royal, if not imperial house. The ladies of Yesterday were absolutely struck dumb at this apparition, and "word spake never more," till I parted with them at the door of their venerable mansion which was more than a century old. But however excruciating at the instant, this incident proved quite a god-send to the old ladies. It roused them from their apathy; for some months afterwards they thought, and talked of nothing else; and having ascertained that the shoemaker had really bought the pew, they sold out the seat of their ancestors, and purchased a pew in a newly erected church exclusively aristocratic, and as yet, uncontaminated by the slightest infusion of vulgarity.

But fortunately for mankind, though not so for my miserable cousins in the sixth degree, painful and pleasurable sensations are equally evanescent. Time equally "Cuts down all, both great and small," and time at length effaced the impression created by the irruption of the shoemaker into the consecrated region of aristocracy. The ladies again relapsed into the dead calm of monotony, and gradually resumed their wonted apathy, from which they were roused for the last time, by a fresh provocation from the insufferable shoemaker's wife.

One fine Spring afternoon, when all was bright and genial above, and all mud and dirt beneath, the eldest of the trio walked forth to visit an ancient friend and gossip, with whom he exchanged a tea-drinking regularly twice or thrice a year. At these times, they indulged in the luxury of recalling the days of their youth, and comparing them with the sad falling off in these degenerate times, thus solacing themselves with the pleasures of memory, now that the present was barren, and the future presented nothing, except beyond the grave. Happy are those who can thus look back over their shoulders without seeing the grim spectres of guilt and remorse.

I happened to drop in soon after her departure, as I had a long habit of doing, for I really liked the old spinters for their good qualities, though I sometimes laughed in my sleeve at their little foibles. We were chatting away in a sleepy, rambling fashion, which is rather agreeable to us old fogies, when the door was opened with considerable emphasis, and my good cousin entered as hastily as her aged limbs would

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permit, presenting a most deplorable spectacle. Her best silk gown, which had weathered the storms of ages, was sprinkled with mud, before, behind, and all sides, and in addition to this, there were several spots on her venerable cheeks. We all, with one voice, inquired the cause of this catastrophe, and the old lady, as soon as she could recover breath, and command her voice, answered as follows:

"You must know that as I was crossing Broadway, and looking out for the omnibusses, a carriage passed at full trot, and bespattered me as you see from head to foot—and who do you think that carriage belonged to, and who do you think sat in it in all the state of a Dutchess? The shoemaker's wife," screamed she—"the wife of the very man whose father made the first pair of pumps I wore at a great ball, where I danced with Sir Henry Clinton, and stood directly opposite to Major Andre. Dear me! dear me! the world is certainly coming to an end, and it is high time I was out of it, for if I live much longer, I shall certainly see the shoemaker's wife sitting right before me in our new church."

From that time, the sisters never crossed a street for fear of being sprinkled with mud by the shoemaker's wife. They lingered a few years longer on the earth in a sort of vegetable state, and finally one after the other, in quick succession, died as quietly as lambs, so that of them it may be truly said, that though not altogether lovely and pleasant in their lives, in their deaths they were not divided. They rest in the same narrow house, but it is not the narrow house of their fathers, for, as if the persecutions of the shoemaker's wife were to last even beyond this life, her husband had built a vault close by its side, and my cousins, disdaining such vulgar company even after death, were, at their special request, conveyed to a cemetery, exclusively occupied for two or three generations, by members of the ancient and renowned family of Yesterday, and which was now so densely populated that there was no room for vulgar interlopers. Peace to their ashes! What a pity it is that they left no descendants, and that the name has become extinct!

In the mean time, their evil genius, the shoemaker, had been gradually climbing up the ladder of promotion, and got so high, that like the honest hodman, he began, as the Mussulmans say, to throw dirt on the beards of his fellows who were fagging up a few spokes below him. He had taken his flight to the highest of the upper regions, where all the butterflies resort after emerging from the grubworm state. He had become—or at least he passed for—a millionaire, and

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really was so at one time, for at least four and twenty hours, at the expiration of which he unluckily got "cornered" in Wall-street, by a combination of his particular friends. He had reached what is called by those who write for the better sort of readers, "the culminating point" of his fortune, and from this period began rapidly to descend. He had for years gone "up, up, up," and now he began to "go down, down, down, O," until finally, from the top of the wheel of fortune, he fell to the bottom in one twentieth part of the time it took him to reach the summit. He has returned like an honest man, as he really is, to his old trade again, and a most excellent shoemaker he is. I recommend him to all my readers. My lady takes it rather hard, and sometimes talks a little ill-natured about "Your upstart families of To-day, who have the impudence to look down on those of Yesterday, who have seen better days." But *sic transit*, &c.; times change, and that so rapidly in this transitory new world, that I sometimes catch myself laughing at both the families of Yesterday and those of To-Day. They change places so rapidly, or so often, that it is scarcely worth while to make a distinction between them. In the twinkling of an eye, the grub-worm becomes a butterfly, and in the twinkling of an eye a grub-worm again. Why should the gilded vagrant pride itself on a momentary superiority over the creeping thing from which it changed, and to which it must shortly return?

LITERARY NOTICE.

LYRICS, by the letter H. J. C. DERBY: New-York.

THIS little volume is one of worth. The author has managed to preserve his incognito with complete success, and without any index, whence he has come, who he is, whether young or old, fair or ordinary, good or bad, he has, in a few days, run away with half the heads and hearts in Yankeedom.

The fellow, Heaven defend us, if *he* should turn out to be a fair creature, in witching slipper and plumpest chemisette, has infinite wit and a rolicking humor, and words and rhyme deep and crystal and dashing as the St. Lawrence approaching his grand leap. He can moralize too like a Quaker, and sometimes like a Cynic, when he is bitter as the edge of jealous bile. He can make you laugh, and think, and pray, if in the mood. We wot his heart is mellow and milky with human affections.

But for all the good there is in him he exacts a more than adequate price. Two or three lyrics there are in which the Devil must have had a hand. They are wickedly suggestive and flow so smoothly on that you have swal-

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lowed the mortal poison before you detect its presence. We are tempted to cite one of these lyrics *in extenso* in order to put readers on their guard against it. Here it is—

THE CHEMISETTE.

O Chemisette! the fairest yet
  That e'er hid bosom purer, whiter!
Thou dost not know what envious woe
  Thy veiling snow hath given the writer.
So trimly frilled—so plumply filled!
  And then the eyes that shine above it!
I burn—I long—nor is it wrong,
  (At least in song,) dear girl to love it.

Sweet Chemisette! the coral set
  To chain thy folds in gentle duty,
Flings round a glow upon the snow
  To heighten so thy blushing beauty:
And ne'er before, on sea or shore,
  Did coral feel a softer billow—
Nor could the gold around it rolled,
  Though ten times told, deserve the pillow!

O Chemisette! below thee met
  A rosy ribbon binds her bodice:
And in her mien is clearly seen
  One half the queen, and one the goddess.
Her voice is low—how sweet its flow!
  Her upper lip disdains the under:
Her curls are like dark waves that strike
  A marble cliff—then rush asunder.

As clouds of spring on feathery wing
  Obscure the blushing heaven a minute,
So, Chemisette! thy silvery net
  Now veils the heaven that glows within it.
Oh, bear me up! I faint, I droop,
  My glowing pulses throb and tingle—
Immortal bliss! but grant me this,
  In such a Heaven one hour to mingle!

We select this because it is the least offensive and least likely to make evil impressions. The others are even more seductive, and cloak a more voluptuous idea. We regret this, because they are the only blemish on the book, and because wanting them, the other lyrics convey a wholesome, sometimes a sublime moral, and cannot fail to make a noble purpose in the reader's heart.

On the whole, if the world was not as bad as it is, we would not feel licensed to condemn the voluptuousness of the Chemisette and its kindred lyrics. Certain it is, even at the worst, that, you may read the most passionate of all without evil result, if you read it in connection with noble teaching to be found attuned to softest lays in the lyrics of the letter, and whose hand we should dearly love to shake, after all.

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